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Memorable PARIS HOUSES

By

WILMOT HARRISON

ILLUSTRATED

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IN TREES
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The RUNNING
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IN STONES
AND
GOOD IN
EVERY
THING
DEUS MELIS
ET OMNIA
1921
JOSEPH J. MURPHY

Sister Mary Agnes

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MEMORABLE

PARIS HOUSES

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PARIS HOUSES

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE CRITICAL AND ANECDOTAL NOTICES

BY

WILMOT HARRISON

AUTHOR OF "MEMORABLE LONDON HOUSES"

WITH OVER SIXTY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY PARIS ARTISTS

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED

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PREFACE.

THE cordial welcome extended to the writer's book on "Memorable London Houses" has combined with the attraction which the necessary researches possessed *per se* to produce the present work. Originally intended, and prepared, for publication in French (and still awaiting the enterprise of Parisian "editeurs"), it has seemed to the author and the publishers of his former book that the present production may meet with acceptance, not only by that large section of English-speaking visitors to the French capital who would most readily welcome the information it contains in their own tongue, but also, apart from its uses as a handbook, for the descriptive, critical, and anecdotal notices—derived from an infinite variety of sources, French, English, and American—of the many world-famous men and women referred to in its pages. The work is original only in respect of its design and form; and the author has no claim to be considered other than, he trusts, a judicious "snapper-up of *well*-considered trifles" suitable for his purpose.

Each of the three hundred and seventy-five houses noted has been visited by the author. The changes which have taken place in the names of many and in the numbers of more of the streets, would have made the work of identification almost impossible but for the courteous and careful attention which the author's inquiries received from M. Hoche-

reaux and the officials of the Direction des Travaux de Paris at the Hotel de Ville. To M. Edgar Mareuse, the secretary of the Comité des Inscriptions (which has done the work of the Society of Arts with us in respect of the placing of memorial tablets), the author is also indebted for much valuable information; while his thanks are due to M. Ch. Yriarte, director of the admirable library at the Hotel Carnavalet for the facilities afforded him.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have courteously permitted a somewhat free use of the pages of the recently published "An Englishman in Paris," and a similar privilege has been kindly granted by Messrs. R. Bentley and Son in respect of Dr. Engel's "From Mozart to Mario."

A selection from what appeared to be the most interesting subjects in portraits and views has been made for illustration; and that grand mausoleum of great men, the Panthéon, naturally suggested itself as an appropriate frontispiece.

W. H.

June, 1893.

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MEMORABLE

PARIS HOUSES.

ROUTE I.

Distance $4\frac{3}{4}$ *Miles.*

We commence our first excursion at the

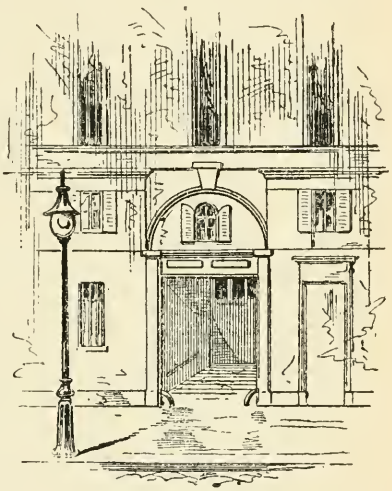
Rue Royale.—No. 8 was the residence for a brief period of Madame de Staël, the authoress of "Corinne" and "De l'Allemagne;" who, as Goethe has said, first broke down "the Chinese wall of prejudice" which separated the rest of Europe from the fruitful and flowery empire of German thought and imagination, by the eloquence and appreciative sympathy with the philosophy and poetry of Germany displayed in the last-named work. Prohibited by Napoleon, in 1802, from residing within forty leagues of Paris, his fall, in 1815, left her free to return thither, but the state of her husband's health detained her in Italy until the autumn of 1816. She came to this house on her return to Paris at that time. Describing the *salon* of Madame de Staël, Maria Norris says: "Lafayette and Guizot, the old and the young, were both there. . . . Among her visitors might be seen Wellington and Chateaubriand; from Berlin, Baron Humboldt and Blucher; from Switzerland, Sismondi and Benjamin Constant; from Hanover, the two Schlegels;

Canova, the sculptor, swells the list, and Madame Récamier, whom the fall of Napoleon once more restored to liberty. The English, we are told, attended her with such zeal, that it seemed as if a general emigration of British rank and talent had taken place." Of her ordinary habits, we are informed that she slept little, and was constantly busy all the rest of the time; that she breakfasted while her hair was being dressed, and wrote during a third of the day, but seldom or never revised what she had written. Lady Blennerhasset says of her person that she was tolerably well made, but her face was not beautiful. Her complexion was not good, and she had a rather protruding mouth, but her open-hearted, frank nature, and a kind of honesty and truthfulness, made her very attractive. Bollman describes her as incessantly rolling a piece of paper in her fingers, without which she could not exist, and says that "she gets up with it and goes to bed with it."

MADAME DE STAËL.

Lock ("Guide Alphabetique des Rues de Paris") states that Madame de Staël died here, but in the French translation of Lady Blennerhasset's "Memoir," it is said that she was removed from hence to Rue Neuve des Mathurins, No. 9 (now demolished), which had been chosen for her on account of its garden. It was her wish that the hospitable customs in her house should be maintained and after

dinner those present were called to her couch. Chateaubriand visited her, and she is reported to have said to him, "I have always been the same, cheerful and sorrowful. I have loved God, my father, and liberty." She died in an opium sleep, and the evening before her death was carried into the garden, and distributed roses and blessings among her family. Her biographer, Maria Norris, thus describes her: "Her features were strongly marked rather than delicate; and, indeed, there was in her whole frame a vigour, almost a coarseness of development, far removed from the delicate roundness and flowing lines essential to beauty. . . . Beauty of expression she must have possessed. Her hand and arm were finely shaped; her feet were exceedingly clumsy." Madame de Staël was fifty-one at the time of her death.



8, RUE ROYALE.

At No. 9 the DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD LIANCOURT, statesman and philanthropist, died in 1827,—"last of that admirable and famous group of great liberal nobles" (Broglie, "Souvenirs"). His prophetic reply to Louis XVI., who, when La Rochefoucauld, true friend, but no courtier of the monarch, informed him at Versailles of the disturbances in Paris, said, "It is, then, an insurrection?" replied, "No, sire; it is a revolution," is well known. Absent from

France in England and America during the Revolution, he returned to Paris in 1799. "He filled at the same time the offices of member of the general councils of manufactures, of agriculture, of prisons, and of hospitals, and was president of the committee of vaccine. In 1823 the ministry, resenting his opposition, deprived him of them all, but with pensions; a proceeding which had the effect only of increasing his philanthropic zeal. On the day of his funeral the elder pupils of the School of Arts went in a body to the church, and endeavoured to carry the coffin on their shoulders. A conflict ensued with the gendarmes in the Rue St. Honoré, and the coffin, with the insignia of nobility with which it was decorated, was precipitated to the ground" (Didot). He died in 1827, at the age of eighty.

At No. 13 lived ANTOINE SUARD, conductor of "The Publicist" and "Nouvelles Politiques." Condemned to a year's imprisonment for acting as second to a friend in a duel, when only seventeen years of age, he devoted it to the study of the Bible and Bayle's Dictionary. On coming to Paris he secured the *entrée* to the *salon* of Madame de Geoffrin, and the friendship of Marmontel, who describes him as "of an active mind, penetrating, accurate, and prudent, of an amiable character, a gentle and engaging disposition, above all discreet and reserved, with exemplary morals." Suard lived to the age of eighty-four, dying in 1817.

No. 20 was, in 1849, the residence of the DUC DE PASQUIER, then Chancellor of France. "Yesterday, Thursday," writes Victor Hugo ("Things Seen"), under date February 9th, 1849, "as I was leaving the Academy, I heard my name pronounced in the court—'Monsieur Hugo, Monsieur Hugo!' I turned round. It was Monsieur Pasquier. 'Are

you going to the Assembly?' 'Yes.' 'May I take you there?' 'With pleasure, Monsieur le Chancellor.' I got into the carriage, which was a small brougham lined with grey velvet. He made a great dog which was there lie down at his feet, and we chatted. 'How are your eyes, Monsieur le Chancellor?' 'Bad—very bad.' 'Is it cataract?' 'Which is thickening. Well, like the Government, I am becoming blind.' I said, laughing, 'Perhaps that is in consequence of having governed.' . . . I got out. We had only time to exchange our addresses. 'Where do you live now, M. Hugo?' 'Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, No. 37. And you, Monsieur?' 'No. 20, Rue Royale. By the way,' he said, as he shut the door, 'it is still called Rue Royale.'"

The notice of the Duc de Pasquier in the "Galerie des Cont. Illus." belongs to the period anterior to his acquisition of the title bestowed upon him by Louis Philippe: "If not a writer or a poet in fact, Monsieur le Baron Pasquier is both in taste and sentiment. The closeness of the reasoning and the sprightliness of his style are combined with a vigour, physical and intellectual, which seems to defy the advance of years, as all would say who have observed his entrance to a drawing-room; his straight and shapely figure, small but well-developed head, animated face, and rapid but graceful gestures; and have seen him seat himself by some lady of his acquaintance with a slight bow, and negligently resting his head upon the back of his chair, cross his arms, and balancing his polished boots with an aristocratic ease, lay himself out, as it were, for the general entertainment." The Duc de Pasquier died in 1862, at the age of ninety-five.

Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.—No. 3 is interesting

as the house in which GENERAL CHANGARNIER was arrested on December 2nd, 1849, by order of Louis Napoleon, and banished from France. The incident is related by Castille; how the Commissary of Police summoned the concierge at six in the morning, and finding his way to the bedroom of the General, encountered him in his shirt, holding a pistol in each hand; how the Commissary "threw himself" upon the General, and having thus rendered him powerless, explained that his life was in no danger, whereupon the general "rested calmly," gave up his weapons, and proceeded to put on the rest of his clothes.

In 1852 Carlyle saw Changarnier at the theatre in Paris—"a man of flaccid, baggy face, in black wig and black clothes, high brow, low crown, head longish; small hook-nose, long upper lip (all shaved) . . . face generally expressed obstinacy, sulkiness, and silent, long-continued labour and chagrin. I could have likened him to a shop-keeper of thoughtful habits, much of whose savings had gone unexpectedly wrong in railways" ("Last Words of Thomas Carlyle," 1892). Changarnier patriotically offered his sword to the Emperor in 1870, was made prisoner at Metz, and on his release in 1871 gave his support to M. Thiers. He died in 1877 at the age of eighty.

At No. 6, as recorded by Lock, lived in 1791 JEROME PÉTION, who in that year succeeded the unfortunate Bailly as Mayor of Paris, to be subsequently denounced by Robespierre, and arrested. Escaping to Caen, he remained concealed during several months, but quitting his retreat with his companion Buzot, he shared his fate, either from the pangs of hunger or the attacks of half-savage dogs, by whom, when found in a field near St. Emilion, their bodies were half devoured. We learn from Didot that Pétion was

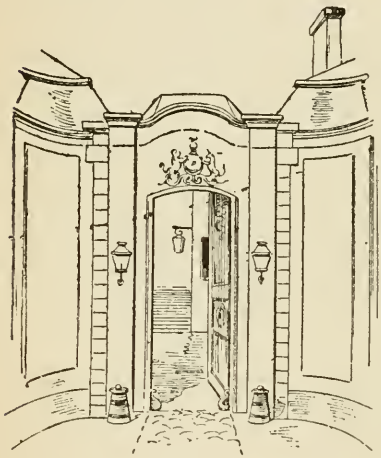
altogether devoid of talent, and that though endowed with a resonant voice and an easy delivery, his orations were singularly verbose and diffuse.

At No. 48, on the authority of Lock, the Abbé Joseph Siéyès lived in 1802. The President of the Directory of 1798, and Provisional Consul with Bonaparte and Roger Ducos, is described as, under the Empire, buried in silence and morose meditation. He was exiled in 1815, and returned to Paris in 1830. (See also p. 14.)

No. 52 is memorable as the residence—1860-1870—of François Guizot, minister under Louis Philippe. He removed from 8, Rue Ville l'Evêque, now demolished. A description of its interior, however, supplied by Mirecourt, doubtless applies also to the residence under notice in respect of the following details: "8, Rue Ville l'Evêque, resembles an extensive gallery, which presents everywhere the same picture in a different frame. There are thirty portraits of M. Guizot in the bed-room, twenty in the drawing-room, and fifteen in the ante-chamber, not to mention the medallions and busts" ("Les Cont."). The "Histoire Parlementaire" and the "Memoirs" were written here. (See also pp. 29, 39.)

No. 39, now the British Embassy, was the residence of Pauline Bonaparte, Princess Borghese, sister of Napoleon, and the prettiest woman in France of her time. The mansion passed by purchase from her possession in 1814, with its costly furniture and ornaments, to the British Government for the use of the Embassy, the Duke of Wellington negotiating the sale. He states in his "Despatches" that the price agreed upon was £32,000 for the house and furniture, and £2,500 for the stables in the Rue d'Anjou, and that he considers them cheap at the price, expressing his willingness to have £2,000 a year deducted from his

salary as rent. Two months after Waterloo he sends in a bill to his Government for £2,500, "for repairs to the house, made by my directions when I was ambassador at Paris." Many of the bronzes and other ornaments still adorn the rooms. In 1830 Lady Morgan wrote: "The state *chambre-à-coucher* of the fair Princess is now a sort of audience chamber of the British Embassy. The splendid canopy of crimson velvet which shaded the slumbers of the prettiest woman in France is now the representative of the English throne" ("France"). Mr. Augustus Hare ("Paris") says that the identical bed of the Princess is that now occupied by the ambassador of the day. A much-faded crimson canopy now surmounts the chair of state in the audience chamber. Whether it be the identical canopy referred to by Lady Morgan, the writer was unable—though aided by the courteous interest of Mr. Austin Elliot, of the Embassy—to find sufficient evidence to show.



39, FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

No. 41, on the authority of Lock (No. 45 at the date of his work), was, in 1815, the mansion of LOUIS MARMONT, DUC DE RAGUSA, Marshal of France, victor at Marengo and Wagram, who was shorn of his military rank on the expulsion of Charles X. for his adhesion to the Bourbons, and retired

to Venice, where he wrote his "Esprit des Institutions Militaires." Napoleon said at St. Helena, that but for the treachery of Marmont his plan for driving the Allies out of Paris and of France by the assistance of the mob would have succeeded. "Marmont will be an object of horror to posterity," he is reported to have said. "As long as France exists the name of Marmont will not be mentioned without shuddering. He feels at this moment, probably, the most miserable man in existence. He cannot forgive himself, and will terminate his life like Judas." The vituperated ex-marshal survived his "treachery" thirty-seven years, and appears to have died quietly in his bed in 1852, at the age of seventy-eight.

At No. 43 (formerly 47), as recorded by Lock, died in 1816 Pierre Ruel, Marquis de Beurnonville, Marshal of France. He was put in command of the army of the Moselle, but experienced several successive checks in his encounters with the Austrians. He is chiefly remembered for the unparalleled example of a mendacious despatch which he sent respecting a fight at Grewenmacheren: "After three hours of terrible fighting, the enemy was defeated with the loss of 10,000 men, that of the French consisted only of the little finger of a drummer." This despatch called forth the following epigram:

> "Quand d'ennemis tués on compte plus de mille
> Nous de perdons qu'on doigt, encor le plus petit.
> Hola! Monsieur de Beurnonville,
> Le petit doigt n'a pas tout dit."
>
> Didot.

In 1814 de Beurnonville joined the party of the Bourbons, and was made Peer of France and Minister of State by Louis XVIII. He died in 1821, at the age of sixty-nine.

At No. 45 Adolphe Thiers lived after the expiration of

the term of his presidentship of the Republic, in 1874. Talleyrand said that Thiers was "a fop without elegance, an aristocrat without real pretensions or family, and a political demagogue without courage or foresight." Nevertheless Talleyrand availed himself of his services, admired his dexterity in boxing the political compass, and used to declare that "Adolphe was the only man of merit who had sprung from the hot-beds of the barricades." "Talleyrand sucked the orange and rejected the peel and pips," said Odilon Barrot: but when Thiers heard it, he vowed vengeance against both his competitor and his companion.

The following description is quoted by an English magazine from an unnamed source: "As to physical appearance, it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being than Adolphe Thiers. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien; his voice is thin, hard, and reedy; his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky. A sardonic smile plays about his mouth, and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favoured a looking little dwarf. But hear the persuasive little pigmy, and he greets you with such pleasant lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remarks, preserved anecdotes, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such clear, concise language, that you forgot his ugliness, his impudence, and his insincerity."

Carlyle, in the lachrymose record of his brief visit to Paris with Browning in 1852, contained in "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle" (1892), calls Thiers "a brisk little man with a round white head, close-cropped; round fat body, tapering like a ninepin into small fat feet and hands; the eyes hazel, and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect; small Roman nose; placidly sharp fat face; voice of a thin treble, peculiarly musical; gives you the notion of a frank, sociable

kind of creature, whose cunning must be deeper than words." (See also p. 68.)

Here we turn into the

Rue de l'Elysée.—At No. 4 lived EUGÈNE ROUHER, the most powerful minister of the Second Empire. "Both in public and private life," says the author of "An Englishman in Paris," "an essentially honourable and honest man . . . . a delightful talker, and, next to Alexandre Dumas, the best *raconteur* I ever met. He was very simple in his habits, and very fond of the game of piquet." On September 1st, 1870, when flying to join the Empress in England, he was recognized by some fishermen at Boulogne, pelted with fish, and loaded with imprecations as the author of his country's disasters. "Until his death," says the writer of his obituary notice in the "Annual Register," 1884, "he was the representative of the fallen Empire in France, and the agent there of the Imperial family. His house in the Rue de l'Elysée became the headquarters of the Bonapartist party, and thence a ceaseless propaganda in aid of the ex-dynasty was carried on. The news of the death of the Prince Imperial completely staggered him. He was never the same man afterwards: there was nothing left for him but to sicken and die. In the summer of 1883 he had a paralytic stroke, after which his mind gave way." He died in 1884, at the age of seventy.

Returning along this street we re-enter the

Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.—No. 57 is the Palace of the Elysée, originally the residence of the MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR, the famous mistress of Louis XV., who died in 1764. It was purchased from her heirs by the King as a residence for foreign ambassadors, and came to be called

the Elysée Bourbon under Louis XVI., from its prolonged occupation by the Duchess Bourbon. Afterwards it successively became a Government printing office, a dancing and gaming establishment, and the chosen residence of NAPOLEON I., to be afterwards occupied by LOUIS BONAPARTE, King of Holland, and Hortense. Napoleon slept here after the battle of Waterloo, and here signed his abdication. In 1820, as the Palais Elysée Bourbon, it was the residence of the DUC DE BERRI (Charles Frederic d'Artois), second son of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., in which year the Duc was murdered on leaving the opera. Four years previously the Duc de Berri had married Louise de Bourbon (daughter of Ferdinand II., King of the two Sicilies), who, during the three days of July, 1830, almost succeeded in dividing the insurgent populace by boldly rushing into the midst of them and presenting her child, born seven months after the death of the Duke, and afterwards to become the Comte de Chambord, as their future sovereign. Her subsequent adventures, as a proscribed adherent of Charles X., included concealment behind a chimney for six hours, with three others, in a space three and a half feet high by half a yard in width, whence she was dragged, on betrayal by a treacherous Jew, with burnt hands and clothing, and confined in the Château de Blaze. She was released on announcing in the "Moniteur" that her accouchement was approaching, the result of a second marriage secretly formed with the son of a Neapolitan nobleman.

NAPOLEON III. lived at the Elysée when President, and greatly improved it.

At No. 94, formerly 88, Place de Beauveau, FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE CHATEAUBRIAND resided, on returning from exile to France in 1804. He describes it in his "Memoirs" as a

small hotel which he rented, and which was afterwards occupied by M. de Lally Tollendal and Mme. Denain. His small garden, he says, contained a poplar which M. de Lally Tollendal, "in order to breathe a less humid air," cut down with his own hands. We are further informed that the pavement of the street then terminated in front of the house. (See also pp. 174, 232, 235.)

The Marquis Gerard Lally Tollendal resided here on his return from England, where he had lived since his arrest and release under the Convention in 1815. In the same year he was raised to the peerage.

No. 98 (formerly 92, l'Hôtel Beauveau) is memorable as the residence and scene of the death of Jean François, Marquis de St. Lambert, author of "Les Saisons," which was produced in 1770, and obtained for him admission to the Academy. Posterity has declined to endorse the extravagant laudation Voltaire bestowed upon it, as the only work of the century which would descend to succeeding ages. St. Lambert came to Paris at the invitation of Madame Boufflers in 1759, when his first poems, a selection of fugitive pieces, appeared. His intimacy with Madame d'Haudetôt, which lasted until the death of the lady, dates also from this time. Marmontel said of him: "St. Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had in conversation the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind, that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others." St. Lambert died in 1803, aged eighty-seven.

No. 73 (formerly 85), possessing a fine court and garden, was in 1850 the hôtel of Comte Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis Philippe. He died of apoplexy at Champfleury in 1855, aged seventy-five. (See also p. 29.)

At No. 120 the poet the Marquis Stanislaus de

Boufflers died in 1815, of whom we read in Didot that he has been depicted with much bitterness, but a little truth, as "abbé, libertine, soldier, philosopher, diplomatist, ballad-maker, emigrant, patriot, and Republican soldier." He died at the age of seventy-eight.

At No. 124 (formerly 118) Joseph Louis Legrange, the eminent mathematician, died in 1813. He is described as subject at one period to fits of intense melancholy and seclusion at times, but ordinarily as remarkable for the felicitous expression of his thoughts as for his undoubted high intellectual powers. The fair sex held a very low place in his estimation. He ungallantly said, "The head of a woman is a sponge full of prejudice." He died at the age of seventy-seven.

No. 107, which in 1835 was numbered 119, was the residence in that year of the Abbé Joseph Siéyès, President of the Directory in 1798, and Provisional Consul with Bonaparte and Roger Ducos. He probably came hither on his arrival from exile in 1830. Guizot records visiting him here in 1833, when he found him in extreme prostration of mind and memory: "The forgotten witness of a bygone age, the failure of his schemes made him a misanthrope, and he looked upon himself as the victim of ingratitude, ignorance, and envy" ("Celeb. Cent."). Napoleon, as O'Meara relates, pronounced Siéyès a man of great talent, an upright man; one who loved money, but would obtain it only by legitimate means. The following anecdote, told by Napoleon, illustrates one phase of his character. "Before the Revolution, when performing mass in the chapel before one of the princesses to whom he was almoner, her attendants, and a large congregation, something occurred which made the princess get up and retire; her attendants followed, and the nobility, officers, and others who attended more

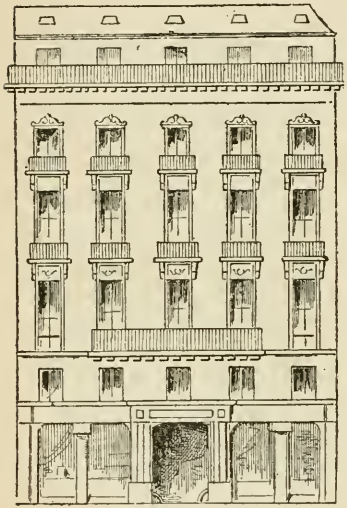
out of complaisance to her than from devotional feeling, left also. Siéyès, raising his eyes from his breviary, suddenly perceived the defection, and hastily descending from the pulpit, exclaimed: 'I do not say mass for the *canaille!*' and went out of the chapel, leaving the service half finished." (See also p. 7.) Siéyès died in 1836, aged eighty-eight.

Retracing our steps a short distance we enter the

Rue Montaigne. —No. 12 is noteworthy as the residence, in 1874, of LEON GAMBETTA. An interesting description of him appeared in "The Galaxy," 1873, from the pen of Mr. Justin MacCarthy: "Apart from that unfortunate personal defect which is so painfully distinctive, the loss of an eye, there are peculiarities in Gambetta's appearance which make it easy to recognize him,—the clear, sharp, almost aquiline profile, the keen, eager face, the thick dark hair, the forehead, shaped somewhat like that of Robespierre and sloping slightly backwards, the southern vivacity of glance, expression, and gesture. There is nothing else of Robespierre about that dark face, which sometimes flushes a deep red, and that quick, nervous, strenuous manner, denoting a super-abun

GAMBETTA.

dance of mental energy and impulsive force. No man, I believe, could live with greater freedom from ostentation. Many of his friends have spoken to me of his simple mode of existence, with his mother for a housekeeper, in a manner which gave me a high opinion of the ex-dictator's genuine manhood."



3, AVENUE MATIGNON.

The Rue Rabelais conducts to the

Avenue Matignon.—No. 3 is full of interest as the last home and scene of the death of HEINRICH HEINE. "Here," writes Stigand, his biographer, "he had a balcony in the Champs Elysées, on which, in fine weather, he could be laid under an awning in the sun. Even from a fifth storey, up which visitors had to mount 305 steps, it was something, though with propped-up eyelids, and through an opera-glass, to look once more on the face of nature and of human life. . . . . His humour did not leave him until the very last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him, just as a tiresome German professor was leaving, after worrying him with his uninteresting conversation. 'I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow,' he said; 'the fact is I have just been *exchanging thoughts* with Dr. ——.' On one occasion, when the doctor was examining

his chest, he asked him, 'Can you whistle?' He replied, 'Alas, no! not even the pieces of Monsieur Scribe.' He left a singular will, in which he begged that all religious solemnities should be dispensed with at his funeral. He added that "this was not the mere freak of a freethinker, for that he had for the last four years dismissed all the pride with which philosophy had filled him, and felt once more the power of religious truth."

It is curious that, without hope of recovery from the disease which for years had made life a burden, the actual cause of death was a fit of indigestion. His mother survived him, and he had been careful to keep her in ignorance of his sufferings until the very last. His letters to "the old woman at the Dammthor" (one of the gates of Hamburg) were always written in a cheerful, happy tone, and she was led to believe that his only reason for employing an amanuensis was that he had a slight affection of the eye of a temporary character. He died in 1856, at the age of fifty-seven. Gautier and Dumas alone of the eminent men of the time attended his funeral. It has been said that he had many admirers but few friends. Heine has been called the Voltaire of Germany. Thiers more happily spoke of him as "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire." (See also pp. 78, 131, 137, 139, 263.)

No. 11 was the residence, from 1866, of MARSHAL LOUIS BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS. He was appointed Commander of Paris under the state of siege, but was relieved of the charge at his own request. He died in 1878, at the age of eighty-three.

By the Avenue d'Antin we enter the

Rue des Ecuries d'Artois.—No. 6 bears a tablet inscribed to the effect that "the poet ALFRED DE VIGNY

died here in 1863." He had resided here from about 1844, and for many years before his death had withdrawn from society, passing his time in an almost ascetic seclusion, and admitting only to his intimacy a few tried friends. He was sixty-six at his death.

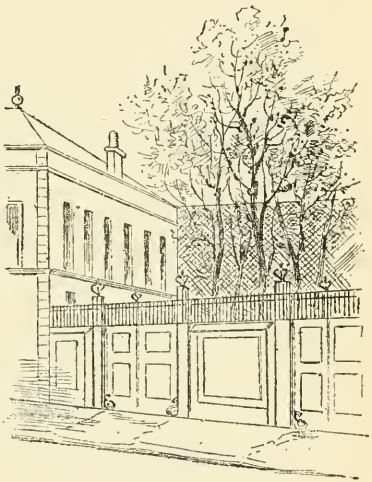
Passing along the Avenue Friedland we arrive again at the

Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.—No. 240, at the corner of the Avenue Hoche, was, from about 1875, the residence, on the fifth storey, of the novelist GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, during the small part of the year which he spent in Paris. Doubtless at this period—as in his previous residence in the Rue Murillo, where the coquettish little rooms, hung with Oriental drapery, overlooked the Parc Monceau, as described by Daudet—Turguéneff, Zola, Daudet, and Goncourt formed the regular Sunday coterie. As described by Zola, however, the rooms in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré were far less attractive in every sense. They were large, but the windows commanded a view only of a sea of house-tops and chimney-pots, and very little pains had been taken in the decoration of the interior. Flaubert was at this time experiencing the weariness of a bachelor existence, and wishing he was married. His taste in costume was somewhat eccentric. In winter he wore a skull cap and a wadded silk gown of clerical cut, and in summer full striped trousers and a kind of tunic, which made him look like a Turk *en déshabillé*. For out of doors, however, he would put on a frock coat cut close to his shape, and wore his broad-brimmed hat with a somewhat swaggering air over one ear. The Turkish costume was generally assumed on Sundays, when he received; and fairly frightened some of his lady visitors. We are told that this uncommon and conspicuous style of dress was sometimes put on in the

country, to the surprise and astonishment of the agricultural population. (See also pp. 144, 213.)

Passing along the Rue de Monceau we enter the

Rue de Courcelles.—At No. 38 (formerly 48) CHARLES DICKENS resided at the close of the year 1846. He humorously describes it in a letter given in Forster's "Life" of the novelist, as a house "the most ridiculous, extraordinary, unparalleled, and preposterous in the world: being something between a baby house, a 'shades,' a haunted castle, and a new kind of clock. One room is a tent, another room is a grove; another room is a scene at the Victoria [Theatre]. The upstairs rooms are like fanlights over street doors. The bed-rooms are exactly like opera-boxes. It has its little courtyard and garden, and porter's house and cordon to open the door, and so forth."



38, RUE DE COURCELLES.

Continuing along the Rue de Courcelles and the Avenue Wagram towards the north, we reach the

Rue Gounod.—No. 6 possesses an interest of very recent date. Here lived and died the novelist OCTAVE FEUILLET. The loss of his father and of his eldest son are

said to have hastened his death. This occurred at the close of 1890, when he was himself seventy-eight. The correspondent of a London paper writes: "He gave up angling, which used to be his favourite pastime; indeed, he used to think out his novels as he sat on the edge of streams and ponds waiting for fish to bite. In his angling excursions he used to jot down in a notebook effects of atmosphere, sky, or scenery, which were often later brought into his works; hence the freshness and graphic power of his style in describing landscapes. He was an indefatigable walker, and, like most Normans, was fond of a good table, eating and drinking copiously to the end of his life. When attacked by Bright's disease, his doctor told him that if he wanted to get better and preserve his mental powers he must renounce the pleasures of the table, and confine himself greatly to a milk and vegetable diet. Though he had a horror of death, he could not bring himself to adopt this regimen, being in his home life most sociable at table. He was extremely sensitive to criticism, and never believed praise, which he thought due to a good-natured regard for his feelings."

Avenue Wagram.—No. 120 was the residence of ALEXANDRE DUMAS at the time of his death in 1870. This prolific writer is said to have produced more than 1,200 volumes. It is well known, however, that a very large portion of the actual composition was done by others, receiving only some finishing touches from his hands. His age was sixty-seven. (See also pp. 23, 76.)

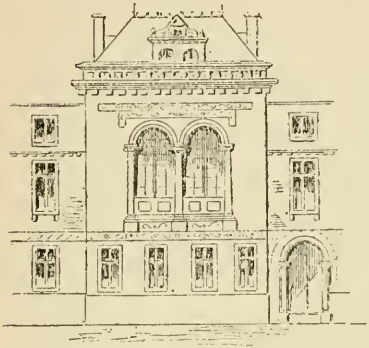
Rue de Prony.—No. 63 has an interest of very recent years as the home of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, whom Mathilde Blind, the editress of her journal in the English translation, calls "a singular mixture of untutored instincts

joined to an ultra-modern subtlety of brain and nerve"—the precocious and imaginative girl, who at sixteen years of age (at twelve as at first recorded) wrote in her journal: "J'entends un bruit de voitures dans la rue de France; je regarde et je vois le duc de H—— a quatre chevaux allant du coté de la Promenade des Anglais. Oh mon Dieu, s'il est ici, il prendra part au tir aux pigeons en Avril. J'irai absolument. J'aime le duc de H—— et je ne puis lui dire que je l'aime!" A writer in the "Review of Reviews," June, 1890, says: "I have just been over Marie's studio. Dozens of unfinished studies line the walls. The studio is a large conservatory. There are no portraits of herself at all, but the house is full of her spiritual presence. Six little whips are slung across a horseshoe stand in the passage; two Spanish guitars lie unstrung upon a chair; and her organ, bought only fifteen days before her death, stands silent and cloth-covered." Mathilde Blind tells us that she had a whole storey appropriated to herself. Here she passed the last years of her brief life "in a kind of artistic delirium, laying in a picture, modelling in wet clay, improvising wondrous tunes, studying Hume, Livy, and Dante; stretching the hours into days by the number of sensations she managed to cram them with. . . . She had a finely developed figure of middle height, hair of a golden red, the brilliant complexion that usually accompanies a tendency to consumption, and a face which, without being regularly handsome, captivated by the fire and energy of its expression."

A life which might have been prolonged considerably but for her own neglect of medical advice and ordinary precaution terminated in 1884, when she was twenty-seven years of age.

Continuing along this street and the Boulevard de Courcelles, we arrive at the

Boulevard Malesherbes.—At No. 131 died, in 1891, the celebrated painter ERNEST MEISSONIER, whose small but highly-finished works brought him prices never before paid to any artist. His "1814" brought him £3,600, and was resold for £30,000. The following anecdote is told in illustration of his care in the use of models, in reference to this work. Before painting it, he had a road made down an incline, waited for the snow to come, and then requisitioned a battery of artillery to make the ruts, which he set himself to copy. The correspondent of the "Standard," writing at the time of his death, says: "The artist's somewhat irritable temper prevented him from becoming popular. He was highly respected, and his talent was recognized by all his fellow-artists; but, especially during the last twenty years of his life, he held himself aloof from the society of his brother painters, among whom he had few intimate friends."



131, BOULEVARD MALESHERBES.

MEISSONIER.

On the death of Madame Meissonier in 1888, he married, at the age of seventy-seven, Mdlle. Besançon, who, his first wife being a confirmed invalid, had managed his household, and for many years been an intimate friend both of the artist and his wife, and in his journeys had acted as courier and interpreter. Born in 1811, he was eighty years old at his death.

At No. 107 ALEXANDRE DUMAS was living about 1865-1868. The description of him in the "Journal de Goncourt" belongs to this period: "A kind of giant, with the hair of a negro, the small eye of the hippopotamus, bright and cunning-looking, and cheeks suggestive of the caricaturists' treatment of the moon." In Villemessant's "Memoirs of a Journalist" M. Lecomte says of Dumas that "he was a gentlemanly, well-dressed man; his face more peculiar than attractive, and greatly suggestive of the negro type; his figure robust and shapely."

Harel, director of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, seriously proposed to Dumas that he should act the part of Anthony in his play of that name, and offered him £80 for each performance. It is said that Dumas agreed, and accordingly the necessary announcements were put in the hands of the printer: they had to be countermanded; during the night Dumas changed his mind. (See also pp. 20, 76.)

No. 38 was the residence, in 1875, of MARIE DE FLAVIGNY, COMTESSE D'AGOULT, best known under the pseudonym of "DANIEL STERN." De Beaufort, describing her *salon*, says: "Prince Jérome, Littré, Renan, Harel, Berthelot, used to meet there on neutral ground with the ardent Catholic Duke of Valmy; in those *salons* Count de Flavigny and de Viel Castel bowed to such literary stars as Thierry, Emile de Girardin, Dollfus, and to poets like Ponsard." "Few women were seen in the *salon* of Daniel Stern," says a writer in "The

Nation," 1877, "though she had become old, though her hair had turned quite grey, and though she never allowed the tone of her house to be anything but solemn and severe." Of her attractiveness when young she has given in the "Souvenirs" published in 1877, after her death, a description which certainly does not err on the side of self-depreciation: "Tall, slender, with a natural nobility in all my movements, a complexion as brilliant as snow, great blue eyes, limpid, fair, and abundant hair, a thoughtful smile, I looked like a princess of the legends of the Rhine, or of the ballads of Schiller."

She died in 1876, at the age of seventy-one.

Rue Lavoisier.—No. 13 was the last residence of MDLLE. MARS, the famous actress, and here she died, in 1847, at the age of seventy. Her removal hither was partly due to the discovery of two successive attempts at her former residence — in both places planned by her own servants—to rob her of her jewels, which, by the advice of her friends, were eventually deposited in a place of security. (See also p. 59.)

Rue des Mathurins.—At No. 46 (formerly 102) lived from 1844 to 1847 ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, author of "Democracy in America" and "The Ancient Régime," and the earnest advocate in the Chamber of Deputies of the abolition of slavery and of reform in criminal law and prison discipline. Mrs. Simpson, in the "Life of Madame Mohl," says: "He was the most delightful of all the celebrated men to be met in her *salon*. As Mr. Grote said of him, he was made of porcelain throughout. His voice, sweet and low, and varied in its tones, added greatly to the charm of his conversation." (See also p. 33.)

Returning along the Boulevard Malesherbes, we enter the

Rue La Boëtie.—No. 49, in this street, formerly called the Rue de la Pepinière, of which the house under notice was No. 81, is memorable as the residence, about 1840-1845, of EUGENE SUE. Here, we learn from an article in "Bentley's Magazine," vol. xliv., "he lived the life of a grand seigneur; his house was encumbered with marvels, and had only one fault—that of resembling a cabinet of curiosities. He had three servants, three horses, three carriages, all kept in the English fashion. He had plate estimated at £4,000; he gave excellent dinners, and he kept most expensive female connections. The consequence was that one day he received from his solicitor, in answer to his demand for money, a laconic statement to the effect that 'You have eaten up all your fortune, with the exception of £600!'" "The Mysteries of Paris," although so successful as to raise the author to the first rank as a romancist, did not do much for him in a pecuniary point of view. Dr. Veron, who had just purchased the expiring "Constitutionel," resolved to revive that paper by means of a new popular author, and he entered into an agreement with Sue for fifteen years, during which time he was to receive £4,000 a year, and in return he was to produce yearly ten volumes.

When writing "The Mysteries of Paris," it is recorded that, putting on an old blouse which had belonged to a painter and glazier, with strong shoes and a cap on his head, and his hands carefully dirtied, he went alone to dine at a house in the Rue aux Fèves. Chance seconded his object. He was witness there of a ferocious quarrel, and the actors in the scene supplied him with the types of Fleur-de-Marie and the Chourineur—a creation which

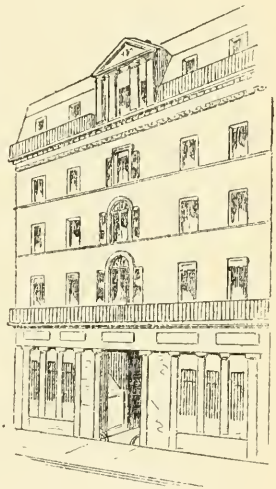
Dumas asserted might be placed side by side with the finest that have emanated from genius.

The advocacy of the amelioration of the condition of the lower classes, which some charitable persons thought they discovered in this work, led them to send sums of money, varying from a shilling to £10, to Sue for the poor. He added £12 a month to this out of his own purse, and continued to distribute it till his death. Gronow thus describes Sue: "Nothing could have been more correct and scrupulously neat than his dress, which was rather dandified, but in good taste. He wore always a very broad-brimmed hat of glossy newness, and remarkably tight light-coloured trousers. He was rather above the middle height, strongly built, with somewhat high shoulders. His hair and brows were very dark, his eyes blue, long, and rather closed, and his complexion of a livid paleness. In general society he did not show off, and preferred rather being treated as a man of the world than as a distinguished writer. In manner he was particularly gentlemanlike, and courteous without servility" ("Last Recollections").

Sue's father had left him a fortune yielding about £1,000 a year, and it was when this was exhausted that he set to work in earnest to earn money by his pen. The last five years of his life he spent at Annecy in Savoy, whither he voluntarily expatriated himself, on the advice of Count D'Orsay, after the Coup d'Etat. Here, as we learn from the reminiscences of Madame de Rute in the "Revue Internationale" (November, 1890), he rented for £16 a year a small house on the border of the lake. This was the little place, modestly furnished, and containing a dining-room in which there was hardly room for four guests, which came to be talked about as a "palace," wherein Sue was reported to revel like a Sardanapalus. Sue died of apoplexy in 1857, at the age of fifty-six.

The Rue de Miromesnil, going south, leads to the

Rue de Penthièvre.—At No. 26 resided BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in 1776, when on his mission to secure the active aid and co-operation of France in the American War. The personal interest he excited was so great that shopkeepers rushed to their doors to catch a glimpse of him as he passed, while in the evening *salons* ladies of the court vied with one another in paying him homage. He is described as of a strongly-built, well-formed frame, five feet nine or ten inches in height, with light complexion and grey eyes; inclining to corpulency in his later years; easy, unobtrusive, and winning in his manners.



26, RUE DE PENTHIÈVRE.

This house is also interesting as that to which LUCIEN BONAPARTE and others of the family came on arriving in Paris. Madame Junot ("Mémoires") is enthusiastic in her praise both of the personal charm and grand character of the ablest, if one of the least ambitious, of Napoleon's brothers, who preferred a life of literary ease in Italy to the offer of a kingdom, and only emerged from his obscurity to assist his brother in the great struggle of the Hundred Days. He died in 1840, at the age of sixty-five.

Rue Cambacérès.—To No. 2, in 1863, ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE removed, from a house, since demolished,

in the Rue Ville l'Evêque. Du Camp visited him here, and found him under conditions, though not of actual poverty, of a great diminution of former luxuries. Much slovenliness appears to have characterized the domestic *ménage*, according to the writer of "An Englishman in Paris," who says it might have furnished a picture to Dickens for that of the Jellaby household.

Lamartine was an indefatigable worker, and wrote with great rapidity. Dumas the younger relates that he arrived at his residence at St. Point one morning before eight o'clock, and found him in a little pavilion in the park writing hard at "The Girondists." Picking up the leaves that lay scattered about, he counted them. There were forty-five, the work of that morning. He never read his manuscript. As fast as each leaf was written it was cast on the floor, frequently unnumbered. From hour to hour his wife came in, quietly gathered up the leaves, put them in order, and corrected them. This period of literary activity, however, was now at an end. He was an old man. Madame Lamartine died the year of his removal to this house, and for some time before his death his health was prostrated by paralysis. His material resources became exhausted, and he accepted a moderate pension from a public vote in parliament, and from the Paris Town Council a châlet in the Bois de Boulogne. (See p. 267.)

Rue d'Astorg.—No. 8 (formerly No. 6) is noteworthy as the residence—about 1845-1850—of the famous tenor GIUSEPPE MARIO, Marchese de Candia, who, at the commencement of his residence in Paris, was so poor that he had to resort to very cheap lodgings, where several people slept in the same room. A love affair and a jealous husband are said to have been the cause of his quitting Genoa in 1833. Times were very different when, in 1860,

as related by Engel, "a very rich old lady, madly fond of music in general, and of Mario in particular, sent him a perfumed little note, asking him to sing one little romance at one of her evening receptions, offering £60. Mario informed the messenger verbally that he was very sorry, but being engaged he could not accept the invitation. He said to me, who was present, 'Is it worth while putting on a dress coat for £60?'" ("From Mozart to Mario"). Mario left the stage in 1871—two years after the death of Madame Grisi—with an ample fortune, which he lost in disastrous speculations. He died, at the age of seventy-five, in 1883.

Rue Ville l'Evêque.—No. 23 was, about 1820-1832, the residence of COMTE MOLÉ. The house was formerly numbered 27. (See also p. 13.)

At No. 16, at one period, lived EMMANUEL DE GROUCHY, Marquis, and Marshal of France, who fought at Hohenlinden, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram, Moskowa, and Waterloo. His conduct at Waterloo provoked some subsequent discussion. He was, however, embarrassed by the unreflecting ardour of the officers under his command, who in some instances neglected his orders. Napoleon has been pronounced unjust in saying that he would have won the battle but for Grouchy's "imbecility." Grouchy died in 1847 at the age of eighty-one.

To No. 3 (formerly No. 7) FRANÇOIS GUIZOT removed from the Boulevard du Capucines in 1850. Another house in this street, which the famous historian occupied for many years, was taken down to make room for the Boulevard Malesherbes. "The authorities offered him £12,000. 'But,' he said, 'I have got 30,000 volumes to remove besides my notes and manuscripts.' Then his good temper got the better of him, and he had a 'sly dig' at his former adver-

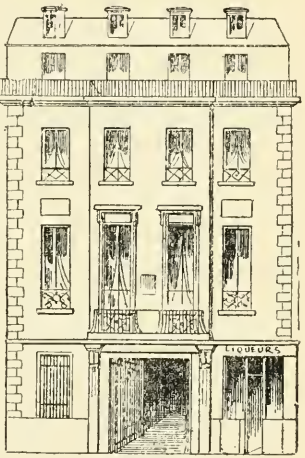
sary Thiers: 'Serve me right for having so many books: happy the historian who prefers to trust to imagination'" ("An Englishman in Paris"). Guizot was both short and slender, with fine eyes, full of fire, a full sonorous voice, a manner habitually grave, but at times relaxing with a pleasant smile. De Cormenin says he was "a pedagogue in his chair and a Calvinist in his profession, with a fear rather than a love of the Deity." (See also pp. 7, 39.)

Rue d'Anjou.—At No. 44, as recorded by Lock, lived ANTOINE DESTUTT DE TRACY, "the last representative of the sensational philosophy in France, who studied the great problems of mental science as a prisoner at Carmes during the Reign of Terror, to become a senator and peer of France under the Empire. . . . . The narrow bigotry that judges a character by an abstract theory may learn a lesson from his tomb. The man who denied the existence of abstract justice, and reduced the rule of conscience into little more than the activity of a sensation, was justly mourned as the faithful advocate of the rights of citizens in trying times of revolution, and an honourable example of public virtue" (Rose's "Biog. Dic."). He died in 1836. His age appears to be unknown.

No. 29 bears a tablet inscribed "BENJAMIN CONSTANT, writer and deputy; born October 25th, 1769, at Lausanne (Switzerland), died in this house, December 8th, 1830." A writer in the "Gal. des Cont. Illus." further describes him as "the most remarkable figure in history—publicist, philosopher, orator, romancist, man of the world, and occupying the first rank in all the spheres in which he exercised his activity." "A man," says Guizot, "whose mind was gifted with infinite variety; ready, expansive, clear, and keen; great in conversation or reflection, giving himself up from

sheer weariness to extinct passions, and solely intent on still finding some amusement and interest for a blunted spirit and a worn-out existence" ("Memoirs"). Cormenin thus describes him: "He had a puny body, lank legs, a crooked back, and long arms. His fair hair lay in curls upon his shoulders. He spoke between his teeth, in a manner suggestive of feminine utterance, and with a slight stammer."

Madame Récamier says of him: "Benjamin Constant had rare and brilliant talents; but he was a very fickle, unequal person, without firm moral principles. The passions in which he had worn out his life had inflamed his head rather than touched his heart, and he had contracted such a need of excitement that he sought it everywhere, even in gaming" ("Memoirs").



29, RUE D'ANJOU.

Our last quotation is a reminiscence of him as an orator from De Broglie's "Souvenirs": "He is a singular figure in the tribune with his white hair, and resembles a Protestant preacher. He speaks monotonously and with constraint, constantly keeping his right arm in motion, the more rapidly as he grows animated, and when he has worked himself up to a certain pitch he speaks with force, but without exercising any influence on the chamber."

The author of "Adolphe" was sixty-one at his death. (See also p. 90.)

No. 8 (formerly No. 6) has a tablet inscribed: "General La Fayette, defender of liberty in America, and one of the founders of liberty in France, born September 6th, 1757, at the château of Chavagnac in Auvergne, died in this house May 20th, 1834." La Fayette—to give him his full name and title: Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves-Gilbert de Motier, Marquis de la Fayette—was probably living here when he, in 1830, presented the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe) to the people as King of the French. The following minute portrait is from Cloquet's "Life of La Fayette": "La Fayette was tall and well-proportioned, and rather stout. His face was oval; his eyes, of a greyish blue, large and prominent, surmounted by arched but not heavy eyebrows, were full of genius and benevolence. His nose was aquiline, and his mouth seemed ever tending to a smile. With a clear complexion, his cheeks bore a healthy colour, and at the age of seventy-seven his face was clear of wrinkles. His carriage was dignified, though less free than previous to an accident in 1803, when he fractured the right leg. His voice was deep, but soft and pleasant." From the same source we learn that his meals were of the simplest, and water his only beverage.

James Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, visited him here in 1832. He writes: "He has discontinued his own soirées, and having fewer demands on his time through official avocations, I gain admittance to him during his simple and quiet dinner whenever it is asked. The hotel itself is not of large dimensions, but his apartments, though quite sufficient for a single person, are not among the best it contains. They consist of a large antechamber, two saloons, and an inner room, where he usually sits and writes, and where of late he has had his bed. La Fayette, while the practice is getting to be common in Paris, has not

adopted the use of carpets. His little white lapdog is his only companion."

He died with his lips pressed to a miniature of his wife, whose loss he had mourned twenty-seven years. His age was seventy-seven. (See also p. 221.)

Rue Boissy d'Anglas.—At No. 24 JEAN BAPTISTE LULLI at one time resided. (See also p. 109.)

At No. 1 the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who spent much time in Paris after the Restoration, resided at one period. The Duc de Broglie says of him: "The Duke of Wellington inspired me with both aversion and respect. He was a thorough Englishman, and one of the old stock; downright, straightforward, stable, circumspect, but stiff and austere, and rather narrow" ("Souvenirs").

Crossing the Boulevard Malesherbes we enter the

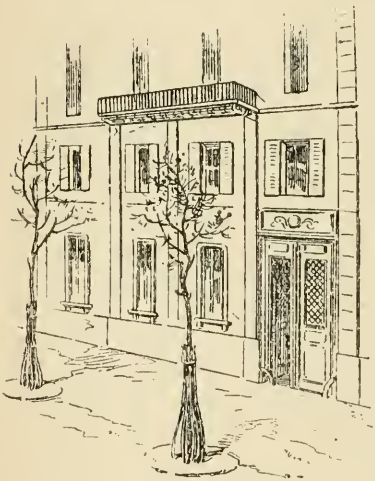
Rue Pasquier.—No. 8 was formerly 30bis Rue de la Madeleine, and here resided in 1849 ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. After his imprisonment for his opposition to the Coup d'Etat in 1851, he retired to Tocqueville, where he died in 1859 at the age of fifty-four. (See also p. 24.)

Rue de l'Arcade.—No. 25 was the residence of the famous publicist and magistrate, LOUIS DE CORMENIN, about 1850-1858. In the latter year he was fifty years of age. At sixty Mirecourt describes him as above the middle size, with a fine forehead, a smile full of good nature, and with a deliberate gravity of speech. He died in the year to which the description refers, viz., 1868. (See also p. 37.)

The Rue de Castellane conducts us to the

Rue Tronchet.—At No. 5 FREDERIC CHOPIN went

to reside after a summer spent with Georges Sand at Nohant, following their visit to Majorca in 1839. But his stay here was short. Georges Sand says that "the rooms were both cold and damp, and his cough returned badly. I could not spare the time for constant attendance as a sick-nurse, and in going to and fro. He proposed to come and dine with us, and used to arrive shivering in a cab. Seeing how much it disturbed our family arrangements, I offered to let him one of the pavilions: he accepted joyfully." The "pavilions" were at Georges Sand's house in the Rue Pigalle.



5, RUE TRONCHET.

The loss of Chopin's correspondence is to be regretted. Its fate was peculiar. His letters, with the exception of a few of the time of his first arrival in Paris, were made use of as fuel, with a number of other relics of the composer, by a band of soldiers during an insurrection at Warsaw, to keep up the fire at which they were brewing punch. (See also pp. 41, 57.)

No. 13 was occupied in its fifth storey in 1845 by the Abbé Robert de Lamennais, the famous philosophical and religious writer. He has been characterized as "at first the infidel, dazzled by the flashing witticisms of Voltaire; next, the priest, almost bigoted in defence of his order; then the Christian reformer, thundering his anathemas against the

abuses of his mother Church; next the Republican and Socialist, striving to guide the wild spirit of revolution; and finally the retired sage, saddened but not subdued by disappointment" ("Putnam's Mag.," 1854). His rooms here were very large, but almost bare of furniture, to allow of a promenade. Of his fine library he now retained only some fifty volumes. He was getting old at this period, and Victor Hugo, writing of him three years later in "Things Seen," says that in the Chamber his voice was so weak that it was necessary to stand under the tribune to hear him. His dress on these occasions, on the same authority, was a much-worn coat, a badly-tied cotton cravat, very short pantaloons, and blue stockings, with very capacious shoes. Lamennais died in 1854, aged seventy-two. (See also pp. 78, 110, 146.)

No. 17 will have a special attraction for musical enthusiasts as the residence—1845-1858—of ANTONIO TAMBURINI, the last of the famous quartet, Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and himself. He came to Paris in 1832, and his professional career was divided between London and Paris. The "Athenæum" (1876) says of him: "On and off the stage Tamburini was essentially a gentleman: he had the polished and refined manners of the old school. Although he realized a fortune, he had a heavy affliction in a son who speculated on the Paris Stock Exchange, and who committed suicide. He was a modest artist, always the first to attend and the last to leave rehearsals; a truly honourable and estimable man, as well as a consummate artist." He died in 1876, of the same age as the century.

Rue Vignon. — At No. 6 the famous *tragédienne* JOSEPHINE DUCHESNOIS lived about 1815-1822. (See also p. 62.)

At No. 24 ODILON BARROT, the distinguished statesman

and consistent reformer, resided at the time of the Coup d'Etat in 1851. He was President of the Council in the first ministry of Louis Napoleon. Retiring into private life in 1851, he emerged only at the close of the Empire to become vice-president of the Council in 1872, and died the following year. De Cormenin says of him: "He had a charming and thoughtful face, with a massive forehead. His voice was full and sonorous, and his delivery in the chamber most impressive, while his attitude and gestures were dignified without being theatrical." Mirecourt agrees with the above writer in crediting him with an elaborate attention to dress, almost amounting to foppishness. He was seventy-eight at the time of his death.

ROUTE II.

Distance 5 *Miles.*

We commence our second excursion at the

Place de la Madeleine.—At No. 26, on the third storey lived, about 1838-1845, the political writer and unrivalled pamphleteer of the reign of Louis Philippe, Louis de Cormenin. A writer in the "Gal. des Cont. Illus." describes the apartment as pretty, with, for a writer, a somewhat coquettish air: "There are the pictures, the books, the couches, the easy chairs, all the accessories of comfort, which no more recall the cellar of Marat than the cell of St. Jerome:" its tenant a man of fifty, a little below the middle height, slow of speech and of movement; the most striking feature a large and lofty forehead, with thick eyebrows; the general air gentle and retiring almost to timidity. (See also p. 33.)

Boulevard de la Madeleine.—No. 17, which according to Lock was formerly numbered 243, was the residence of the famous chemical philosopher and founder of the antiphlogistic theory, Antoine Lavoisier; who, when condemned by the tyrants of the Revolution on a charge of having mixed water and noxious ingredients with tobacco, asked for the suspension of the execution of his sentence for a fortnight that he might complete some experiments; his judges replied that France wanted neither learned men nor chemists. He died by the guillotine in 1794, at the age of fifty-one.

Boulevard des Capucines.—At No. 16 (formerly 50, Rue Basse du Rempart) EUGÈNE CAVAIGNAC was living in 1849. (See also p. 250.)

At No. 8 died JACQUES OFFENBACH, the famous writer of opera-bouffe. Villemessant, in "Mémoires d'un Journaliste," describes him as remarkable for the abundance of his long dark hair, which he wore hanging down his back. From the same source we learn that he was admirable in his domestic relations and unbounded in his hospitality, while his benevolence was evidenced by the throng of broken-down actors, singers whose voices had failed them, and stage-carpenters who had been injured in pursuit of their calling, who attended in his ante-chamber, and sought him out when in the country or at the seaside.

Of course he was often imposed upon. On one occasion at Etretat, after a charitable concert in which he had taken part, he was called upon at his lodgings by a seedy-looking individual, whose closely-buttoned coat of faded black indicated an absence of linen, who accosted him with, "Have pity, Monsieur Offenbach, upon a brother in poverty!" "How a brother?" asked Offenbach, "are you a composer?" "No, I am a violoncellist." "Oh, very well, come upstairs." While ascending, Offenbach reflected that the man's face was certainly not unknown to him. Arrived at the drawing-room, where stood a double-bass, "Monsieur," said Offenbach, "you say you are a violoncellist? I adore the bass. Have the kindness to play a few notes, here is the bow." "Monsieur!" said the mendicant, with an injured air, and putting aside the bow with the gesture of Hippocrates refusing the presents of Artaxerxes. "Ha! I remember you now," said Offenbach, who recalled a similar action on more than one previous occasion; "three months ago you were a flautist, six months ago a violinist,

nine months ago a clarionet, and a year ago a cornet. I will thank you to go. I am willing to be taken for a banker, but not for a fool," and he replaced the instrument and bow in the case. The man bowed, but did not move. "You are not in earnest, Monsieur Offenbach," he said, "if you have only this to say to me." "You are right," replied the composer, and he gave him the alms he asked for. This incident, remarks Villemessant, exhibits him with the nearest approach to ill-temper of probably any act of his life.

Offenbach died suddenly from gout at the heart on the evening of the day on which he had attended a reading of the "Cabaret du Lilas" for the Varieties, in 1880, at the age of sixty-one.

GUIZOT.

No. 31 was the residence, about 1844-1850, of the eminent statesman and writer FRANÇOIS GUIZOT. Of eight houses in which he lived in Paris only three still exist. The following extract from "Fraser's Magazine," 1843, refers specially to No. 2, Rue Ville l'Evêque, since demolished, but has also a general application: "The private circle of this great man was always one of the most delightful in Paris. Small were his apartments, far too small to admit the crowds of European as well as of French, American, and English *literati* who sought to claim the honour of his acquaintance. On his reception nights the small street at the back of the

Madeleine was crowded with carriages, as well as the contiguous streets. Madame Guizot and one or two female friends, often the late Duchess de Broglie, presided at a tea-table, where the simplest fare was distributed. (See also pp. 7, 29.)

Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.—No. 2 bears a tablet inscribed: "GIACCHIMO ROSSINI, musical composer, born at Pesaro, 29 Feb., 1792, died at Passy, 13 Nov., 1868; lived in this house from 1857." Dr. Engel has described as part of the "flat" occupied by the composer, a small dining-room, which an oblong table to seat fourteen almost filled, and Rossini's bed-room, which was also his study, and contained a Pleyel piano and a wardrobe full of linen and manuscripts. The dining-room was also the work-room of the copyist, no manuscripts being allowed to leave the house. Rossini worked from ten to twelve o'clock, when he put on his wig in place of the towel which had covered his bald head, dressed, and went out. His nervousness in respect of all aids to locomotion was excessive. He never entered a railway carriage, and when hiring a cab was careful to select one in which the horse seemed already dead beat. "Rossini," says Engel, "could not resist occasionally saying a little witty word for fun's sake, but he never intentionally hurt anybody. I know that he said to a tenor at the Grand Opera, 'Ne poussez pas le voix ou vous deviendrez poussif,' and he was so proud of the pun that he told it to me on three different occasions. I will not deny, however, that I know of a rather better thing which he said to the Abbé Liszt, who came to see him in his little room, and who improvised rather madly on the little Pleyel piano. When he had done, Rossini said, 'I like the other best.' 'The other? what other?' asked

Liszt. 'Haydn's "Chaos,"' said Rossini. 'Is it not the "Chaos" you mean to represent?' Liszt, excessively sensitive, was fearfully offended" ("From Mozart to Mario"). Rossini accounted for the fortune of £120,000 which he accumulated, by the judicious speculations in his behalf of his professional earnings by two eminent bankers, James Rothschild and the Comte de Pillet-Will.

In his latter days, when Bellini and Donizetti had replaced him in popular favour, he might often be met in the corridors of the opera-house between eleven and twelve at night; a moderately stout man, with a calm serene brow and soft penetrating eyes, dressed in a wide overcoat, which formed a striking contrast to the dress-coats around him. If he found the conversation to his taste, he was all life and fire; if not, he sat down beside some workman engaged in the theatre, and listened to his gossip. He was known and loved by all. Born on the 29th February, he used, correctly enough, to speak of his nineteenth birthday when he was seventy-six.

No. 5 was the first residence of FREDERIC CHOPIN in Paris, of which we have any record, after his arrival there in 1831. A friend who came to study medicine in Paris, wrote to his relatives in Warsaw: "The first thing I did on arriving in Paris, was to find out Chopin. He has grown so strong and big that I scarcely knew him again. Chopin is the first pianist in Paris, and gives a great many lessons, but none under twenty francs. He has composed a great deal, and his works are very much sought after. I am living with him in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, No. 5. We spend the evening at the theatre or in visiting, and if we do neither of these we make ourselves comfortable at home."

Two years had made a great difference in Chopin's prospects and intentions. A year after arriving in Paris he

was sufficiently discontented to contemplate emigrating to America. Modifying this programme at the solicitation of his parents, he was actually arranging to return to Warsaw when a casual meeting with Prince Radziwill in the street led to an introduction to the *salons* of M. Rothschild and a rapid improvement in his circumstances. In 1838, while residing here, he first met Georges Sand, and wrote to his parents, "I do not like her face, there is something in it that repels me." Our extracts are from Karazowski's "Life" of the artist, who tells us that among his frequent guests here were Heine, Meyerbeer, Liszt, Ary Scheffer, Eugène Delacroix, Nourrit, and others. Chopin left the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin on visiting Majorca at the close of 1838 in company with Georges Sand. His health was then rapidly breaking.

In one of his earliest letters from Paris he writes: "Everything is to be found here, good and bad, sublime and ridiculous. You may do as you please, laugh, cry, go pleasure hunting or think of nothing but business. Nobody takes any notice of you. I do not think there is a city on earth where there are more pianists or—more donkeys." (See also pp. 33, 57.)

No. 7 abounds in interest. At the close of the last century, when the street bore the name of the Rue de Mont Blanc, it was the residence of the celebrated minister JACQUES NECKER and the not less famous MADAME NECKER, of whose *salon* Marmontel, who was one of its earliest frequenters, thus writes: "A stranger to the manners of Paris, Madame Necker had none of the allurements of a young Frenchwoman. In her manners and language she had neither the air nor the tone of a woman educated in the school of art and formed in the school of the world. Without taste in her dress, without ease in her carriage, without

attraction in her politeness, her understanding, like her countenance, was too formal to possess grace, but a charm more worthy of her was decorum, candour, and kindness. It was not for us, it was not for herself that she exerted all her cares: it was for her husband. To win favour for him, to have him spoken of with eulogy in the world, was the chief object of the foundation of her literary society. He was there only a cold and silent spectator. Except a few smart words that he introduced here and there, he sat mute and inanimate, leaving to his wife the care of supporting the conversation."

Of M. Necker, Marmontel further says that "while he was minister, those who had known him in his private life have attributed his silence, his gravity, and his reserve, to the arrogance of his new situation. But I can attest that even before fortune had thus elevated him, while he was the simple partner of Thelluson, the banker, he had the same air, and the same grave and silent character."

Madame Necker died in 1794, at the age of fifty-five; her husband in 1804, at the age of seventy-two.

Here at No. 7 the English historian, EDWARD GIBBON, stayed for some time with the Neckers in 1777. The great historian was of unusually heavy and corpulent proportions, possessed a vast appetite, and was a victim to gout and other disorders, due to his heavy feeding and a love of Madeira. His lower limbs were so inflexible that according to Madame de Genlis, when falling on his knees before Madame de Montolieu, a servant had to be called to help him up again. He died in 1794, at the age of fifty-seven.

To No. 7, in 1792, came the unfortunate MADAME ROLAND, on the appointment of her husband as Minister of the Interior. "The fair Roland," says Carlyle, "equal to either fortune, has her public dinners on Fridays, the

Ministers all there in a body. . . . . Envious men insinuate that the wife Roland is Minister, and not the husband: it is happily the worst they have to charge her with. Serene and queenly here as she was in her hired garret of the Ursulines Convent" ("French Revolution").

In June of the following year M. Roland was a fugitive, and his wife, thinking only of securing his escape, with noble intrepidity surrendered herself to the committee of her section, and was cast into prison with numerous other victims of May 31st, to suffer on the guillotine five months later. The tragic record is completed by the suicide of the unhappy husband near Rouen on hearing of her death. Madame Roland died at sixty years of age. (See also p. 187.)

In 1798 MADAME RÉCAMIER came to reside in the house in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. M. Récamier having purchased the house from M. Necker—Madame de Staël acting as intermediary—he put it into the hands of the architect Berthand to be repaired and furnished, with *carte blanche* as to expense. Miss Berry thus describes it: "There are no large rooms, nor a great many of them, but it is certainly fitted up with all the *rechérché* and expense possible in what is now called *le goût antique*. All the chairs are mahogany enriched with ormolu, and covered either with cloth or silk. Her bed is reckoned the most beautiful in Paris. It, too, is of mahogany enriched with ormolu and bronze. Over the whole bed was thrown a great coverlid or veil of fine blue muslin with rows of narrow gold lace at each end. At the foot of the bed stood a fine Grecian lamp of ormolu, and at the head of the bed another stand on which was placed a large ornamental flower-pot containing an artificial rose-tree, the branches of which must nod very near her nose when in bed. Out of this bedroom

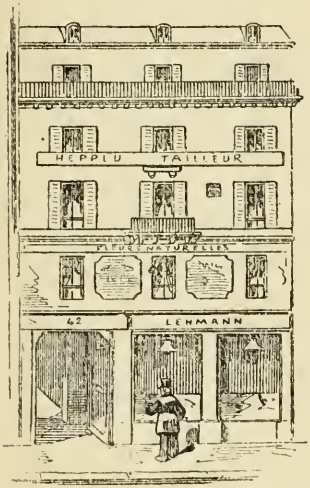
is a beautiful little *salle de bain*. The bath itself presents itself as a sofa in a recess, covered with a cushion of scarlet cloth and embroidered and laced with black."

Madame Lenormant describes the occupant of these luxurious chambers as, at the age of eighteen, of a supple and graceful form with beautiful neck and shoulders, well-formed but slender arms, a small mouth and ruby lips, pearl-like teeth, hair of a chestnut colour curling naturally, and an exquisite complexion. From the same source we learn that her relations to M. Récamier were conjugal only in name, as was well known to all who were intimate with the pair, though no explanation is afforded of the fact.

The admiration and interest Madame Récamier excited were extraordinary. Wherever she went a crowd gathered about her, and at church people mounted on the chairs to see her. We may picture her in a favourite costume of rich blue velvet, with a hat of white satin adorned with a long plume falling on the shoulder. An exception is found to the general chorus in her praise, in Julius Mohl, who pronounced her artificial and sophisticated, and her *salon* a "Vanity Fair." (See also pp. 97, 253.)

No. 42 has a tablet inscribed "Mirabeau died in this house, April 2nd, 1791." Of HONORÉ GABRIEL RIQUETTI, COMTE DE MIRABEAU, Carlyle's portrait may be quoted: "He with the thick black locks; with the *hure* as he calls it or black boar's-head. Through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy, and burning fire of genius" ("French Revolution"). From Madame de Staël we learn that he was above the average height, his limbs were of colossal formation, and his chest was unnaturally broad. His head was immense, and his eyes were large and rolling. De Cormenin finds in him

"the face of a lion, with an eagle's glance, large pendant cheeks, thick lips, and arched eyebrows, a square and massive form, and a powerful sonorous voice" ("Le Livre des Orateurs"). Gibbon in a note to his "Autobiography" says that he had enough imagination for ten men, and not enough common sense for himself alone.



42, RUE DE LA CHAUSSÉE D'ANTIN.

Carlyle supplies a vivid picture of Mirabeau's last hours: "On the last day of March endless multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, incessantly enquiring: within doors there . . . . the overwearied giant has fallen down to die. Crowds of all parties and kinds; of all ranks, from the King to the meanest man. The King sent twice a day for news. A written bulletin is handed out every three hours, is copied and circulated: in the end it is printed. The people spontaneously keep silence: no carriage shall enter with its noise. . . . . To all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh; as if the last man of France who could have swayed the coming troubles lay there at hand-grip with the unearthly power."

It is recorded that Mirabeau's last effort when his speech failed him was to write on his tablet, "Death is but a sleep," and a request for opium to extinguish his life and his pains together. He asked for flowers, perfumes, and music, as the accompaniment of his dying hours: as the paroxysms

increased he craved more earnestly for opium to end the struggle. The physician gave him water telling him it was the drug: he swallowed it, and fell back lifeless on the pillow. His age was forty-two. Madame Mirabeau afterwards died in the same room as her husband.

Rue de la Victoire.—No. 77 bears a tablet (on the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin) inscribed "General Foy, the great liberal orator, born at Ham, February 3rd, 1775, died in this house November 28th, 1855." If this be so Lock is in error in stating that the house in which Foy died had ceased to exist in 1854.

Of Sebastian Foy, the brave soldier and able statesman, the devoted adherent of Napoleon, who retired at the downfall of his chief from military service, and devoted himself to the study of history and of political and military science, the Duc de Broglie says: "The reverse of a pedant, his wit was prompt and his quickness of apprehension remarkable: his character was brilliant and generous, and his eloquence, if a trifle laboured, abounded in imagery. His only fault was a certain love of popularity. . . . . It has been well said of him that he had the air of the camp rather than of the tribune" ("Souvenirs").

He died of aneurism of the heart at the age of eighty. Few men have been more honoured at their death; while his wife and five children, left unprovided for, had a sum of nearly £40,000 raised for them by subscription.

Rue Lafayette.—At No. 8, on the authority of Lock, resided Jean Brisbarre—best known as Joanny—the tragedian, famous for his impersonation chiefly of Don Gomez in "Ernani," and the possessor of a voice of exceptional power and charm. He died in 1849, aged seventy-four.

Rue de Provence.—No. 16 was at one period the residence of the prolific dramatic author FRANÇOIS HOFFMAN, "whose ingenious plots," writes Sainte-Beuve, "entitle him to the name of author in the best sense of the word." He died in 1828 at the age of sixty-eight.

There is another interest, of a peculiar kind, belonging to this house. It was off the roof the *aéronaute* Madame Blanchard fell and was killed in 1819.

At No. 45 JACQUES FROMENTAL HALÉVY, the composer, lived from 1852 to 1857. Jouvin says of him that no great artiste ever had so much modesty and so little affectation. Treated with much severity by the critics both in the commencement and maturity of his career, he still put a good face upon the mortification he undoubtedly endured. He said to Jouvin one day, with a sweet but somewhat sad smile, "I not only appear in the almanack with the saints, but you have promptly placed me with the martyrs." He died in 1862, aged sixty-three.

At No. 44 LOUIS GARNIER-PAGES resided in 1846. He was Mayor of Paris on the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, and Finance Minister of the Provisional Government. Discredited in that office by the imposition, among other desperate schemes of his government, of the tax of 25 centimes on raw material, he absented himself from political life until 1864. His prosecution, with twelve other republicans, for establishing the Democratic Electoral Committee was the only other prominent event in his unsuccessful career. He died in 1878, aged seventy-three.

At No. 70 died LOUIS REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY, who in 1810 was made Secretary of State of the Imperial Family, an office created for him by Napoleon. It fell to him to announce the dissolution of the marriage of the Emperor with Josephine. Exiled in 1816 he went to

America, and returning on the proclamation of the amnesty, in 1819, died in the act of crossing the threshold of the house at the age of sixty.

Rue Joubert.—At No. 36, corner of the Rue Caumartin, the famous *tragédienne* RACHEL FÉLIX lived in the commencement of her career. Gronow, in his "Last Recollections," describes her as extremely high-bred, both in dress and manner, wearing a high gown to conceal her extreme slimness, with a beautifully-shaped head only adorned by her black waving hair. Her eyes were deeply set and too black to be pleasing; her regular profile and very long narrow face showed evident traces of her Jewish origin; her hands were small and well-formed. The author of "An Englishman in Paris" states that she had few of the good qualities of her race. She was greedy to a degree; in evidence of which a story is related of how, having induced Comte Duchâtel, at whose house she was dining, to present her with a superb silver table centre-piece which she persistently admired, she accepted his offer to send her home in his carriage instead of the cab which brought her, on the ground that it would be the safest way of conveying his present, of which she thus secured prompt possession. The count professed to agree with her, but remarked, "But you will send me back my carriage, won't you?" On another occasion she begged for a guitar from a friend, and sold it to M. Achille Fould for 1,000 louis as the identical instrument with which she had once earned her living in the streets. (See also p. 155.)

Rue de la Victoire.—No. 73 (formerly 43) was the residence of MICHEL ADANSON the naturalist (of Scottish extraction), who commenced his travels in Africa at the

age of twenty-one. His "Familles des Plantes" appeared in 1803. His name survives in arboreal nomenclature in the *Adansonia digitata*—the baobab tree of tropical Africa. His memory is preserved as that of a vigorous opponent of the slave trade. The Revolution brought in its train to him, as to many others, great privations; and at his death, which occurred here, at the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1806, he appears to have been reduced to a condition of absolute want.

At No. 52 lived, under the empire, Louis Bonaparte, the unwilling King of Holland and husband (on compulsion) of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine. "A mild, easy, good-natured man," says Madame Junot, "whose infirmities made him prematurely old and ill-tempered in appearance and miserable in reality." He attained, however, to the age of seventy, dying in 1848.

Napoleon I., when General Bonaparte, likewise lived in this street, which received its present name in honour of his victories; but the house no longer exists.

Rue Taitbout.—At No. 59 (formerly 7, Rue des Trois Frères), Jean Baptiste Isabey, the painter, lived about 1814-1822. He was a pupil of David, and was drawing-master to the Empress Marie Louise. Louis XVIII. and many European sovereigns sat to him for miniatures. He died in 1855 at eighty-eight years of age. (See also p. 192.)

No. 11, as we learn from Gabet, was the residence in 1831 of Victor de Jouy, chiefly notable as having made to modern French literature contributions somewhat in the style of "The Tatler" and "Spectator." These were for the most part published as from "The Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin." His "Tippoo Saib," in which Talma

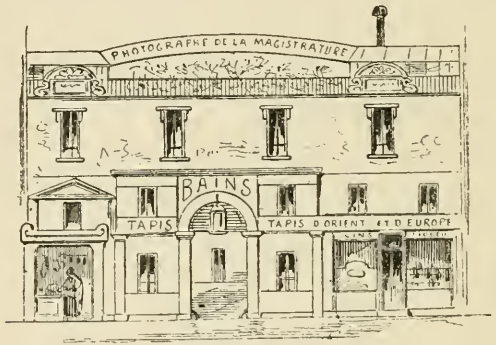
performed, had been produced in 1813. (See also p. 252.)

At No. 30 lived Dr. Louis Véron, sometime apothecary, director of the Opera, and founder of the "Revue de Paris." In the "Courant" of October, 1838, he writes: "I occupied in the Rue Taitbout a large ground floor. I was induced to give a ball to my former associates of the opera. Mesdames Taglioni, Falcon, Elssler, Dumilâtre met at this artists' fête Mlles. Mars, Rose, Depuis, Dupont." Ed. Texier has furnished the worthy doctor's portrait, as he himself says, in two strokes of the pen: "A round face buried in an enormous shirt-collar, a quick intellectual glance, and a large body upon thin legs." (See also p. 91.)

No. 24 was, at the commencement of the century, the residence of Prince Talleyrand. In the recently published "Memoirs" we find a most interesting incident related in connection with this house:

"A few days before Brumaire 18, General Bonaparte, who was then residing in the Rue Chatereine, called on me one evening to talk about the preliminaries of his intended Coup d'État. I was then living in a house in the Rue Taitbout, which, I believe, has since been known as No. 24. It was situated at the back of a yard, and the first floor of it communicated with rooms overlooking the street. We were engrossed in conversation in the drawing-room, which was lighted by a few candles, when, at about one o'clock in the morning, we heard a great noise in the street. It sounded like the riding of carriages and the tramping of horses, such as might be produced by an escort of cavalry. Suddenly the carriages stopped in front of my house. General Bonaparte turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. We at once thought that people had come to arrest us by order of the Directory. I blew out the candles, and went on tip-

toe to one of the front rooms, whence I could see what was going on in the street. Some time elapsed before I could ascertain the real cause of all this uproar, which, however, turned out to be simply grotesque. As in those days the streets of Paris were hardly safe at night, all the money of the gaming-houses was collected at closing time, and removed in cabs, for which, as in this case, the proprietor had obtained from the police that an escort of gendarmes, which he himself paid, should every night accompany the cabs as



24, RUE TAITBOUT.

far as his residence. On the night in question one of these cabs had met with an accident exactly opposite my door, thus causing the whole party to stop on their way for nearly a quarter of an hour. We laughed a good deal, the General and I, at our panic, which, however, was but natural on the part of people acquainted, as we were, with the disposition of the Directory." (See also pp. 85, 250.)

At No. 2, in 1846, lived Louis Blanc. In 1841 he had taken the republican world of Paris by storm with his "Histoire de Dix Ans," *i.e.*, from 1831 to 1840, a work which has been called "not a history, but an indictment" against

Louis Philippe and his Ministers. He narrowly escaped death in the struggle of May, 1848, between the Communists and the Assembly, and being condemned for complicity in the outbreak fled to Belgium and thence to England, where he resided until 1870. One writer describes him as "a little man of dwarfish stature and dainty habit." C. Edmond remarks on the sweetness and amenity of his character, of his eagerness to serve others, and carelessness in all that concerned himself. (See also p. 84.)

Rue Laffitte.—To No. 49 (formerly 41) EMILE DE GIRARDIN and MADAME DE GIRARDIN removed from the Rue St. Georges. (See p. 54.) Theophile Gautier supplies an interesting description of one of the most brilliant and beautiful Frenchwomen of modern times, and of her surroundings at this time: "Madame de Girardin was then in all the pride of her beauty. The face which, when a young girl, too much resembled a carving in marble, suited admirably the *woman* with her fine figure and statuesque pose. Her neck, shoulders, arms, and bosom (as far as the black velvet dress, which was her favourite costume at receptions, allowed it to be seen), were of a perfection which time did not diminish. The suite of rooms was hung with woollen damask, the colour of sea-green. She received her friends in her bedroom, the bed shrouded from sight by curtains. Thither, after the opera, or before going into society, came Victor Hugo, Balzac, Mézeray, Eugène Sue, Alphonse Karr, Cabarrus, not, it is true, altogether, but certainly some each evening; Alfred de Musset also at long intervals. No fête," continues Gautier, "with ten thousand lights, a forest of camelias, and all the diamonds of Golconda, could yield her half the enjoyment she found in seeing three or four chairs thus filled around her own hearth."

Of the husband, a writer in "London Society," who calls him "a busy and quarrelsome journalist," says: "We hear but little of him in gay company, while artistic and literary society is most enthusiastic about his wife. There was a doubt as to who was his mother, as there had been some curious juggling or kidnapping at his birth. This mystery soured his temper, and he appears to have been undesirable as an acquaintance." According to M. A. Regnault, he was eaten up by remorse on account of the fatal termination of his duel with Armand Carrel in 1836. That he had little share in his wife's midnight receptions may be inferred from the fact that, according to Ed. Texier, he accomplished tremendous achievements in the way of early rising, being accessible (assuming that any one except a printer's *employé* could desire to interview him so early) at 5 a.m., and even in the summer at four.

Rue Chateaudun.—At No. 18 (formerly 8), and also at No. 26 (formerly 16), EUGÈNE SCRIBE resided subsequent to his occupation of the house in the Rue Pigalle. (See also p. 65.)

Rue St. Georges.—At No. 11, the north-west corner of the Rue de la Victoire, EMILE and MADAME GIRARDIN (Delphine Gay) lived from 1834 to 1840. In 1836 Madame Girardin began, under the pseudonym of the Vicomte de Launay, the "Lettres Parisiennes," which, incorporated as the "Courier de Paris" in her husband's journal, helped to reform the tone of French society. In 1836 also occurred the unfortunate duel by which Armand Carrel lost his life at the hands of M. Girardin. (See also p. 259.)

No. 19 (formerly 17) is interesting as the birthplace of

the talented and erratic author of "Vie de Bohême," HENRI MURGER. We learn from Mirecourt that his parents were concierges here, and shortly after his birth were summarily ejected by an unfeeling proprietor after thirty-five years' service. Migrating to the Rue des Trois Frères, they opened a small shop as a tailor's.

As a young man Murger lodged in the common resort of the Bohemians, Rue des Cannettes; and Champfleury, in "Contes d'Antoine," recalls how he and Murger lived together in the Rue de Vaugirard, their united fortunes amounting to seventy francs a month (£2 16*s.*); how Murger contributed six plates—three being porcelain—a Shakespeare, the works of Victor Hugo, a superannuated chest of drawers, and Phrygian cap; while his friend had two mattresses, 150 volumes of books, two other chairs, a table, and a skeleton's head.

Mr. Walter Besant, in "Temple Bar" (vol. xxxvii.), comparing Murger with de Musset and de Vigny, well-born, well-educated, and highly-trained, calls him "a mere child of the people, pitchforked into the ranks of literature, but never in the smallest degree representing the voice of the people—a simple, sad life, mistaken in its aims, bankrupt in its aspirations, ruined by its follies." "He is spoken of," says the same writer, "by those who knew him well in his younger days, as a singularly modest and unassuming man, prematurely bald, with great sweetness of expression, always good-natured in his conversation, quick of temper, but easily appeased, and entirely without malice."

He was always in somewhat delicate health, and his habits of working during the night, and keeping himself awake by drinking intensely strong coffee, induced a terrible malady—an intermittent eruption called *purpure*, which came on once a week, covering him from head to foot with

purple blotches, and making him so weak he could not stand. He died in the hospital after a fortnight's illness—a death in life. It was decomposition itself. His age was thirty-four.

No. 24 bears a tablet inscribed: "François Auber, musical composer, born at Caen 29 Jan. 1782, died in this house 12 May 1871." This was his house for over thirty years, and two of his servants were with him the whole of that time.

Auber never attended the performance of any of his works, or allowed himself to be called before the curtain. Engel says that on the first night of his last opera he gave a supper to Madame Cabet and Mdlle. Marie Roze at the Café Anglais, and when the ladies pleaded fatigue as a reason for leaving, Auber, who was never tired, pretended that he had come out without his purse, and kept his guests another hour while his notary was sent for to pay the bill, and when this had been done he discovered his purse in the pocket of his overcoat. He is described as full of ready wit, fidgetty to the last degree even in his work, and of a most amiable disposition. Charles Dickens, who met him in 1856, when he was seventy-four, describes him as "a stolid little elderly man, rather petulant in manner," who told Dickens he had once lived in Stock Noonton (Stoke Newington) to study English, but had forgotten it all.

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" says Auber had one objection to the society of women, he had to remove his hat. "He composed with his hat on; he had his meals with his hat on, and . . . had a box at the theatre, generally on the stage, in order to keep his hat on. He frequently went to the synagogue for no earthly reason than because he could sit among a lot of people with his

hat on." How he got his sleep is accounted for in the statement that "he went almost nightly to the theatre, and slept during the entire performance."

At his death in 1871, Auber was eighty-nine years of age.

At No. 43 the brothers JULES and EDMOND GONCOURT, conjointly prolific as art-critics, biographers, and the writers of a few good novels, lived in 1862. Jules died at the house to which they subsequently removed, at Auteuil, in 1869, at the age of forty, and in the pathetic reference to his death in the "Journal," that delightful *resumé* of the sayings and doings of the Paris of their day, the surviving brother tells how for twenty years, "since the death of their mother," they had been separated only for a single day. Edmond died in 1888, at the age of sixty-six.

Rue St. Lazare.—At No. 9 the life of FREDERIC CHOPIN came to a close, a few months after his return from a visit to England and Scotland; Polish earth, which had been brought from Wola nineteen years before as a memorial of his Fatherland, was sprinkled on his coffin. Dr. Engel bears testimony to the beauty of his character: "He was a model friend, a perfect gentleman, the most reliable man known. His slight, fragile body contained a strong and believing soul." The same writer gives the following instance of the mild satire which was one of his characteristics: "One of the millionaire bankers of Paris once invited him to dinner, and barely was dinner over, and the guests repaired to the drawing-room, than the host had the bad taste to show him a piano, and at once ask him to play something. Many people have the vulgar habit of making you pay for your dinner. But Chopin turned round and reproachingly replied: 'But, Monsieur le Baron, I have eaten so little'" ("From Mozart to Mario"). Chopin had great talent for

mimicry, and would amuse his friends by imitating various peasant dialects, as well as the manner and style of playing of Liszt, Kalkbrenner, and other eminent pianists. As an improvisatore he was equally remarkable. Liszt says that he willingly spent whole evenings in playing blind man's buff with the young people, and telling them little stories.

Chopin died in 1849 at the age of thirty-nine. (See also pp. 33, 41.)

At. No. 29, as we are informed by C. Pillet ("Artistes Célèbres"), the artist, MADAME ELIZABETH LE BRUN, who narrowly escaped paying with her own head for putting upon canvas that of Marie Antoinette, died in 1842. "Few artists," says Pillet, "have been more favoured by fortune. Already famous at an age when usually school is scarcely quitted, the greatest persons in the land sat to her as subjects for her art. . . . . Quitting France at the outbreak of the Revolution she was received with enthusiasm in all the capitals of Europe, and on her return to Paris ten years after received the same adulation. Her industry was almost incredible. She painted 662 portraits, 200 landscapes, and 15 figure subjects."

For thirty years her Saturday evening receptions brought together all the great ladies and grand seigneurs. To the time of her death in 1842, at the age of eighty-seven, the *salon* lived on, though, as Madame O'Meara says, "the little courtly court was broken up in 1830." (See also p. 81.)

No. 56 was the residence, in 1831, of the painter and archæologist, AUGUSTE DE FORBIN. He died in 1841, aged sixty-four.

A later occupant of No. 56 was the eminent pianist, SIGISMUND THALBERG, who lived here about 1850-1853. He was then forty years of age. Dr. Engel, writing of him

at twenty-one, describes him as "of an extremely agreeable aristocratic appearance, refined manners, and very witty, only a trifle too much given to making puns, an amusement rather easy in French." One of them is too neat to remain unquoted: "I will give you an umbrella," said Thalberg to a friend, "the most appropriate thing to offer *en cadeau—en cas d'eau*." "Kind-hearted, and careful ever not to say an incautious word against anybody, or ever to hurt any man's feelings, he became at once the ladies' pet. He had wonderfully constructed fingers, the tips of which were real little cushions. His position, highly recommended as it was, and supported in society by Prince Dietrichstein, who generously endowed him with £20,000, and launched him among his powerful connections, was of course exceptional" ("From Mozart to Mario").

Chopin, in a letter from Vienna in 1830, when Thalberg was eighteen, writes: "Thalberg is here at present and plays admirably; but he is not my man. He is younger than I: he is a great favourite with the ladies, writes *pot-pourris* on Masaniello, plays his forte and piano with the pedal and not with the hand, strikes tenths as easily as I do octaves, and wears diamond studs in his shirts" ("Karazowsky").

Thalberg died in 1871 at the age of fifty-nine.

Rue de la Tour des Dames.—At No. 1 in 1835 lived the famous actress MDLLE. MARS, whose real name was Anne Françoise Boutet Monvel. Macready said of her that "her voice was music; in person she was most lovely, and in grace and elegance of deportment unapproached by any of her contemporaries."

Her taste in dress was so great that any fashion adopted by her at once became the rage. A manufacturer at Lyons

having induced her to give a half promise to wear on the stage a dress of bright yellow velvet, the material for which he presented to her, found, as he hoped, his fortune secured by the immediate demand which followed her first reluctant appearance in a costume which, on putting it on, she felt persuaded would make her the laughing-stock of the audience. She appealed to the judgment of Talma, who had made theatrical costume his special study. On entering her dressing-room he started back in amazement. "You may well stare," said the actress, "I look like a canary in this horrible dress." "If you had said like a topaz," he answered, "you would have been nearer the mark. It sets off your dark hair and sparkling eyes to perfection, and I will guarantee the public will be of my opinion." And so it proved.

Mindful of the favour constantly shown to her by Napoleon, she never attempted to disguise her imperialist sympathies, and shortly after the restoration of the Bourbons appeared on the stage one evening in a dress trimmed with violets, the Bonapartist symbol. Naturally this bravado was distasteful to an audience composed of adherents of the reigning dynasty: and she was summoned by one of the ardent spirits in the pit to say "Vive le Roi!" She remained silent, and the tumult increased, with a storm of hisses. Fearful lest she should expose herself to further insult, her comrade, Baptiste, whispered in her ear to comply with the general demand; upon which she stepped forward, and with the air of naïveté peculiar to her, inquired if the spectators wished her to say "Vive le Roi?" "Yes, yes," resounded from all parts of the house. "Very well," she coolly replied, "I have said it," and quietly resumed her part.

On another occasion, hearing that the gardes du corps intended making a demonstration against her in return for her well-known devotion to the fallen family, she exclaimed

contemptuously, "The gardes du corps! who and what are they? What can they possibly have to do with Mars?'

Writing of the actress shortly before she left the stage in 1841, Gronow says: "The process of dressing her for the stage was a long and painful one, and was said to have been done by degrees, beginning at early dawn, and the tightening being gradually intensified until the stage hour, when it has been rumoured that the finale was accomplished by the maid's foot being placed in the small of the lady's back, and that thus the last vigorous haul was given to the refractory staylace" ("Last Recollections"). Gronow describes Mars as a woman of superior education and refined manners, and says that "many persons of aristocratic birth felt themselves honoured in being received in her salon, which was the rendezvous of the élite of the artistic world." For some time after her retirement she lived in the Rue La Rochefoucauld, and afterwards in the Rue Lavoisier. (See also p. 24.)

Another resident at No. 7 was Laurent Gouvion de St. Cyr, Marshal and Marquis, who won high honour under Napoleon, and was raised to the peerage after the Restoration. He wrote "Memoirs of the Campaign on the Rhine to the Peace of Campe Formio." Guizot describes him as of a strong character and cultivated mind. The following amusing anecdote occurs in the "Diary of Thomas Moore": "At the beginning of the French Revolution M. Gouvion de St. Cyr went to the Bureau of the Foreign Office in Paris to obtain a passport. When he gave his name as Monsieur de St. Cyr, the clerk replied roughly, 'Il n'y a plus de "De"' ('There is no longer any "De"'). 'Eh bien, Monsieur St. Cyr.' 'Il n'y a plus de "Saint."' 'Diable! Monsieur Cyr donc.' 'Il n'y a plus de Sire. Nous avons décapité le tyran.'"

St. Cyr died in 1830 at the age of sixty-six.

No. 3 was the residence of the *tragédienne* JOSEPHINE DUCHESNOIS. Victor Hugo visited her here, introduced at the lady's request by M. Soumet, and dined with the actress ("her neck and shoulders frightfully bare"), another professional lady, and Soumet; and the next day went with the Duke de Rohan to make the acquaintance of his future confessor, Abbé de Lamennais, and clear his conscience of the temptation to which he had been subjected.

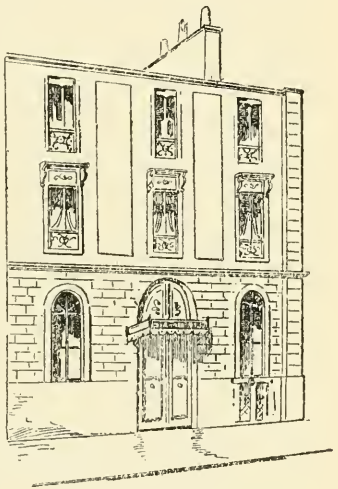
A writer in "Temple Bar" (vol. lxii.) thus describes her: "Her features, though irregular, and rendered still more unattractive by a swarthy complexion and low forehead, were expressive; and in stature she was tall but extremely thin, and wholly deficient in dignity and grace. These defects, however, were to a certain extent compensated by a voice of extraordinary compass and thrilling intonation. In reliance on her own spontaneous impulses, and complete self-identification with the personage represented by her lay the secret of her success."

She died in 1835, at the age of fifty-eight. (See also p. 35.)

At No. 5 lived the painter, HORACE VERNET. A writer in the "Fine Arts Quarterly," 1864, says that when the doors of the Salon of 1822 were closed against his productions owing to his freely-expressed Napoleonic sympathies, he "opened a private exhibition in his own studio in the Rue de la Tour des Dames, which was visited by enthusiastic crowds, and his renown was carried to its climax." His studio has been thus described: "A crowd of young men in various attitudes occupied all the corners of the room, and seemed, as in schools where boys are kept in, given up to the disorder of the most strange amusements. Two of them were fencing, one of them with a pipe in his mouth, and the other having on a great blouse. One was playing the horn, another singing a romantic ballad, a third

was beating a drum, a fourth was reading a newspaper aloud. Among the actors of this boisterous scene were soldiers of all ranks, artists, singers, a goat, a dog, a cat, and a monkey."

Vernet's memory was extraordinary. When he painted a portrait he is said to have taken only a note or two in crayon, and the subject was released after a sitting of a quarter of an hour. The "Gal. des Cont. Illus." supplies us with a sketch of the artist himself as "the true type of the French officer, both in appearance and manner." (See also p. 186.)

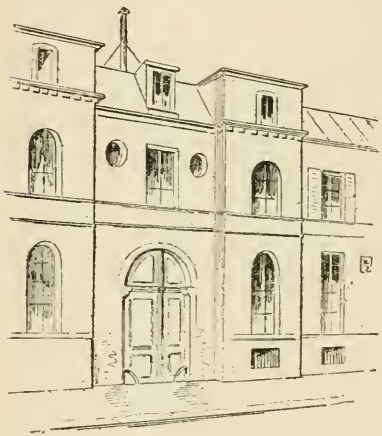


7, RUE DE LA TOUR DES DAMES.

No. 7 is equally memorable with No. 5 for its artistic associations. Here lived and worked the painter of "The Christian Martyr," PAUL DELAROCHE (whose real Christian name was Hippolyte). "A perfect gentleman in dress, manners, and education:" says a writer in Sharpe's "London Magazine," 1864, "always kind and generous to young artists, he generally devoted one day in the week to visits to his fellow painters, advising, helping, and directing them if they desired it. He was generally serious in conversation, but bore a joke well, and was occasionally witty himself. Owing to his elegant manners he was received by the first people in Paris, and the most distinguished delighted to visit at his house."

According to a writer in the "Fine Arts Quarterly," 1864, Delaroche's extensive hospitality was less a matter of personal taste than to please his young and beautiful wife who, unlike himself, was devoted to society, and he judiciously provided it at home that she might not seek it abroad.

It is curious that Delaroche drew with his left hand and painted with his right. His independence is shown in his refusing to paint the portrait of the Queen for the King because Madame Delaroche had been refused admission at Court. He died in 1856 at the age of fifty-nine.



9, RUE DE LA TOUR DES DAMES.

No. 9 has a tablet inscribed: "TALMA, born at Paris 15 Jan., 1763; died in this house 19 Oct., 1826." Of this great actor, a writer in "All the Year Round" says: "In private life he was thoroughly amiable, fond of society, and entirely free from pretension. Once off the stage he was no longer the actor but the genial man of the world, eager to oblige others, and never happier than when it was in his power to serve them. Generous and open-handed to excess, he was far more disposed to squander than to hoard; and through his recklessness in money matters, found himself more than once in embarrassed circumstances."

The following anecdote is from the "Souvenirs of Madame Récamier": "The Bishop of Troyes, a celebrated

preacher, chanced to come to Madame Récamier's the very day that Talma dined there. The bishop had never been to the play in his life, but he was familiar with the best dramatic authors. Talma, out of respect to him, kindly recited those of his *rôles* in which religious sentiment was expressed. The other was delighted, and naïvely expressed his feelings. Talma, in his turn, humbly begged for an extract from one of his sermons. The bishop consented. After listening with great interest to the orator, Talma praised his delivery, made some remarks on his gestures, and added : 'It is very good as far as here, my lord' (pointing below the chest of the preacher), 'but the lower part of the body goes for nothing. One can easily see you have never thought of your legs.'" (See also pp. 94, 149, 231.)

Rue Pigalle.—No. 12 bears a memorial tablet inscribed, "EUGENE SCRIBE, dramatic author, born at Paris, 24 Dec., 1791, died in this hotel, 20 Feb., 1861." This is not strictly correct, as he was found dead in his carriage on arriving at the house of a friend whom he intended to visit.

Scribe is said to have made the largest fortune ever acquired by a French author by his works. His contributions to the stage comprise over four hundred works. In an article in "Temple Bar," 1861, we read : "All the anecdotes that we hear of Scribe testify to the excellence of his heart. A charming one is told of his conduct to the widow of a collaborator who had assisted him in writing a piece which, when it was brought out, utterly failed. The collaborator, tired of an unsuccessful career, or from some other cause, died, and his wife for years after continued to receive money from the agent of the Dramatic Authors' Association, on account of her husband's share in a piece which had only lived a few nights. On one occasion M. Scribe's life was

saved by his benevolence. Lacenaire, the most cynical and dangerous assassin of modern times, had gained admittance into M. Scribe's room by representing himself as a literary man in distress. He knew well that *that*, if anything, would cause the good man's door to be opened to him; and he afterwards confessed that he had intended to murder him. Scribe, however, received him with a kindness which probably surprised him; also he gave him at once a hundred francs; and, somehow or other, the ferocious beast was unable to strike the meditated blow."

At his death in 1861 Scribe was seventy years of age. (See also p. 54.)

To No. 21, in 1819, at the age of fifty-three, came ANTOINE ARNAULT, author (and previously, by favour of Napoleon, Governor of the Ionian Islands), on his return from four years' exile. His "Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoleon" was written here, and published in 1822. With him resided his son LUCIEN ARNAULT, whose plays, "Pertinax," "Catherine de Medici," etc., were very popular in their day. (See also *post.*)

Rue de La Rochefoucauld.—At No. 25, François de Chassebœuf, COMTE DE VOLNEY, author of "Ruins; or, Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires," died in 1820. A small property, inherited from his mother, enabled him at an early age to settle in Paris, where he studied medicine. science, and philosophy. His "Travels in Syria and Egypt" appeared in 1786; his "Ruins" in 1791. He was made a count under the Empire, and a peer by Louis XVIII. as a reward for his vote in favour of the decree for the deposition of Bonaparte. He was sixty-three at his death.

Rue Labruyère.—At No. 5 died ANTOINE ARNAULT,

whom we have just met with in the Rue Pigalle, and again find here also in company with his son LUCIEN ARNAULT, the dramatist. Antoine's "Souvenirs d'un Sexagenaire" were most probably written here, having been published the year before his death, which took place in 1834. He was sixty-eight years of age.

Returning by the Rue de La Rochefoucauld we enter the

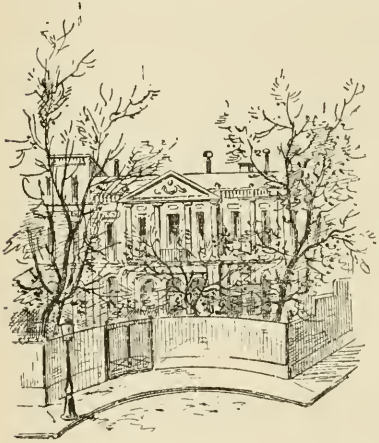
Rue d'Aumale.—No. 14 possesses a tablet inscribed, "FRANÇOIS MIGNET, historian, born at Aix, in Provence, 8 May, 1796, died in this house, 24 March, 1881." The "Histoire de la Revolution," which, translated into a dozen languages, is now a standard work all over the world, appeared in 1834. Mignet's political life ended in 1830, when that of Thiers—with whom his name is indelibly associated as fellow-prizetakers at provincial academies, fellow-barristers at Aix, and fellow-journalists at Paris, and friends bound by so close a tie that each lamented the prospect of surviving the other—was commencing. When his party were rewarded, he chose for his sole recompense the office of Director of Archives at the Foreign Office.

The "Academy" (1884) styles Mignet "the first great specialist who devoted himself to the study of limited periods." Mrs. Simpson, in "Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl," refers to his "remarkable beauty," and remarks of him that in conversation "he never seemed to listen to a word, yet one felt one's vanity satisfied, for he took so much pains to please the person he selected to listen to him." For twenty years he was working at his "History of the Reformation," which at his death was still in manuscript. "He would not suffer it to go to the printers," says the writer in the "Academy," "after all the years he had spent upon it." He died at the age of eighty-eight.

Rue Notre Dame de Lorette.—No. 27 (in the Place St. Georges) is the house erected at the expense of the State for FRANÇOIS ADOLPHE THIERS, in place of that destroyed under the Commune. His occupancy of it was very brief; he died in 1877, at the age of eighty. (See also p. 9.)

At No. 36 the painter EUGENE ISABEY resided in 1856. (See also p. 142.)

At No. 39 EMILE GABORIAU, the creator of the "roman judiciaire," or "detective novel," died in 1873. His ingenious stories of crime and its detection have been said to form the favourite reading of Prince Bismark. "La Vie Infernale," "Clique Dorée," and others of his works were written here. His age was only thirty-eight at his death.



27, RUE NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE.

No. 54 was the residence, about 1850-1857, of EUGENE DELACROIX, the painter. In 1854 his "Apollo vanquishing the Serpent Python" was produced. An extract from Hamerton's "Contemporary French Painters" may fitly find a place here: "Delacroix refused admission to his painting-room, or when he admitted anybody, ceased to work on the instant. Everybody who has penetrated into the studio has remembered its great warmth, without which Delacroix found it impossible to do anything. It was a place, it seems, for palm-trees and boa-constrictors. In the evening

Delacroix went to see his friends, and talked well; he is said to have been exceedingly agreeable. He was a perfect gentleman and a man of the world. In all points he was a model for artists; his industry, his singleness of purpose, his constant anxiety to cultivate his mind, his indifference to wealth, pleasure, to worldly advantage are all valuable examples."

From the time of the exhibition of his "Lion Hunting" —a jumble of horses, lions, cavaliers darting at a furious pace one over the other straight at the spectator—which drew upon him universal critical condemnation, "he shut himself up in his studio," says a writer in the "Fine Arts Quarterly," 1865, "and defied the attacks of the Academy. His delicate health required the greatest precautions, and he took very minute care of it. He was always at work at from seven in the morning until night. He took scarcely any food before three in the afternoon, to keep his mind lighter and better disposed for his labour." M. Silvestre says, "He never tried to make any money by his art, and at the end of his life only asked £12 or £16 for a work which had attained the honour of the Salon—"The Justice of Trajan," now at Rome. He had at the time of his death but a fortune of £400 a year."

Delacroix died in 1863, at the age of sixty-five. (See also p. 227.)

At this house also, in 1852, on the authority of Lock, died ARMAND MARRAST, the political writer, imprisoned for his opinions, as expressed in "The Tribune," in 1833. Escaping to England, whence for a time he addressed some remarkable letters to the "National," he subsequently returned to France and succeeded Armand Carrel in the conduct of that journal. He is a prominent illustration of the saying that the pen is mightier than the sword, for the

opinion has been confidently advanced that it was mainly by his means that the monarchy of July was overthrown, and that if he was not the sole author of the revolution of February he was one of its most active promoters. Marrast died in 1852, as above stated, at the age of fifty-one.

Returning along this street, and traversing the Rue Breda, we reach the

Rue de Navarin.—At No. 14 lived AUGUSTE DESNOYERS, the celebrated engraver and designer, who devoted his burin chiefly to the works of Raphael with a success almost unrivalled. Engravings after pictures by Leonardo da Vinci, Poussin, Gérard, are among his works. He died in 1857, aged seventy-eight.

Here also in 1840 lived THEOPHILE GAUTIER, the novelist and journalist. (See also pp. 140, 164.)

Again entering the Rue Breda we pass to the

Avenue Frochot.—No. 1 bears a tablet inscribed: "VICTOR MASSÉ, musical composer, born at Lorient, March 7th, 1822, died in this house July 5th, 1884." Massé's first operatic work was produced in 1852. From 1863 he was in receipt of a pension.

The Rue Pigalle leads to the

Rue Chaptal.—No. 16 is memorable as the residence and studio of ARY SCHEFFER, the painter. In 1856 Charles Dickens sat to him here for his portrait, having, as he says, "both Scheffer and his brother [Henri] pegging away at me at the same time." The sittings were varied by a special entertainment, when the artist received some sixty people in his long studio — "including a lot of French," wrote Dickens, "who say, but I don't believe it,

that they know English"—to whom Dickens, by special entreaty, read his "Cricket on the Hearth." Scheffer was of mixed race, his father being a German and his mother a Hollander. "He was a cultivated gentleman," says Hamerton, "and a man of the world, and had the habits of one so far as they were compatible with the industrious pursuit of art. He died poor, having scarcely more than a year's earnings in advance; but this poverty was due to his great liberality." Dickens calls him "a frank, noble fellow." His generosity to Manin is well known. He died in 1858 at the age of sixty-three.

Returning along the Rue Pigalle we arrive at the

Rue de Douai.—At No. 6 lived EDMOND ABOUT, novelist, traveller, essayist, and—on a small and not very successful scale—dramatist. Here is a picture, at the age of forty-six, of this accomplished and kindly gentleman and his home; whose personality, as well as his writings, must be still fresh in the memory of many:

"At the bottom of the spacious stairway, a colossal Egyptian statue, whose base is marked with the characters of the East, keeps guard at the portal. At the entrance of the 'apartment' [or suite of rooms] on the second landing, another of life size stands on one side of the doorway, and on the other reposes an Apis ox of bronze. In the anteroom there are still one or two more objects from the Nile country. The drawing-room is large and lofty, and contains massive furniture. . . . Our host is of medium height and rather stout, but not so much so as to interfere with his activity and gracefulness, for About is graceful. He is so quick and restless in his movements one cannot help wondering how he gathered even the fat which he carries. He wears all his beard, but not long, half of which is light

brown and the other half grey. The hair is also quite grey, yet the hue does not rob him of a certain youngish appearance. While we are talking, a troop of handsome children, numbering five—the eldest not exceeding seven—make their appearance. We are seven at table, including two of the elder children. It is a pleasant pastime to see the author cutting up the meat into small pieces on the plates of the children, pouring them out their portions of wine, and turning to them occasionally in parenthesis in the midst of the general conversation to ask what they want" ("Galaxy," Phila., 1874).

About died in 1885 at the age of fifty-seven. (See also p. 125.)

No. 30 was the home of the greatest Russian novelist of his time, IVAN TURGUÉNEFF; in whose work, "Father and Son," the title of Nihilist was for the first time applied to the party of action in politics, and by them was subsequently chosen as their watchword. The hotel was that of Madame Viardot-Viardot, the famous singer and sister of Malibran. Turguéneff came to Paris after the Franco-German War, having since 1863 lived at Baden. Our information as to his residence here is obtained from Daudet's "Thirty Years of Paris," who says that his intimacy with Madame Viardot-Viardot extended over thirty years: "The hotel was furnished with a refined luxury, in which art and comfort were combined. In passing through the ground floor, I saw, through an open door, a gallery of pictures. Upstairs, on the third storey, I found Turguéneff in a boudoir-like apartment, whose contents showed that the novelist had acquired from his friends their artistic taste—from the wife in music, from the husband in painting." M. Zola says of Turguéneff that he was a true and constant friend. Daudet was cultivated as an intimate friend by him in life: in a book of

souvenirs published after his death he was found to have unmercifully criticised him, and denied him any literary ability. His later life was passed alternately in France and Germany. He was a victim to gout, and at fifty-eight complained that he "had the legs and knees of a man of ninety." He died in 1883 at the age of sixty-four.

The Rue Blanche, on the right, leads to the Place Blanche, into which debouches the

Rue de Bruxelles.—At No. 26 TONY JOHANNOT, the eminent painter and engraver, died in 1852, at the age of forty-nine, leaving unfinished a work representing Boaz and Ruth. In his last moments he was heard repeating softly, "My picture will never be finished."

Rue Blanche.—No. 70, which bears a small tablet, is memorable as the residence of the Italian patriot, and ex-President of the Venetian Republic, DANIELE MANIN. Castille describes the rooms occupied by him as small and very simply and plainly furnished. In the "British Quarterly Review," 1879, he is described as "short rather than tall, of spare figure, with light blue eyes in which there was great animation, and thick dark chestnut hair. The face was not handsome, but it was extremely mobile and expressive: such a face as might have done well for an actor. He was the son of a Venetian Jew who had become a Christian." Very poor, he taught Italian for a living, and an interesting circumstance is related by Charles Dickens in one of his letters, when he was residing in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, in this connection: "Maney and Kate [Dickens's daughters] are learning Italian, and their master is Manin of Venetian fame, the best and noblest of those unhappy gentlemen. He came here with a wife and beloved

daughter, and they are both dead. Scheffer made him known to me, and has been, I understand, wonderfully generous towards him" (Forster's "Life of Dickens").

Manin died here in 1857 of disease of the heart at the age of fifty-three. First interred with the remains of his wife and child in the tomb of Ary Scheffer at Montmartre, all now repose together in a marble sarcophagus close under the shadow of St. Mark's at Venice.

Rue de Calais.—No. 4 bears a tablet inscribed: "In this house died, March 8th, 1869, HECTOR BERLIOZ, musical composer, born at La Côte Saint André, December 11th, 1803."

Berlioz came to live here in 1857, as we learn from a postscript to a letter dated "January 26th or 27th" of that year. He writes: "Rue de Calais (once more, and not de Douai), No. 4." Now, as formerly, working under a sense of the drudgery of his enforced calling as writer of musical criticisms for the press, he writes in 1861 to a friend: "Do you think it a lively existence to remain bound by the infernal chain of article-writing, which is inseparable from my existence? I am so ill that the pen falls from my hand every moment, and yet I have to force myself to write to gain my paltry hundred francs (£4). All this time I have my head full of projects and work, which I cannot carry out by reason of my bondage" ("Memoirs").

His contributions to the "Journal des Débats" ceased in March, 1864, and in August he congratulates himself on walking up and down in front of the lyric theatres without the obligation to enter. M. Bernard says: "He lived in his lodgings in the Rue de Calais in retirement, and disgusted with everything, surrounded by impudent sparrows who flocked to his window-sill for the crumbs he placed there,

near his grand piano, his harp, and the portrait of his first wife. His mother-in-law, Madame Récio, tended him with exceptional vigilance and devotion, and his friends did their utmost to make him forget the injustice of his lot."

In the "Memoirs," Berlioz, remarking on the popularity of his works in America, Russia, and Germany, says, sarcastically: "My musical career would eventually turn out charming if I could only live a hundred and forty years." His resentment against his countrymen for their non-appreciation was intense. He writes from London: "It must be admitted that Paris is an enjoyable town residence, and that in it one may exclaim after the manner of somebody or other whose name I forget, 'O my friend! There are no more friends.' May the fires of heaven and hell unite to burn up that infernal town!" "Poor, excitable, misunderstood musician," says an English writer, "with a much shorter measure of longevity than that quoted above he might have survived to witness the present admiration of his works." "Had he been an architect," said Liszt, "he would have built pyramids, gardens of Semiramis, Roman amphitheatres," and Heine compares the impression produced by his music to the extinct monsters of early zoological episodes. Berlioz died at the age of sixty-six. (See also pp. 78, 119.)

Crossing the Place de Vintimille and entering the Place de Clichy by the Rue de Clichy, we arrive at the

Rue d'Amsterdam.—At No. 91 JULES FAVRE was living when Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Provisional Government after the fall of the Second Empire. He removed thither in 1868, and left to live in the Rue Bertin in 1875.

A writer in "Appleton's Journal," 1869, says of him:

"Those who knew him best bear witness to his goodness of heart, to his unostentatious generosity. He has been called the ugliest-looking man but one at the French Bar. Time and the preoccupation with noble thoughts have given a beauty of their own to his irregular but sympathetic face —the most striking trait of which is the projection of the under lip; the mouth is scornful. His voice is winning and clear. He has what the French call a noble rage, but he is never violent and he does not saw the air with his arms; he is not volcanic in his eloquence like Mirabeau, nor tormented like Victor Hugo." Mirecourt describes Favre as dark and very bilious looking, with nothing actually repulsive in his features when in repose, but on the contrary a certain suggestion of amiability and kindness" ("Les Cont.").

Favre died in 1880, aged seventy-one. (See also pp. 104, 136.)

To No. 77 ALEXANDRE DUMAS came to live in 1854. The author of "An Englishman in Paris" gives a picture of the daily life here: "The *déjeuner*, which generally began about half-past eleven, was rarely finished before half-past four, because during the whole of that time fresh contingents arrived to be fed, and communication was kept up between the apartment and the butcher for corresponding supplies of beef and cutlets." The same writer tells us he received sixpence a line of sixty letters, sometimes fourpence or fivepence. It rarely rose to sevenpence halfpenny. In all cases, a third went to Dumas's collaborators, another third to his creditors. Lawsuits, theatrical speculations, and profuse expenditure kept him constantly embarrassed. Engel relates how he once gave a thousand francs, which he was about to pay to take up a bill, to an impoverished cabdriver who related to him how he had had his horse killed and his cab smashed by accident, and says: "He was so well aware

of the valuelessness of bills, that once when a creditor brought him a bill to sign with a sixpenny stamp attached to it, Dumas said to him, 'You see this bill is worth sixpence—now (as he signed it) it is worth nothing.'"

Dumas's vanity was immense. Gronow writes ("Recollections and Anecdotes"): "Dumas *fils* said the great novelist was so fond of 'show off' that he was always expecting him to get up behind his own carriage in order to make people think he had got a negro footman." From the same writer we extract the following anecdote, which, like the preceding, turns upon the negro-like features of the novelist: "Dumas has a daughter who made a very good marriage. The mother of the bridegroom, a provincial lady of great respectability, arrived in Paris to be present at the wedding. The church was full of spectators, and it so happened that among them were several negroes. This circumstance excited the surprise of the bridegroom's mother, who was seated beside Dumas. Persons from the provinces are rather disposed to wonder at everything they see in Paris, and Madame X——, in a weak treble, expressed her astonishment at seeing so many men of colour. 'Oh, I can explain that very easily,' replied the incorrigible jester. 'It is my family who desire to assist at the *noces* of my daughter.' The old lady, who,

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

like most provincials, was a very matter-of-fact person, looked unutterable things, and was perfectly horrified at the prospect of this enormous negro connection." (See also pp. 20, 23.)

At No. 50, HEINRICH HEINE resided in 1848. (See also pp. 16, 131, 137, 139, 263.)

Rue de Milan.—No. 3 was the residence of ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS in 1851. He appears to have removed hence to the Palais Royal. (See also pp. 34, 110, 146.)

Rue de Clichy.—At No. 3, as recorded by Lock, died EUSÈBE SALVERTE, the political and atheistical writer, whose "Epître sur la Liberté" appeared in 1817, and was followed by other works, which the writer of the biographical notice in "Didot" assures us are among the most remarkable of their time and worthy of the profoundest study. He consistently refused religious consolation on his deathbed, and his body, in consequence, was not, in accordance with the national custom, taken to the church. His death occurred in 1839; his age being sixty-eight.

No. 21 was the residence of VICTOR HUGO in 1880, prior to his removal to Avenue Victor Hugo. (See also pp. 129, 154, 255, 262.)

Rue de Londres.—At No. 31 the great composer, so little appreciated in his lifetime by his own countrymen, HECTOR BERLIOZ, lived from 1843 to 1846, having previously reaped abundant laurels when personally conducting the performance of his compositions in Germany, Russia, and England. That he was unsuccessful in France has been, but on doubtful grounds, attributed to his critical and sarcastic temper. It was during his residence here that

the great festival in the machinery hall of the Great Exhibition in 1844 was given, and he directed an orchestra of 1,200 musicians. Engel says: "Berlioz often complained that he could not make money enough in France. Yet he gave concerts there which brought him sums unheard of hitherto in Paris. One, in the exhibition, brought £2,000, a sum never reached before. True, he had heavy expenses for copy, instruments, etc., so that the profit was but £32."

"It was while living here," continues Engel, "that the fearful fiasco occurred of the 'Damnation de Faust,' at the Opera Comique, on December 6th, 1846. The two or three hundred people who were present at the performance were ravished, transported. Unfortunately they were only two or three hundred. Instead of responding to the call of the symphonist, the nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain remained at home. The concert took place in the daytime, the artists turned a deaf ear, and the shopkeepers preferred the 'Dame Blanche.' The result of the performance of his masterpiece was that Berlioz was ruined." (See also pp. 74, 119.)

ROUTE III.

Distance $6\frac{1}{4}$ *Miles.*

STARTING from the Place de la Madeleine, the Rue Duphot leads to the

Rue Cambon.—No. 49 was the residence of CASIMIR PÉRIER, statesman and banker. A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" (1838) calls him "the conqueror of the revolution of 1830. He found it arbitrary, he made it legal; he found it warlike, he made it pacific; he found it destructive, he made it conservative; he found it tumultuous and anarchist, he reduced it to order and obedience." From the same source we take the following graphic description of his person and disposition: "Casimir Périer was very tall and well-made. His face was manly and regular, and there was a penetration and finesse in his features which often contrasted well with his imposing energy. His air, his manner, were prompt, and even imperious, and he would say, smiling, when speaking of the efforts made by his political opponents to compel him to yield, 'Why expect me to give up the game with the cards that I hold?' . . . . He was by no means a pleasant companion or adapted to the politeness or courtesies of life. Rigorous towards others and severe towards himself, though he loved few, he hated none. . . . . He had, however, some tenderly attached friends; in his family he was gay in his conversation and lively in his sallies."

So far the English writer. Guizot says: "His physiognomy, his gait, his attitude, his look, his accents—everything in his

personal attributes impressed this conviction ['that he was always seriously in earnest.'] . . . . In private conversation he listened coldly, argued little, and nearly always evinced himself determined beforehand. In the tribune he was not often either eloquent or dexterous; but ironically effective and powerful" ("Memoirs").

At his death, in 1832, Périer was fifty-five years of age.

Rue des Capucines.—At No. 9, as recorded by Gabet, MADAME ELIZABETH LE BRUN, the artist, held her Saturday evening receptions at the time of the revolution of 1830. (See also p. 58.)

Place Vendôme.—Nos. 4 and 6, the Hôtel du Rhin, was the residence of LOUIS NAPOLEON, when deputy to the National Assembly in 1848. Here is an *apropos* extract from Victor Hugo's "Things Seen." Mdlle. Georges, the actress, who has visited Hugo in 1849—in a state of pecuniary embarrassment so great that she could not pay her cab-hire—is the speaker: "As for the President, he is a simpleton, I detest him. In the first place he is very ugly. He rides and drives well—that is all. I went to him: he replied that he could not see me. When he was only poor Prince Louis he received me in the Place Vendôme for two hours in succession, and the idiot made me look at the column." When Emperor he befriended the actress, nevertheless. In the pages of "An Englishman in Paris" may be read how a certain wooden-legged female violinist, who in 1892 still sat at the corner of the Rue de Paix (and was said to own a row of houses and to have given her daughter a handsome dowry), offered the Prince £120, to be repaid when he became Emperor; and would not accept an annuity from him, as such, because he declined the loan. (See also p. 12.)

No. 7 was built for himself by Jules Mansard, the architect, whose name has come down to us in the peculiar form of roof which he introduced; and the most prominent examples of whose genius are the Palace of Versailles, the gallery of the Palais Royal and the dome and finishing of the Hotel des Invalides. He died suddenly at Marly, at the age of sixty-three.

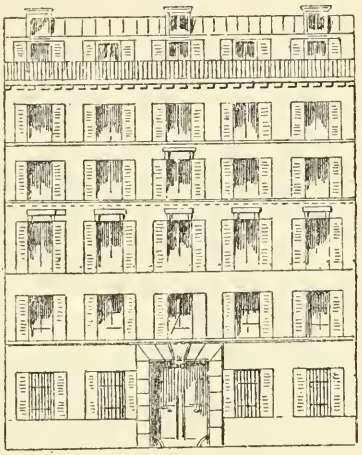
A later occupant of No. 7 was Pierre Vergniaud, the famous Girondin orator. Lamartine, in his "History of the Girondins," describes him as of medium height, square and robust, with a short, wide nose, rather thick lips, black eyes full of fire, doing everything 'like a man in a hurry who denies himself time,' yet of indolent habits, rising at midday, and writing the notes for his speeches on loose scraps of paper. Vergniaud was the last of the occupants of the five carts which took the condemned Girondins from the Conciergerie on October 30th, 1793, to mount the guillotine: his the solitary voice left of the chorus, gradually decreasing, as head after head fell under the axe, to chant the Marseillaise. His last act in the prison before his arms were bound was to entrust to the executioner's assistant his watch, on which with a pin he had scratched the date with his initials, to be sent to a young girl whom he loved with a pure affection, and had hoped to marry.

Here also lived in 1803 Marie Joseph Chénier, the brother of André Chénier, and author of the political drama "Charles IX.," in which Talma laid the foundation of his fame; and also, among many patriotic songs, of the "Chant du Départ," said to have been only less popular than the Marseillaise itself.

The Rue Castiglione leads into the

Rue du Mont Thabor.—At No. 4 the charming

American writer, WASHINGTON IRVING, lodged in 1821, just after the appearance of "The Sketch Book." While in Paris at this time he made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore, who describes him in his "Diary" as a "good-looking and intelligent-mannered man." Irving was at that time thirty-eight years of age. He died in 1859 at the age of seventy-six.



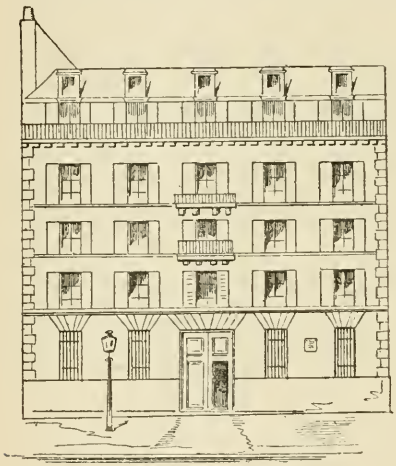
4, RUE MONT THABOR.

No. 6 has a tablet inscribed: "ALFRED DE MUSSET, born at Paris December 11th, 1810, died in this house May 2nd, 1857."

A writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" (1857) says of him: "France has no other man so gifted in his generation: at least none with whom we may justly compare him; for Victor Hugo still lives, and cannot enter into competition with the fame of a completed work: and the energy, the fire, and the passion of his poetry raises him above the mild level of Lamartine, to whom sentiment only, not passion, was possible. . . . . He was too weak in good to resist a single temptation, to quench a single impulse, too weak in evil to suppress one quick rising of disgust. He has been called the Byron of France, and there are no doubt many traces of Byron in his works: but poor de Musset had none of the splendour and prestige of the English patrician, whose

position gave a certain lacquer to his character, and whose nature was less compunctious, less troubled with conscience and the ideal."

Du Camp in "Souvenirs Littéraires" says that at forty-four he retained only of his former attractiveness his light, glossy hair, the face being long, thin, and wrinkled, the forehead fine, the under lip weak and effeminate. Paul de Musset has described his last moments: "I asked him if he was suffering. He made a negative sign. To my other questions he replied only, as he laid again his head upon the pillow, 'To sleep! at last I shall sleep.' It was the sleep of death."



6, RUE MONT THABOR.

De Musset was forty-seven at his death. (See also p. 226.)

The Rue d'Alger leads to the

Rue de Rivoli.—At No. 204 LOUIS BLANC resided at the time of his death in 1882. A writer in "Scribner's Magazine," 1880, who met him in that year, describes him as "a small slim figure encased in black cloth; a large massive head, and a kind scholarly face. His coat was very long (which gave him a semi-clerical air), his hair was brown, sprinkled with grey, and he had no beard but a slight prolongation of hairy growth down into the middle of the cheek."

The author of "An Englishman in Paris," writes of him as "one of the smallest men, if not the smallest man I ever saw." In 1872 he was dressed "almost in the fashion of the forties, a wide-skirted long brown frock-coat, a shirt innocent of starch, and a broad-brimmed hat." As editor of a paper he founded ("L'Homme-Libre"), he boasted that "he would advance nothing except on positive proof," and amusing instances are given by the writer above quoted of this peculiarity. It was his custom every afternoon to read every proof slip of his paper. "A dog having been run over on the Boulevards, the reporter, with a hankering after the realistic method, had endeavoured to reproduce onomatopœically the sounds uttered by the animal in pain. 'Are you quite sure, monsieur, about your sounds?' asked Blanc. 'Of course I am, as sure as a non-scientific man can be,' was the answer. 'Then strike them out; one ought to be scientifically sure. By-the-bye, I see you have made use of the word 'howl' (*hurler*). Unless I am mistaken, a dog when in pain yelps (*glapit*). Please alter it.'" On another occasion he refused to allow an advertisement for a cough mixture to appear unless the canvasser who obtained the order could personally vouch for its efficiency. "Mon Dieu, Monsieur," was the reply, "you can scarcely expect me to run the risk of bronchitis in order to test it on myself." Blanc admitted as much, but remarked, "Until you can bring me some one who has been cured, we will not insert it."

Louis Blanc was sixty-nine at his death.

No. 220 was the residence of LEO DELIBES the composer. He died in 1891 at the age of fifty-five.

Rue St. Florentin.—No. 2 is well known as the Hôtel Infantado, the residence of PRINCE TALLEYRAND. Of this

eminent diplomatist and his abode Victor Hugo says: "He was of noble descent like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. In this palace, like a spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession, heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors, Bonaparte, Siéyès, Mme. de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe; all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man passed in turn under that gloomy entrance upon the architrave of which the inscription is 'Hotel Talleyrand!'" ("Things Seen.")

Chateaubriand remarks that the old engravings of the Abbé de Perigord give one the idea of rather a handsome man, but that as he grew old his physiognomy looked the very image of a death's head. A contemporary sketch quoted in "Temple Bar" (vol. 37) describes him at thirty-three as "handsome of figure with blue and expressive eyes, nose slightly retroussé, complexion delicate almost to pallor. In studying the play of his features we observe upon his lips a smile, sometimes malignant, sometimes disdainful. He is studious of his personal appearance, irreligious as a pirate, performing mass with an unctuous grace. Ordinarily fond of his bed, he will at need pass two or three nights consecutively in hard work. Greedy of renown, more greedy still of riches, loving women with his senses, not with his heart, calm in critical positions, haughty to the great, suave to the humble, neither vindictive nor wicked."

Thirty years later, in 1816, Lady Morgan writes of him as "cold, immovable, neither absent nor reflective, but impassible; no colour varying the livid pallor of his face." His

friend Dumont describes him (1793) as rather corpulent, with a deep strong voice—otherwise quiet in appearance, and among his intimates sympathetic, cheerful and witty, while he records to his honour that to come to the aid of his fellow sufferers he sold his small library—his last possession. According to Mme. de Rémusat he was careful in his dress, used perfumes, and was a lover of good cheer and all the pleasures of the senses. Mme. de Staël found him "the best of men." Lamartine has said that, so far from having given expression to the numerous *bon mots* and epigrams attributed to him, he was slow, careless, natural, and somewhat idle in expression: his sentences were not flashes of light, but condensed reflections in a few words. He died in 1838, aged eighty-four. (See also pp. 51, 250.)

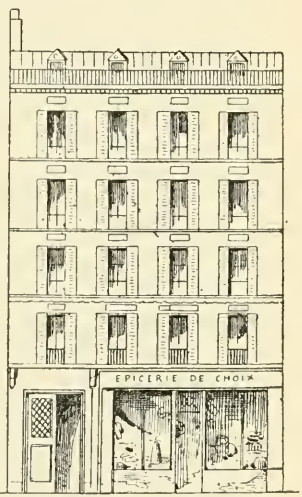
This hotel was also the residence of Lazare Carnot, a distinguished agent in the Revolution, a member of the Constituent Assembly of 1791—"the highest faculty of them all," says Carlyle, (who bestows upon him the Christian name of Hippolyte, which was that of his son, born in 1801,) "iron Carnot, with his cold mathematical head, and silent stubbornness of will, far-planning, imperturbable and indomitable." Previously to his supercession by Bonaparte in the direction of the vast military operations of the republic, it is said that the direction of the movements of sometimes as many as fourteen armies at once were controlled by him. He was no terrorist, and narrowly escaped a plot for his assassination formed by his colleagues. He voted for the death of Louis XVI., and opposed the several advances of Napoleon to power, but he came to the aid of the Emperor when his downfall was threatened from without. He was charged by Napoleon with the reading of his abdication in the Chamber of Peers, and was the only one of his ministers proscribed by the government of Louis XVIII.

Carnot is described as of tall stature, with a noble carriage, regular and expressive features, nose slightly aquiline, and eyes blue and lively and full of intelligence. This true patriot and gentleman was a poet as well as a writer on military tactics, geometry and mechanics; and in battle proved his courage by leading on foot an attacking column of the army which forced the Austrians to raise the siege of Maubeuge. He died, in exile, in 1823, aged seventy.

The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia was not only a guest, but for some time a resident at the Hôtel Enfantado. In 1815 he alighted here, as Chateaubriand relates, "in the absence of the French authorities, and the groom of the chambers hastened to place the house at his disposal. He refused to inhabit the Tuileries, remembering that Bonaparte had taken his ease in the palaces of Vienna, Berlin and Moscow. His manners were at all times elegant and winning. A great dignitary of Napoleon's said to him, 'Your arrival, sire, has long been desired and expected here.' 'I should have come sooner,' he replied, 'you must accuse French valour alone as the cause of my delay'" ("Memoirs").

Rue St. Honoré.—No. 267 (formerly 373) is memorable as the residence of Madame Geoffrin, daughter of a valet and wife of a bourgeois, who contrived to make her *salon* the resort of the most eminent personages of her time. Diderot, D'Alembert, Marmontel, (who, as we shall see, lived in the house,) Raynal, Mdlle. de Lespinasse among her compatriots, and Horace Walpole, Hume and Gibbon among the distinguished strangers. Gibbon, in his "Autobiography," says: "Her house is a very good one, regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company in men of letters and people of fashion."

Marmontel writes: "Mme. Geoffrin had two weekly dinners, one on Mondays for artists, the other on Wednesdays for men of letters; and it is a remarkable thing that without any tincture either of letters or the arts, this woman, who in her life had never studied anything but very superficially, did not appear ignorant in either of these societies. She had kindness, but very little sensibility; she was beneficent, but without one of the charms of benevolence; eager to aid the unfortunate, but without seeing them for fear of being moved by them. She was simple in her taste in dress and furniture, but nice in her simplicity, having the delicacies of luxury in all their refinement" ("Memoirs").



267, RUE ST. HONORÉ.

Mme. Geoffrin died, in 1777, at the age of seventy-eight.

Here, at Mme. Geoffrin's the poet and romancist FRANÇOIS MARMONTEL (who some six years before had lodged near the Sorbonne at seven-and-sixpence a month, and dined at a cookshop for a franc; taking payment for his translation of Pope's "Rape of the Lock" in bills for £12 at long dates, which he had to exchange for sugar with a grocer, who sold it on his account) came to live in 1756. In his "Memoirs" he says: "After dining at Madame Geoffrin's with literary men and artists, I at night found there a more intimate society, as she had done me the favour of admitting me to her little suppers. . . . The new tales which I wrote at this period, and of which these

ladies had the first-fruits, were an amusing reading for them before or after supper. I confess that success never flattered me. . . . I also perceived the cold or weak passages which were passed over in silence, or those in which I had missed the tone of nature or the correct tinge of truth; such I noted to correct at my leisure." He lived here during ten years.

The revolution cost Marmontel his appointments and property, and he died at Abbeville, in Normandy, in obscurity, in 1799, at the age of seventy-six. His "Memoirs" were published after his death.

At No. 235 (formerly 343) BENJAMIN CONSTANT lived in 1814-1815. He writes to the Comtesse de Nassau in the former year, "I will thank you to address me at M. Fourcault's, notary, Rue St. Honoré, No. 343." The Duc de Broglie relates that he had quitted Paris on the arrival of the Emperor, and took refuge at Angers, fearing the conscription; but, reassured by his friends, returned to his residence here. (See also p. 30.)

In this house also, at one period, Baron ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT resided. Our notices of him appear most appropriately in connection with the Quai du Louvre, and the Quai Malaquais in Route 7. (See pp. 183, 192.)

No. 177, in 1821 numbered 285, was the residence of the moralist JOSEPH JOUBERT, and here he probably died three years later. Joubert came to Paris from Toulouse in 1778. We find Chateaubriand visiting him in 1804. He was the associate of La Harpe, Marmontel, and d'Alembert, on terms of intimacy with Diderot and found in Fontanes a close and constant friend. By his influence he was appointed to the office of one of the inspectors general of the university, a remunerative but uncongenial function, the occasional exercise of which made him exclaim to Mme. de

Chateaubriand, "Oh! the weariness of a day at the University!"

Chateaubriand describes Joubert as "full of oddities and originality. His great ambition was to be perfectly calm, yet nobody betrayed so much agitation. . . . He was an egotist who was always thinking of others. He frequently changed his diet and his regimen, living one day on milk, another day on hashes, causing himself to be jolted at full trot along the roughest roads, or drawn slowly along through the smoothest alleys. When he read he used to tear out of his books the pages that displeased him, so that he had a library for his own especial use, composed of mutilated books in covers which were too large for them. Madame Victorine de Chastenay used to declare that he always gave her the idea of a soul which had met with a body by chance, and which had to put up with it as well as it could" ("Memoirs").

Joubert's "Pensées" (he produced no connected work), consisting of unpublished articles, edited, by request of his widow, by Chateaubriand, had a great success, and were reprinted in 1842 and again in 1849. He died in 1824 at ninety years of age.

No. 96, at the corner of the Rue Sauval, bears a tablet inscribed: "This house has been constructed on the site of that in which MOLIÈRE was born 15 Jan. 1622." Even the site of the birthplace of this most eminent of French writers was worthy of commemoration. That of the house in which he lived in maturity in the Rue Richelieu, possesses, however, a stronger interest. (See also p. 112.)

Rue de Rivoli.—No. 46 was the residence, 1852-1856, of DR. LOUIS VÉRON, manager of the opera, and founder of the "Revue de Paris," the precursor of the "Revue

des Deux Mondes," "than whom," says the anonymous writer of "An Englishman in Paris," "there has been no more original figure in any civilized community before or since, with the exception, perhaps, of Phineas Barnum, to whom, however, he was infinitely superior in education, tact, and manners." Among his peculiarities was the superstition (shared, however, by many at the present day), which led him to have his coachman's son dressed and made presentable, to make a fourteenth at table. He would never travel by railway to the end of his life, and remarked that he shared the objection to do so with Queen Victoria (Her Majesty's aversion to steam locomotion in its early days being a matter of common report in Paris at the time), who was certainly, he argued, not wanting in enlightenment. It being reported one day that she had made the journey from Windsor to London by railway, he said, "The Queen of England has got a successor; the Véron dynasty begins and ends with me. I must take care to make it last as long as possible."

The "Memoirs" of Dr. Véron, originally in seven bulky volumes, are frequently quoted in these pages, and abound in interest, though scarcely presenting a truthful portrait of the man himself. Mirecourt says that besides his house in the Rue de Rivoli, he had a country house, where he was accustomed to entertain. "He is a most agreeable host; he preserves his Rabelaisian corpulence; his cellars are full; the sauces of his cook are exquisite" ("Celeb. Cont."). (See also p. 51.)

Rue Boucher.—At No. 6 the painter, VICTOR BERTIN, died in 1841, at the age of thirty-six.

Rue St. Denis.—No. 58, on the authority of Galig-

nani's "Guide de Paris," was the residence of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, at what period is unknown. In 1774, four years before his death, St. Pierre visited him, as recorded by Ste. Beuve, in a poor lodging in the Rue Plâtrière, and found him in great poverty. It was in the same year that Marmontel first met him, "before he became a savage." "He was very rarely affable, and never open-hearted. Timid distrust was evidently visible; he observed everything with a suspicious attention" ("Memoirs"). Nine years previously David Hume writes of him: "I find him mild, gentle, modest, and good-humoured. . . . He is of small stature, and would be ugly had he not the finest physiognomy in the world—I mean the most expressive countenance. He is short-sighted, and I have often observed that while he was conversing with me in the utmost good-humour (for he is naturally gay), if he heard the door open, the greatest agony appeared upon his countenance from the apprehension of a visit. . . . His Armenian dress is not an affectation. He has had an infirmity from his infancy, which makes breeches inconvenient for him."

2, RUE JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau lived here in a small apartment of the fourth storey. He died in 1778 at the age of sixty-six. (See also *post*.)

The Halles Centrales and the Rue Montmartre lead to the

Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.—So named in memory of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, who was born at No. 2, on the second storey, in 1712. (See *ante.*)

At No. 3 the great tragic actor, FRANÇOIS JOSEPH TALMA lived at the time of his *debût* at the Comédie Française in 1787. Our authority is Lock's "Guide Alphabetique des Rues de Paris." The house was built in 1630, and is consequently more than 260 years old. (See also pp. 64, 149, 231.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Rue des Bons Enfants.—No. 14 was in 1791 the residence of BARTHELMÉ BRILLAT DE SAVARIN, who is indebted for his celebrity to his work, "Physiologie du Goût." He lived here when deputy to the states-general. He retired to Switzerland during the Reign of Terror, returned to Paris in 1796, and divided his time between his duties as a magistrate and the composition of his favourite work; with a supreme indifference to revolution and the rise and fall of political parties. His "Physiologie du Goût" appeared in 1825.

The Rue Coquillière leads to the

Rue Coq-Héron.—At No. 3 the financier and philanthropist, BENJAMIN DELESSERT, died in 1847. His energies were directed to the suppression of lotteries and of gaming, and many existing benevolent societies owe their origin to his initiation. He was seventy-four at his death.

Rue de la Juissienne.—Of No. 2 Mr. Augustus Hare ("Paris") states that it "belonged to the hotel of MADAME DU BARRY, and the financier, Peruchot, had his bureau there." We have in Carlyle's "French Revolution" a picture of the famous mistress of Louis XV. leaving Paris the day after the king's death, banished for state reasons to the convent of the Port aux Dames: "It is the fourth evening of May, 1774, Du Barry seems making up her packages. She sails weeping through her gilded boudoirs as if taking leave. . . . In the afternoon is not this your sorceress, Du Barry, with her handkerchief to her eyes, mounting the D'Aiguillons' chariot, rolling off in his duchess's consolatory arms. She is gone, and her place knows her no more." Allowed to withdraw to her pavilion at Louveciennes—the attractions of which proved her ruin—she quitted her safe retreat in England twenty years later, and became the victim of the treachery of her black page Zamore, who, at the time of her execution, was in her own pavilion there, toasting, with his boon companions, "the pretty head that was being tumbled out into the basket of eggs."

She was forty-five only at the time of her death in 1793.

Crossing the Rue Montmartre, the Rue Mandar, and the Rue Montorgueil (turning to the left) leads direct to the Rue des Petits Carreaux. Continuing along this street we enter, as a continuation thereof, the

Rue Poissonnière.—At No. 7 the celebrated chemist, JEAN ANTOINE CHAPTAL, lived in 1804. His work, "Chimie appliquée aux Arts," published in 1806, was probably written here. A true patriot, he declined the most tempting offers from the United States and Spain, and, though uninfluenced by revolutionary sympathies, as superintendent of the National Powder Mills at Grenelle, so facilitated the manufacture of the prime essential of warfare as to increase the production fifty-fold. An able statesman also, he filled the office of Minister of the Interior under Napoleon I., by whom he was treated with an affectionate familiarity. His reminiscences of the great Emperor have just appeared at the long interval of sixty years since his death in 1832. His age was seventy-six.

Rue de Clery.—No. 97 bears a tablet inscribed: "Here lived in 1793 the poet ANDRÉ CHÉNIER." He was guillotined in 1794, his arrest being caused by his unfortunate visit to the house of Madame Piscatory at Passy, on the day when every one found in it was ordered to be taken; and whose life would have been saved by the fall of Robespierre, had his execution been appointed for two days later. Chénier is described as of a feminine rather than a masculine cast of countenance. Though not regularly handsome, his large eyes, his open and round forehead, gave much expression to his features. He was thirty-one only at his death.

The Rue Chénier leads to the

Rue St. Denis.—At No. 224, as the writer was informed by M. Edgar Mareuse, Secretary of the Société des Inscriptions (which at the date of writing probably bears a tablet), JULES MICHELET at one time resided. The

recollections of him are most appropriately recorded in connection with his house in the Rue d'Assas. (See p. 103.)

Returning along the Rue de Clery we enter the

Rue du Mail.—At No. 12 the celebrated MADAME RÉCAMIER resided, soon after her marriage in 1798. The couple soon found it too small and inconvenient, as well as unsuitable to the position of M. Récamier. Accordingly he purchased the hotel of M. Necker, whose name had just been stricken off the list of *emigrés*, and for which Madame de Staël was then trying to find a purchaser. (See also pp. 44, 253.)

No. 4 is noted by Lock as the residence of the artist HENRI DECAISNE, born at Brussels, who studied in Paris under Gros and Girodet, and was as prolific as Delacroix or Decamps. Lithography and engraving have made most of his works—historical and national subjects—familiar. He died here in 1852, his age being fifty-three.

No. 7 was the residence of the great minister of state, JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT. G. P. R. James, in his "Lives of Eminent French Statesmen," says of him: "In person Colbert was tall and thin, and his countenance was peculiarly stern and severe: his eye, cold and calm in the midst of the angry passions by which he was surrounded, seemed to offer a tacit rebuke to the heat of others. . . . Inflexible in his determinations, he was keen and cutting in his reply to all who solicited anything without justice. . . . Notwithstanding this sternness of disposition, Colbert in many instances showed a kindly disposition; and on all occasions acknowledged in science, talent, and virtue a claim upon his attention and liberality, though himself deficient in many of the ordinary branches of education. His financial

schemes were on the grandest scale the world has ever known, and yet his accounts were kept with such regularity that the most minute transaction could be traced from its beginning to its close."

Colbert acquired a fortune of £400,000, and provided splendidly for all his relatives. In illustration of the reserve and impassiveness which acquired for him the title of the "man of marble," it is recorded that a lady who was celebrated in society for her wit and lively disposition, having one day attempted to persuade him to grant her some favour, he listened to all she had to say without making any reply, till at last, piqued by his silence, the lady exclaimed, "Monsieur, make me at least some sign that you hear me."

Colbert died in 1683, at the age of sixty-four, hated by the people, and almost disgraced by the king, whose coldness is said to have aggravated the ill-health induced by the severe toil to which he subjected himself—working for many years in his office for sixteen hours a day. The rich ornamentation of the house under notice deserves attention.

Crossing the Place de la Victoire, we enter the

Rue de la Vrillière.—The Hôtel Penthièvre, now the Bank of France, has an interest in connection with JEAN PIERRE DE FLORIAN, the author of "The Fables" (many of which were written here) and "Estelle." He was a page here in the establishment of the Duc de Penthièvre. The insertion of a few lines complimentary to Marie Antoinette, in the preface to his "Numa Pompilius," caused his imprisonment by Robespierre. Released on the fall of Robespierre, he died a year later, in 1794, at the age of forty-four. Upon the death of the Duc de Penthièvre the body of that nobleman was thrown into the common

ditch ; the hotel became the National Printing Office, and in 1811 the Banque de France. The projecting angle by Mansard bracketed over the Rue Radzewill is the most remarkable part of the remains of the hotel, and is regarded as a masterpiece of stone-work.

The unfortunate PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE also lived here at one period. Madame de Genlis describes her as extremely pretty, but with a shape deficient in elegance, and having "horrid hands;" of a mild and obliging disposition, but quite destitute of talent. Her brutal murder at the gate of the prison of La Force by the fiends of the revolution in 1792 is familiar to all readers of the history of the time.

At the opposite side of the Rue des Petits Champs is the

Rue de la Banque.—No. 5 has a tablet inscribed: "In this house died, August 31st, 1811, ANTOINE DE BOUGAINVILLE, navigator, born at Paris, November 12th, 1729." Visitors to southern climes will recall the super-abundant growth of Bougainvillias, a plant which received its name from him. The account of his voyage round the world (an achievement as rare in those days as it is now common) was published in 1771, and had a prodigious success.

Preserving all his faculties to the last, he died at the great age of eighty-eight.

The Rue Joquelet leads, by the Place de la Bourse, to the

Rue Montmartre.—At No. 99 ADOLPHE CHARLES ADAM, the musical composer, was born in 1803. (See also p. 127.)

Rue Vivienne.—To No. 46, ALPHONSE KARR, best known to English readers by his work, "A Tour round

my Garden," and less conspicuous among his literary *confrères* for his talents than for his eccentricities of costume and behaviour, and luxurious surroundings, removed, according to Eugene Mirecourt, from the Rue Tronchet. His name appears here in the "Annuaire du Commerce" for 1842. Lecomte says he lived on the sixth or seventh storey—his apartment draped with black. There was no table; there were no chairs, or, at most, one for a visitor. He lounged upon a divan, dressed in Turkish costume. Curios, Chinese vases, skulls, flowers, and chibouque pipes filled up the corners, and he was waited upon by a mulatto servant. (See also pp. 129, 139.)

If we descend the Rue Vivienne past the Rue Colbert, we see on the right, through the trees, the windows of the drawing-room in the ancient palace of CARDINAL MAZARIN, the handsome, fascinating, avaricious, and ostentatious successor to Richelieu as the Prime Minister of Louis XIII., by whom the treaty of Westphalia, which terminated an European strife of thirty years, was accomplished; who had to fly from Paris for his life when the parliament revolted against his authority on the breaking out of the civil war in the Fronde, and regained his supremacy by his skill and dexterity. He died in 1661, aged fifty-nine. The former *salon* is now the receptacle of the illuminated manuscripts and other treasures of the Bibliothèque National. The front of the old palace is in the Rue des Petits Champs.

The Boulevard Montmartre leads to the

Boulevard des Italiens.—No. 33 was the hotel of MARSHAL ARMAND DE RICHELIEU, whose name is inseparably associated alike with the accession to favour and the disgrace of all the mistresses of Louis XV. "A singular mixture," says M. Lescure in "Didot," "of loyalty and

artifice, of courage and baseness, of generosity and avarice, of foresight and credulity, of fidelity and ingratitude. He is more noted for his *bon-mots* than for his achievements ; and his vices and scandalous gallantries probably arose from a curious desire to present himself in the character of a typical Frenchman (rather than from innate viciousness) among the people of other nations, where his name has become as notorious in that respect as that of Rousseau for eloquence, Turgot for probity, and Malesherbes for courage." He died in 1788, at the age of ninety.

No. 9 is indicated by M. Copin (" Maisons historiques de Paris ") as the residence of the famous musical composer—one of the leading lights of the French lyric stage—André Grétry. A Fleming by birth, Grétry settled in Paris in 1767 at the age of twenty-six. The high position assigned to him is illustrated in that entertaining work, " Grétry en famille " : " An eminent literary man, in the saloon of the Theatre Favart one evening, in the company of a number of professionals, passed in review all the musical composers, giving to each the place due to him. In the list he made no mention of Grétry. His attention being called to the omission, he replied, ' Put him first or last, it is no matter ; he stands alone.'"

Grétry himself tells how an accident, of which the traces remained through life, which occurred to him at four years old, enabled him to fix the time when, being already sensible of musical rhythm, he took " his first lesson in music "—and a singular lesson it was ! " I was alone. The bubbling and simmering of the contents of an iron pot on the fire attracted my attention. I began dancing to the sounds. Being curious to know how their regular recurrence at certain intervals was produced, I turned the vessel quickly upside down on the coal fire, and the explosion that ensued almost suffocated me, and burned me in all parts of my body."

Grétry also relates the following curious incident of his later years—one which he calls the saddest of his life: "I entered a ball-room; my three daughters danced charmingly before my eyes, and I saw their mother enjoying the attention which they excited. Passing to the fireplace I found myself in company with a sedate-looking man for whom plainly the grace and charm of my girls had certainly, I thought, no attraction. Turning suddenly towards me, he asked if I knew who 'those three pretty girls' were. Dissimulating, I know not why, I said, 'I believe they are three sisters.' 'I think so, too,' he said. 'Well, monsieur, I have observed them a long time. For two hours they have danced without an interval of rest. Plainly they are in great request.' My father's heart beat with joy. I was about to make myself known to him, when he said roughly, 'In three years, monsieur, not one of them will be living.' His prophetic tone made me shudder; as I was about to follow him as he moved away, he disappeared. I inquired of several persons if they could tell me his name. No one knew more of him than he passed for a disciple of Lavater. The wretch was a true prophet: three years later all my girls were dead."

Grétry died in 1813; his age was seventy-two.

We now pass, by the Rue de Richelieu, into the

Rue Ménars.—At No. 4 André Dupin, the famous advocate, President of the Chamber of Deputies under Louis Philippe and of the Legislative Assembly after 1848, was living in 1845—the elder Dupin, as he was called. In the "Galerie des Cont. Illus." he is pronounced "the most eloquent, and certainly the most original orator" of his time. De Cormenin says that he was the personification of infinite varieties of character and in manner of the true

bourgeois. Victor Hugo also comments upon his "blunt bourgeois air." Comparing him with Berryer, Janzé ("Souvenirs de Berryer") says that he was deficient in elevation of thought, and was conspicuous rather for a vivacious and vigorous style, which was not always free from vulgarity. "His sallies savoured more of Gallic salt than of Attic." Engel has an amusing reminiscence of the Chamber, in which Dupin was concerned: "Guizot having to speak about a treaty with the Shah of Persia, repeated the word 'Shah' (*chat* in French = cat), unwittingly making some play upon the word, which made the members laugh, although he, unaware of the puns which he perpetrated, got more and more confused, and at last asked Dupin, 'What are they laughing at? Have I said anything very stupid?' 'I think,' said Dupin, with his fine ironical smile, 'that it is your *chat* (cat) they are laughing at'" ("Mozart to Mario").

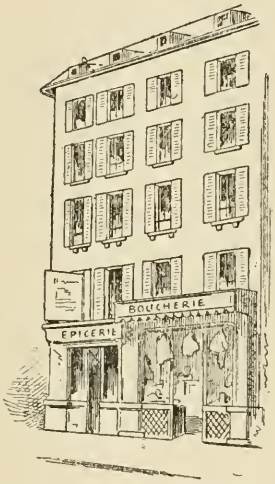
Dupin, as we learn from an editor's note to "An Englishman in Paris," had enormous feet, "invariably clad in thick hobnailed shoes. He himself was always jestingly alluding to them; and one day, on the occasion of the funeral of a friend which he could not possibly attend, he suggested sending his boots instead. 'People send their empty conveyances; I'll send mine,' he said."

Dupin died in 1865, at the age of eighty-two. (See also p. 235.)

Rue de Grammont.—No. 11 was the scene of the death of the journalist and comic dramatist GUILLAUME ETIENNE. He was made a peer by Louis Philippe, and resided here during the closing years of his life, which terminated in 1845, when he was fifty-seven years of age.

The Rue du 4 Septembre conducts to the

Rue de la Michodière.—No. 19 has a supreme interest. In a small "apartment" on the fifth storey, NAPOLEON I. lodged when an unemployed and impecunious soldier. As general of artillery we read of him in the Rue du Mail, at the "Hotel des Droits de l'Homme," on the fourth storey, along with Louis and Junot, his aides-de-camp, at twenty-seven livres in specie per month, and taking lessons there in elocution from his friend Talma. (See also pp. 12, 186.)



19, RUE DE LA MICHODIÈRE.

Rue d'Antin.—No. 20. JULES FAVRE lived here in 1859. The same year he quitted the Rue d'Antin and removed to the Rue d'Amsterdam. (See pp. 75, 136.)

Rue Louis le Grand.—No. 3 bears a tablet inscribed: "The architect LOUIS, born at Paris, May 10th, 1731, died in this house, July 2nd, 1800." The gallery of the Palais Royal is a standing memorial of Louis. We learn from "Didot" that the revolution of 1789 having put a stop to some contemplated improvements at Bordeaux which had received the approval of Louis XVI., the architect found himself burdened with contracts and obligations which he was not able to fulfil. These embarrassments and the lawsuits they entailed lasted twenty years, and cost him the entire fortune he had gained. The concluding paragraph of "Didot's" notice is distinctly at variance with the

definite terms of the tablet, "Overwhelmed with chagrin and disappointment the great artist effaced himself, and neither the time nor place of his death is known."

Traversing the Rue des Petits Champs towards the east we reach the

Rue Ventadour.—At No. 6 lived HENRI MONNIER, as we learn from Mirecourt, who asserts his claim to be considered an artist in three senses, viz., as a writer, a skilled draughtsman, and a comedian. He was, moreover, a man of excellent breeding, and as a father of a family irreproachable. His wife, whom he married when very young, was an actress of ability.

M. Daudet gives some interesting particulars of Monnier in his "Thirty Years of Paris": "Imagine a vast and rotund waistcoat, a short collar, a homely, ruddy, close-shaven countenance, with a pair of spectacles astride a Roman nose. . . . . Monnier is Joseph Prudhomme, and Joseph Prudhomme is Monnier. Both have the same pompous and turkey-cock style of frill, the same air of grotesque solemnity, the same domineering, round-eyed stare through the gold-rimmed spectacles." His rooms are described as small and bearing the "stamp of an economical, tidy, and fidgety spirit, at once old actor and old bachelor." For economy Monnier dined out almost daily, the entertainment he afforded by his powers as a raconteur being readily accepted in payment for the meal. One day he failed to keep an engagement: he had been found dead in his leathern arm-chair that morning. This was in 1877; he was seventy-five years of age; according to Vapereau, seventy-eight.

On the other side of the Rue des Petits Champs is the

Rue des Moulins.—No. 14 occupies the site of the

house in which the Abbé Charles de l'Epée died, as indicated by the inscription on the front of Rue Thérèse 23: "The Abbé de l'Epée, founder of the institution for deaf-mutes, opened his school in 1760, in a house now demolished in the Rue des Moulins, where he died surrounded by his pupils, December 23rd, 1789." A second inscription follows, "The name of the Abbé de l'Epée, original founder of the institution for deaf-mutes, will be ranked among those who have the highest claims on humanity and their country. Decreed by the National Assembly, July 21st, 1789."

A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine," vol. i., says: "He devoted his time and his entire patrimony to the education of indigent deaf-mutes. His school, which was soon quite large, was conducted solely at his own expense, and as his fortune was but moderate he was compelled to practise the most careful economy. During the severe winter of 1785, the abbé, already in his seventy-seventh year, denied himself a fire in his own apartment lest he should exceed the necessarily limited expenditure of the establishment."

Though offered valuable gifts by the Empress of Russia and Joseph of Austria, he resolutely refused all personal advantage, while asking from the former pupils for his school, and giving an emissary of the emperor such instructions in his methods as led to the establishment of the first national institution for the deaf and dumb in Vienna. An interesting story is told of his having discovered in a ragged lad found wandering in the streets of Paris and brought to him, indications in his habits and manners of good birth and training. Finding the boy possessed recollections of a house of great magnificence in a large city, and of having been taken thence, stripped of his rich apparel, and clothed

in rags, he actually sent the lad, with his steward, to make the tour of all the cities of France. In Toulouse the boy recognized the city and residence of his childhood. Inquiry proved that the heir of the Count de Solar had been deaf and dumb, had been taken to Paris, and was said to have died there. A lawsuit resulted in the restoration of the lad to his title and property; but, alas! a higher court annulled the decision, and the young man, in the bitterness of his disappointment, enlisted in the army, and was killed in the first battle.

Rue Mehul.—No. 2 is named by Gabet as the residence, in 1831, of the musical composer and musician, JEAN FRANÇOIS LESUEUR. At this time, and for twenty years before his death in 1837, he had relinquished operatic productions and composed church music only.

Passing through the Rue Ste. Anne, we enter the

Rue de Louvois.—At No. 5, in 1840, lived the eminent composer GAETANO DONIZETTI. At this period "Les Martyrs" and "La Fille du Régiment" were produced. Adam, who lived with him, relates, in "Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien," how Donizetti composed the fourth act (which he pronounces a *chef-d'œuvre*) of his "Ange de Nigida." Donizetti was passionately fond of coffee, which he drank at all hours, hot or cold. Being on a visit at a friend's house, he lingered long after dinner over his favourite beverage, until his host politely informed him that he and his wife had an engagement and apologized for leaving him. "Your coffee is so good I am loth to leave it," he said; "well, go to your friends, and leave me a corner by the fire. I am in the humour for work, and have my fourth act to write. I shall no doubt be well advanced with it before I retire."

"Good night, then," said his host, after seeing that Donizetti was supplied with what he needed for writing, "we shall probably not return until you have gone to bed." It was then 10 o'clock. Donizetti set to work, and when his friends returned at 1 o'clock he had just completed his fourth act.

It is said that "Don Pasquale" cost Donizetti only a week's labour. On hearing that Rossini had taken a fortnight to write "Il Barbière," he said, "I do not wonder at it. He is so lazy." This close and continuous labour, however, had its natural results. The rapid composition of "Don Sebastiano," during which the copyist took from the composer the sheets wet from the pen, struck a fatal blow at his health. Coming out from the dress rehearsal, he said to a friend who accompanied him, "I feel very ill; 'Don Sebastian' will kill me." Fits of absence of mind were followed by hallucinations, and all the symptoms of mental derangement, which increased in intensity. In 1846 he was placed in an asylum at Ivry. In 1848 he died of paralysis at Bergamo. He is described as bland, polished, kind-hearted, with a lively and cultivated mind. Adam says that his face was the index of an admirable character, and that he was loved by all who knew him.

In composing Donizetti made no use of the piano, and writing with great rapidity never paused to make a correction. Curiously enough, he never set to work without having an ivory scraper by his side; this was given him by his father when he consented after a long and strenuous opposition to his becoming a musician. He was fifty at the time of his death.

Rue Rameau.—At No. 6, on the authority of Lock, lived ADOLPHE NOURRIT, a famous singer who first appeared, in 1821, at the opera, at the age of twenty.

Villemessant calls him "an artist in every sense of the term, whose resolution to excel was only increased by the hatred and jealousy of inferior performers." He was subject to fits of profound melancholy; a professional disappointment which he experienced at Naples induced absolute insanity, and, in his delirium, he threw himself from the window of his hotel and was killed. This was in 1839; his age was thirty-seven.

The Rue Chabanais leads into the

Rue des Petits Champs.—No. 45, which is richly adorned with Corinthian capitals and comic masks, was one of four houses in Paris owned by JEAN BAPTISTE LULLI, regarded as the master who brought French music to perfection. Two of his other residences were in the Rue Ville l'Evêque and one in the Rue des Moulins, but no indication of their exact positions is recorded. For the erection of the one under notice Molière lent Lulli £11,000—a kindness which Lulli appears not to have appreciated. His income for many years represented a capital of over £300,000. He is described in "Didot" as "smaller and stouter than represented in his portraits; having a large nose and mouth, black hair, and small eyes; a face without nobility of expression and indicative of ill-nature. His conversation was bright and sparkling."

The cause of Lulli's death was a strange one. While conducting the performance of a Te Deum in celebration of the recovery from illness of the king, he struck himself on the foot while marking time. A small abscess was the result, and ultimately gangrene ensued. A confessor being summoned to give him absolution, made it a condition that he should burn the score of his last opera. After some hesitation Lulli pointed to a drawer in which it was kept and

it was put upon the fire. After the departure of the priest, Lulli, feeling somewhat better, was able to receive a visit from the Prince de Conti, who, having just heard what had taken place, gently reproached him with permitting the destruction of such a work as "Achille et Polyxène." "Hush, Monseigneur!" he whispered; "I have got another copy."

Lulli died in 1687 at the age of fifty-four.

Palais Royal. Galerie Montpensier. No. 29 is noteworthy as the residence, about 1841-1848, of the famous actress VIRGINIE DEJAZET, whose name will recall pleasant memories of the stage to many who read these lines. Dejazet was admirable not only as an actress but as the possessor of a form of exquisite proportions. Mirecourt ("Les Cont. Illus.") grows enthusiastic over the filial affection which kept her mother with her until the end of a long life (she had rooms here in the storey beneath her daughter's), and in respect of her refined nature and high qualities, and says, "she had a heart of gold."

At her mother's death Dejazet removed to the Passage Saulnier. (See pp. 125, 145.)

No. 33 was occupied in its highest storey, in 1852, by the ABBÉ ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS, the theologian. A writer in "Putnam's Magazine," 1854, says: "The room was a large and airy one overlooking the garden of the Palais Royal; neatly but not handsomely furnished, with a few engravings on the walls and a large bookcase in one corner. In a huge easy chair on one side of the fireplace—buried in cushions almost—sat the venerable abbé. His body seemed frail and light, and his face was pale and haggard. The head was disproportionately large, with the brain protruding into the forehead and pressing the chin down upon the breast. Old as he seemed to be from his grey hair, wrinkled face,

and feeble body, his manner was as fresh and enthusiastic as that of a boy." Lamennais was then seventy-one, and within a year of his end. He removed hence to 12, Rue Grand Chantier, now Rue des Archives. (See also pp. 34, 78, 146.)

Rue Molière.—No. 25 has a double celebrity: as the residence of VOLTAIRE—of whom special mention is more appropriately made in connection with the Rue St. Louis en l'Ile (p. 105) and the Quai Voltaire (p. 229)—and also of HENRI LEKAIN, the tragic actor, with whom Voltaire shared the house after the death of Madame du Chatelet.

A writer in "All the Year Round," vol. xviii., New Series, says: "Voltaire's conduct towards Lekain was that of a kind and liberal protector; not only did he entertain him hospitably and gratuitously during a period of six months, but devoted a certain number of hours daily to his instruction. By his influence Lakain obtained permission to try his fortune at the Comédie Française." The same writer quotes a contemporary description of Lekain at this time (1750): "He was about the middle height, short-legged and swarthy complexioned. He had thick lips, a wide mouth, and expressive eyes. His voice was harsh and his intonation unmusical and defective." Surely no young actor was ever so heavily handicapped in respect of his personal appearance. That he won his way to the hearts of his audience at that early date, however, is shown in the following anecdote: "When playing Orosmène in 'Zaire' before Louis XV. at Versailles—as a test of his powers before the royal consent could be obtained for his appearance at the Comédie Française—the ladies murmured behind their fans, 'How ugly he is!' At the close of the performance Louis promptly con-

sented to his admission, saying, 'He has made me shed tears, which has rarely happened to me.'"

In private life Lekain was serious and taciturn. In the course of his career he amassed a considerable fortune. He cherished a great dislike to Marmontel, and either by accident or design was the cause of the failure of Marmontel's play of "Venceslaus"—an expurgated version of Rotrou's masterpiece. In a scene with Mdlle. Clairon, Lekain substituted Rotrou's lines for Marmontel's, to the confusion of the actress, who, not getting her proper "cues," could not continue her part.

Rue Richelieu.—No. 20 bears a tablet inscribed: "The painter, PIERRE MIGNARD, born at Troyes in 1610, died in this house, May 30th, 1695." The rival of Le Brun, his jealousy of the latter was so great that he refused to become a member of the Academy during the life of that artist, as he would have to submit to an inferior position. After the death of Le Brun his supremacy was unquestioned; on his reception into the Academy all the honours being conferred upon him at a single sitting. His master, Vouet, under whom he studied at Paris, had so much confidence in his future that he offered him his daughter in marriage—an offer which was, however, declined. From 1635 to 1657 he was in Italy, where three successive Popes sat to him. In the latter year he came to Paris by royal command. He was eighty-five at his death.

No. 40 has a tablet inscribed: "Here stood the house in which MOLIÈRE, born in Paris, January 15th, 1622, died February 17th, 1673." An omission of this memorable site would doubtless be regarded as injudicious; we include it as one of a few exceptions to the rule in this work of

commemorating only those houses occupied by the celebrities named which still exist.

The description given of JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, known as Molière, is that of a man of middle height, with a graceful carriage and a grave air, a large nose and mouth with thick lips, dark complexion, black and heavy eyebrows, which he raised and lowered in a very comic manner. He assumed the habits and manners of a great lord, exacting obsequious attendance from his servants—a grave silent man of a nervous temperament, easily excited by trifling annoyances. He died in the dress in which he had just acted the part of the "Malade Imaginaire." His age was fifty-one. (See also p. 91.)

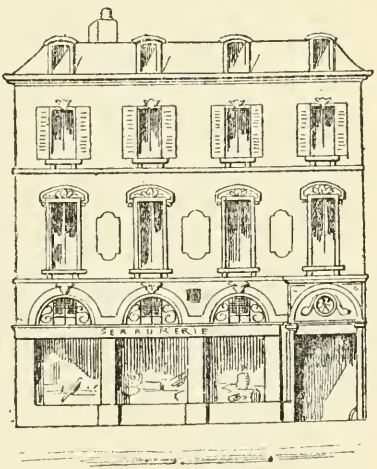
The house occupied by Molière had a later tenant of a peculiar celebrity, COMTE CLAUDE HENRI DE SAINT SIMON, socialist and philosopher, who "claimed descent from the Emperor Charlemagne, speculated in the confiscated lands of the nobility at the Revolution and realized over £6,000, retired from business, and devoted himself to study. His property gone, he became a clerk with a salary of £40 a year. His health began to fail: he used to work nine hours a day for his £40; and then he would go without sleep in order to give shape to his ideas. The extreme wretchedness of his condition is seen from one of his letters begging for assistance to print a couple of his books; 'Be my saviour,' it begins, 'I am dying of starvation. For fifteen days I eat only bread and drank only water. I write without a fire, and have sold everything save my garments to cover the expense of the copies.' His family ultimately allowed him a small pension." The above is taken from an article in "Celebrities of the Century." We continue the narrative from A. J. Booth's "St. Simon and Simonism": "The small pension his family had granted him was deeply in-

volved by the expense attending the publication of his previous works. He found himself once more reduced to the very verge of starvation. Seeing no means of relief, nor any of furthering the great work of social reform for which alone he cared to live, he determined to end the miseries of his life. Having loaded a pistol, he decided to shoot himself when the hands of his watch pointed to a certain hour. In order, however, that his mind might be in perfect serenity to the end, and that the triumph over superstition might be complete, he occupied the interval in reviewing the schemes of social reform to which he had devoted his life. At length the appointed hour arrived; he fired at himself, but the only result was a severe wound in the face; he sought for assistance, but could find none, so he sat down upon his bed and awaited the result with tranquillity. In this condition he was found by Comte and Serbardière, of whom he at once inquired with philosophic composure, 'How long it was possible for a man to think with seven slugs in his brain?' But his friends applied themselves to the relief of his wound before they would satisfy his curiosity. For some time it was doubtful whether he would live; and as his pains were intense, he begged that a vein might be opened to end them. In a few weeks, however, except for the loss of one of his eyes, he had entirely recovered." He died in 1825 at the age of sixty-five.

No. 39. A tablet here announces that "DIDEROT, philosopher and litterateur, principal author of the 'Encyclopædia,' born at Langres, 5th October, 1713, died in this house, 31st July, 1784."

DENIS DIDEROT died, but can hardly be said to have lived here, for he had only entered on possession of his elegant apartments a fortnight before his death. The famous work which had occupied him for twenty years

was finished in 1765. An interesting account of how the well-known mutilation of the original written "copy" came about appeared in "The Nation," 1885: "Diderot had one copy of the work reserved for himself. One day, when he had to consult a philosophical article under the letter S, he found it to his horror and surprise completely mutilated. He was dumfounded. He re-read the articles—his own, and those of his most valued collaborateurs—and found everywhere the same mutilations and changes. He became almost frantic with horror. The mischief had been done by the printer, Le Breton, who wished to purchase at this price the tolerance of the government. With his assistant he made himself a sovereign arbiter and censor of all the articles. They were printed first as the author had sent them, but after Diderot had seen the last proof, and given his *bon à tirer*, Le Breton cut, changed, suppressed in the most arbitrary manner. . . . He was an ignorant, silly man, having no idea of literature or philosophy, and when Diderot found him out the mischief was done. Curiously enough, none of the mutilated authors had ever complained to Diderot, which proves that few authors read themselves in print."



39, RUE RICHELIEU.

Diderot's daughter says of him: "He had much to do

and did much of his own, yet three-quarters of his life were employed in helping whomsoever had need of his purse or of his talents." In the year the "Encyclopædia" was finished, Queen Catherine of Russia bought his library, but left him the use of it for his life. Carlyle says that, though poor, he was not in debt, but put his library into the market to secure a dowry for his daughter, that the empress gave him "a handsome pension as librarian," and paid him £3,000 thereof in advance.

Diderot died suddenly at table. Carlyle says he had eaten an apricot two minutes before, and answered his wife's remonstrance with an oath and a protest. She spoke again, but with no reply; he was dead. His age was seventy-one.

At No. 83 (formerly 93) lived for some years previous to 1824, MANUEL GARCIA, the musical composer, and his daughter, Maria Garcia, afterwards to become famous as MADAME MALIBRAN. Maria was her father's pupil, and a severe teacher he appears to have been. The Countess de Merien says: "One evening Maria and I were practising a duet, into which Garcia had introduced some embellishments. Maria, who was about fourteen, was vainly endeavouring to execute a certain passage, and at last uttered the words, 'I cannot.' In an instant the Andalusian blood of her father rose. He fixed his large eye sternly on her and said, 'Did I hear aright?' In another instant she sang the passage perfectly. When we were alone I expressed my surprise at this. 'Oh,' she cried, clasping her hands with emotion, 'such is the effect of an angry look from my father, that I am sure it would make me jump from the roof of the house without hurting myself.'"

Maria made her first appearance in 1823, and, after appearing in London and elsewhere, went with her father to

America. Here Garcia's temper proved almost too much for the patience and endurance of his wife and daughter. It is recorded that on one occasion, when playing Othello, having drawn his own dagger in place of the stage article, which had been mislaid, Maria as Desdemona conceived that he intended to murder her in real earnest, and cried out in Spanish, "Papa, papa, do not kill me!" When afterwards asked what the audience thought of her strange exclamation, she replied, "Oh, no one seemed to notice it; my tears seemed natural to the part, and as to my speaking Spanish, no one had the least suspicion it was not good Italian." Garcia died in 1832 at the age of fifty-seven.

Gronow says of Madame Malibran: "She was not regularly handsome, but I always thought her in her young days remarkably attractive. As she grew older her features became coarser, and a certain bold, hard look settled on her face. Her head was well-formed; her mouth, though wide, was prettily shaped and adorned with very good teeth, and her small figure was graceful. Her voice was splendid, and full of passion and pathos" ("Recollections and Anecdotes"). The Countess de Merien says "she was fond of all active exercises, was an excellent horsewoman, but an indifferent dancer." She loved toys to the end of her life—a taste which her biographer attributes to her Moorish descent. Indignant at a charge of being addicted to stimulants, she called attention to a mixture of honey, barley-water, and extract of tar as her customary beverage. She died in 1836 in England, having been married to M. de Beriot in the same year.

No. 88 is noteworthy as having been the residence of Bertrand Barrère de Vieuzac, the advocate of Tarbes, whose more modest reputation as the writer of numerous small works, pamphlets and translations, political and

other, has been eclipsed by the title bestowed on him by Burke, "The Anacreon of the Guillotine," and by his functions as President of the National Convention on the arraignment of Louis XVI. Narrowly escaping the punishment of a regicide under Louis XVIII., he fled to Belgium, remaining there until 1830, and dying at Tarbes in 1841, at the age of eighty-five.

At No. 89, from about 1830 until his death, which occurred here, lived the operatic composer, FERDINAND PAËR. He was conductor of the chamber-music of the Empress Marie Louise, an appointment which he owed to the favour of Napoleon, to whom he was first introduced at Dresden, after the battle of Jena. He was Director of the Italian Opera, under the Bourbons, until 1825. He died in 1839, at the age of sixty-five.

MEYERBEER.

No. 91 was, in 1851, the residence of GIACOMO MEYERBEER. He had come to Paris in 1826, at the instance of the Comte de Rochefoucauld. "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," and "Le Prophête," had been produced at intervals between 1831 and 1849. Engel describes him as "a rather little man, with very pronounced Jewish features, common-looking, the shabbiest possible hat covering an evidently clever head; very humble, and I cannot say that I thought his exaggerated modesty very dignified. It excited

doubt whether it was real modesty. He was very well known in Paris, and it gave him particular pleasure when common people stopped in the street and exclaimed, 'See, that is Monsieur Meyerbeer!' In private life he was not only a dutiful son, adoring his mother, but, with that veneration for the family life which so honourably distinguishes the Jews, he was a model of a husband and father. He never forgot a service rendered, and although he was economical whenever he could be so, it was only at the expense of his own comfort. He had an open hand for poor musicians, and his banker had instructions to make solid contributions towards the maintenance of poor widows and orphans—in one instance of a whole family" ("Mozart to Mario").

It has been not unreasonably suggested that Meyerbeer's almsgiving was to some extent an expression of his gratitude for the continued popularity of his operas, for which he constantly feared the public taste would pass away, and that it being well known that, like Rossini, he was accustomed to inspect the bills of a morning, the Rue Le Pelletier swarmed with beggars whenever his name appeared there, in anticipation of the promiscuous charity he always disbursed on these occasions.

Meyerbeer died in the Rue Richepance, as we learn from Engel. "Every day Rossini inquired how he was during his illness. One day the *concierge* answered brutally that he was dead. Rossini fell back fainting, and it was only when Meyerbeer's daughter arrived, and he had cried like a child with her for half-an-hour, that he recovered himself, and I took him home." He died in 1863, at the age of seventy-two.

At No. 96, as recorded by Gabet, HECTOR BERLIOZ was living in 1830. In that year he obtained the prize for

musical composition, and proceeded to Rome. After an absence of a year and a half, a desire to follow the course he had laid out for himself brought him back to Paris. Soon after his return, his romantic marriage with Miss Smithson took place. M. Bernard relates that the new establishment, the revenues of which amounted, to begin with, to a lump sum of £12, was emigratory, at one time in the Rue Neuve St. Marc, at another at Montmartre. In 1838 the "Symphonie Fantastique" was written, which so excited the sympathy of Paganini that he fell upon his knees before the composer, and the next morning sent him an order for £800—not his own money, as some assert, the great violinist being known to have been both avaricious and penurious, but the gift of M. Armand Bertin, proprietor of the "Débats," from the contribution of the musical criticisms to which paper Berlioz derived his chief source of income. (See also pp. 74, 78.)

BERLIOZ.

ROUTE IV.

Distance $3\frac{1}{2}$ *Miles.*

Starting from the Place de la République we enter the

Boulevard St. Martin.—No. 8 was the residence, for a period of thirty years, of the novelist, PAUL DE KOCK. Much of his time, however, was spent at a country house at Romainville, which he bought on his marriage: he had a large family. Count d'Orsay, in a touching letter which he addressed to the London journals, inviting attention to the merits and misfortunes of the author, called him "The Smollett of France."

Mirecourt ("Hist. Cont.") describes Paul de Kock as handsome and distinguished-looking, and at the age of seventy-five alert and vigorous, retaining all the joyousness of youth. He wrote with immense rapidity; twenty-four hours sufficed to produce a story, and a fortnight a novel. He never read over what he had written; no erasures appeared on his manuscript, and his proofs were as free from alterations. He was very fond of horses, and desiring to appear with his equestrian friends in public, having not yet learned to ride, he hired the greatest "screw" he could find, that he might at least run no risk of being run away with. The beast, however, so constantly kept falling on its forelegs that the novelist was repeatedly rolled over in the dust. At last he succeeded in keeping his seat, and at the end of his ride it is recorded caracoled "with all the grace of a riding-master." He died in 1871, at the age of seventy-seven.

Rue de Bondy.—At No. 13, in the year 1816, lived HENRI MEHUL, one of the greatest musicians that France has produced. He came to Paris in 1779, at the age of sixteen, and became acquainted with Glück, from whom he derived his skill in composition. "Stratonice," his masterpiece, was produced in 1792, and his oratorio of "Joseph" in 1807.

Fétis describes Mehul as of a most estimable character, a generous, unaffected, sociable disposition; a man whose conversation was full of instruction, and who was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. At the date of the first performance of Glück's "Iphigénie en Tauride," Mehul's means were so limited that he was unable to pay for a seat. He had been permitted by his master to hear a portion of the work, which only increased his desire to be present. On the occasion of the final rehearsal on the previous day Glück kindly allowed him to appear among the performers in the orchestra, and invited him to call for him at his house, that they might walk to the theatre together. Somewhat unduly inflated with a sense of the importance conferred upon him in the eyes of the people they met by this companionship, implying that the great composer treated him as an equal, he assumed an air of almost ludicrous dignity, but this received an abrupt check from the stage-door-keeper, who obsequiously bowing to Glück, not only refused to allow his pupil to pass, as unknown to him, but forcibly held him by his coat-tail on his persistently endeavouring to do so. Glück, however, looking back, called to him, "*C'est mon ami!*" Mehul, it is recorded, felt himself a foot taller on the instant; but, recalling how he had just passed through a crowd of his professional brethren congregated at the door without being observed amid the universal attention bestowed upon Glück, experienced a bitter disappoint-

ment in reflecting that only a stage-doorkeeper had heard this "glorious title" of *friend* bestowed upon him.

Mehul died in 1817, at the age of fifty-four.

Rue de Lancry.—No. 16 was the residence, from about 1842 to 1862, of the famous actor, FREDERICK LEMAITRE. A writer in "London Society," vol. ix., says of him: "He was generous and disinterested; he would never consent to pay court to either critics or managers. As might be expected from 'Robert Macaire,' he had a keen sense of humour, which showed itself in odd ways sometimes, and encouraged him in those familiarities with his audience which would never have been tolerated in any other actor. On one occasion, not being 'called' as usual at the fall of the curtain on the performance of 'L'Auberge,' he walked to the lamps, and inquired, 'Where is M. Antonio?' a pause—'Not here! where is M. Auguste then?' a pause again—'Gentlemen,' he added, indignantly, 'I gave the head of the claque and his next in command fifty francs apiece this morning to give me a 'call,' and they are neither of them here! You see, gentlemen, I am *flamé*' (dished, diddled)."

Mirecourt has the following amusing story of Lemaitre in "Les Cont.": "In the winter of 1836 he was swimming one day in the basin of the Luxembourg. Some passers-by stopped to admire the grace of his evolutions. Suddenly one of them called out, 'My fifteen francs, Monsieur Frederick; you owe me fifteen francs.' The actor stopped swimming, and recognized in the speaker a former landlady of the Latin quarter with whom he lodged at the time of his first engagement. 'Your fifteen francs, madam! I am surprised at you,' replied Lemaitre. 'Under the alcove of my room, in an old trunk, I left an old wig; that wig cost me thirty-five francs,

madam. You owe me a louis; I will call for it one of these days,' and gliding off on his left foot he disappeared. The next day the landlady was paid the debt. Lemaitre never intended to dispute the claim; he only wished to enjoy the satisfaction of playing Robert Macaire by daylight." Lemaitre died in 1874, at the age of seventy-six. (See also *post*.)

Boulevard Magenta.—At No. 37 FREDERICK LEMAITRE lived, 1871. (See *ante*.)

The Rue des Marais leads to the

Rue du Faubourg St. Martin.—At No. 86, as recorded in Lock's work, JEAN BAPTISTE SAY, whose celebrity is associated with the work, "Traité de l'Economie politique," died in 1832. His political career terminated with the accession of Napoleon, who vainly endeavoured, at a dinner at Malmaison, to make him a convert to his own theories. He was sixty-five at his death.

We enter the Passage du Desir, and continuing in it across the Boulevard de Sebastopol, turn to the right in the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis. The first street on the left is the

Rue de Paradis.—No. 51 is noteworthy as the residence of LOUIS MARMONT, Duc de Ragusa and Marshal of France, after the capitulation of Paris in 1814. (See also p. 8.)

Rue Bleue.—At No. 19 the novelist, LEON GOZLAN, died in 1866. He came to Paris in 1828, as related by Mirecourt, with a volume of fugitive poems, which no one would buy; so, to secure a subsistence, he for a time took to selling the books of others as traveller for a

publisher. For many years he filled the office of secretary to the Dramatic Authors' Society, of which he was constantly offering and withdrawing his resignation; which provoked from a brother of the quill at his funeral, in replying to another lamenting that their mutual friend had "given up his life," the remark that it was the one resignation which he could not withdraw. He was sixty-three at his death.

Passage Saulnier.—No. 7 possesses an interest for all lovers of the stage as the home, from about 1849 to 1865, of the actress, whose triumphs many readers will recall, VIRGINIE DEJAZET. Mirecourt's picture of the actress is of the date of her residence here, and is one of the most agreeable to contemplate of theatrical presentments. She is represented as of an equable temper and methodical habits, her house as quiet and well-ordered as that of any sober tradesman. Though in the exercise of her art she might and did smoke, and swear, and drink (imaginary) champagne upon the stage with *abandon*, no private proclivity in the direction of such tastes was to be inferred therefrom. Sometimes gay, often thoughtful, always regardful of propriety, she was never seen at late suppers or at balls, while she drank only water. No stimulant was needed to quicken her wit, and her conversation was sprightly and abounding in repartees, "worthy," as Mirecourt says, "of Sophie Arnould herself." (See also pp. 110, 145.)

At No. 25 EDMOND ABOUT resided in 1862. (See also p. 71.)

The Rue de la Fayette leads to the

Rue Montholon.—No. 9 (formerly No. 76) is interesting in connection with the early career of the famous pianist, FRANZ LISZT. Gabet records that he was living here

in 1831. In 1828 he had arrived in Paris at the age of seventeen, after the death of his father. It is related that he took, with his mother, a modest "apartment" in this street and gave lessons. At this time the daughter of the Comte de St. Cyr became his pupil, and a mutual attachment ensued; prolonging his "lesson" on one occasion to an unreasonable hour, the *concierge*, whom he had omitted to "tip," reported the matter to the count, who forbade him the house. The lady altered her first intention of entering a convent and married someone else, and Liszt's original intention of becoming a monk was successfully combated by his confessor on his mother's solicitation, and he resumed his teaching. A fit of religious enthusiasm was followed by entire devotion to the world and its pleasures, and by 1834 the Comtesse d'Agoult (Daniel Stern) had succeeded in his affections to Georges Sand and the Comtesse Leprimerade. Compelled, willy-nilly, to assume the protection of the Comtesse d'Agoult when she betook herself and her trunks to his lodgings at Bude—a proceeding which resulted in a judicial separation from the count—the pair settled at Geneva.

Amy Fay describes Liszt as "tall and slight, with deep-set eyes and shaggy eyebrows, and long iron-grey hair. His mouth turns up at the corners, which gives him a most crafty and Mephistophelian expression when he smiles, and his whole appearance and manner have a sort of Jesuitical elegance and ease." Of the effect of his marvellous performance, which will be fresh in the remembrance of many readers, Heine says, "Throughout the room paled faces, heaving bosoms, highly-drawn breath during the pauses, were succeeded by stormy applause. The women are always as it were intoxicated when Liszt plays anything for them" ("Confessions").

At his death, in 1886, Liszt was seventy-five years of age. The Rue Lamartine leads to the

Rue Buffault.—At No. 9 the musical composer, ADOLPHE ADAM, lived in 1840. In this and the three following years he produced "La Rose de Peronne," "Giselle," "La Main de Fer," "Le Roi d'Yvetôt," and "La Jolie Fille de Gand." His "Derniers Souvenirs d'un Musicien" is quoted in these pages. He was born in 1803. (See also p. 99.)

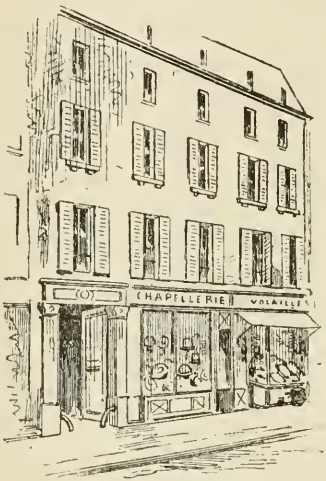
At the side of the church of Notre Dame de Lorette is the

Rue Fléchier.—At No. 4, as we are informed by Mirecourt, HENRI DE VILLEMESSANT, the journalist, lodged in the early part of his career. Daudet describes him in his editorial capacity on the "Figaro," of which he was the founder, as "wonderfully active, energetic, restless, overwhelming others by his huge presence; temperate, too, as was then the fashion (incredible as this may appear to the present generation), never drinking or smoking, fearing neither arguments, blows, or adventures; unscrupulous at heart, always ready to throw overboard any prejudices, and never having any sincere political creed, he was yet fond of displaying a platonic and respectable legitimate attachment, which he considered the best style." He died in 1879, at the age of sixty-seven.

Rue des Martyrs.—No. 19, which bears a small tablet, is notable as the residence of JACQUES ANTOINE MANUEL, the liberal orator whose career ended with his death in 1827—a tall, pale, melancholy-looking man of simple manners and an unassuming air, little calculated to

attract notice in private life; but whose eloquence in the tribune was of startling power and effect. He was fifty-two at his death.

At No. 19 also lived and died Jean Louis Géricault, the painter, whose one great work, familiar from its reproduction as an engraving, "A Scene from the Wreck of the Medusa," was exhibited in 1819. Hamerton says that all the money it brought him was £800, which he got for the loan of it for exhibition in London, and that after his death some amateurs offered a similar sum for it, with the intention of cutting it into four, because in its entirety it was too large for their rooms. Géricault died in 1824, at the age of thirty-four.



19, RUE DES MARTYRS.

No. 20 has the interest attaching to the residence there of the famous singer, Marie Boulanger, of whom it is recorded that she combined much acting ability as a *comédienne* with a voice of great beauty and extreme facility in vocalization. She quitted the stage in 1845, and died in 1850, at the age of forty-five.

At No. 47 the great novelist, Honoré de Balzac, lodged in 1841, as appears from a letter to Victor Hugo asking him to address him there in that year. Balzac was so frequently hiding from his creditors, however, that the fact of his residence here can hardly be safely inferred with certainty

from the above-mentioned circumstance. (See also pp. 161, 177, 209, 264.)

Rue de La Tour d'Auvergne.—No. 37 was for a short time the home of VICTOR HUGO in 1849, as he tells us in "Things Seen," in narrating his interview with the Duc de Pasquier (see p. 5). He had then recently left the Place Royale (now the Place des Vosges), and was shortly to leave Paris not to return for twenty years. (See also pp. 78, 154, 255, 262.)

At No. 23 GODEFROY CAVAIGNAC, brother of Louis Cavaignac, and promoter of the "Society of the Rights of Man," died in 1849. Arrested for his share in the troubles of 1834, he was imprisoned in St. Pelagie, but made his escape the following year, and in 1841 shared in the amnesty and returned to Paris to plunge afresh into violent political controversy as part conductor of the "Réforme" journal. Consumption caused his death in 1849, at the age of forty-eight.

At No. 17 (formerly 15), in 1839-1840, the eccentric author of "A Tour round my Garden," ALPHONSE KARR, resided, being then thirty-one years of age. Here, as elsewhere, it is recorded of him that he affected sometimes the dress of a Turk, at others of a mandarin; out of doors he had the appearance of an equestrian, with long coat, much leather, and many buttons. For a time he kept a tame hyena, but it is jocularly recorded that the printer's men who brought his proofs so strongly objected to that animal turning up in their presence at odd times, that the animal had to be dismissed. Karr consoled himself with an intensely black negro and a colossal Newfoundland dog.

Mirecourt ("Hist. Cont.") visiting Karr in the Rue Tronchet, whither he removed from here, found his room

furnished with a low divan only, which formed seat, bed, and table, and, as a consequence of "writing, eating, and sleeping on the floor," found the man of letters suffering pangs of rheumatism and neuralgia from the all-pervading draughts. Here, as later at the Rue Vivienne, the walls were draped with black. His publishers and editors were received in a bright scarlet dressing-gown and yellow slippers, and a cap surmounted by three immense feathers. Skulls, Eastern pipes, and old weapons garnished the walls, and two wax tapers illuminated the sepulchral gloom. (See also pp. 99, 139.)

Rue Rochechouart.—At No. 38, in 1846, lived GUSTAVE ROGER, the operatic vocalist. (See *post.*)

Rue Turgot.—No. 15. GUSTAVE ROGER, a famous tenor singer in his day, lived here 1854-1856. In 1855 his voice failed, and he retired from the stage of grand opera. Engel describes the scene at his last performance. "He suddenly made a *couac*, and some people laughed. At first he stopped, dumfounded; then he suddenly tore down his crown, and rushed to the other end of the stage, sobbing so loudly that the public shouted to him, "Calm yourself; speak, do not sing.' But he felt it was all over, and he never again appeared in grand opera." Very curious is the story, from the same source, of his reappearance in public at the Opéra Comique in 1859, where he was assured the fine remains of his voice would suffice, and how he turned a misfortune to profitable account. He had accidentally shot off his arm, and "he nightly filled the house, not with his fame, but with his arm! A mechanician had contrived to make him a mechanical arm, the fingers of which were small tweezers, with which he could hold a

letter, or any other small object. Across his back and under his coat he had a thick elastic string attached to the artificial arm with one end, and to the sound arm with the other end. By drawing his shoulders up, the elastic bent the elbow of the artificial arm, so that the imaginary fingers could receive what was needed and hold it fast. This toy attracted the attention of the audience, and he became the town talk."

Roger died in 1879, at the age of sixty-four.

By the Rue Condorcet we pass into the

Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière.—At No. 155 (formerly 101), the writer, EMILE SOUVESTRE, lived—1836-1854—on the fourth storey. The author of "The Philosophe sous les Toits" established himself in Paris in 1836, with the view of devoting himself entirely to authorship. In this house he remained until the year of his death, a period of eighteen years, without intermission, and as a French writer, quoted in "Didot," says, "without writing a line that the most fastidious reader would wish erased." In the "Histoire du Théâtre Français," it is recorded that he was admirable in his domestic relations. He worked eighteen hours a day for weeks together, striving for the support of his family, patiently waiting on the fortune which he felt would surely come. Death, however, abruptly terminated his labours, at the age of forty-eight, in 1854. The best known of his pieces are "Riche et Pauvre," "Henri Hamelin," and the "Interdiction."

No. 65 was formerly 41. Hither, when little more than a year remained to him of life, came HEINRICH HEINE, on returning to Paris from a visit to Barèges, in 1846. He writes to Laube: "I remain here for the winter in any case, and dwell for the present pretty commodiously."

Laube visited him here in 1847, and says, "I had taken leave in smiles, seven years ago, of a fleshy, jovial-looking man, with sparks of fire flashing out of his little roguish eyes—now I embraced, nearly weeping, a thin little man, in whose aspect no glance of an eye was to be seen." A year later the terrible disease which prostrated him became apparent in an aggravated form; commencing with a paralysis of the left eyelid, it extended presently to both eyes, and finally terminated in paralysis and atrophy of the legs.

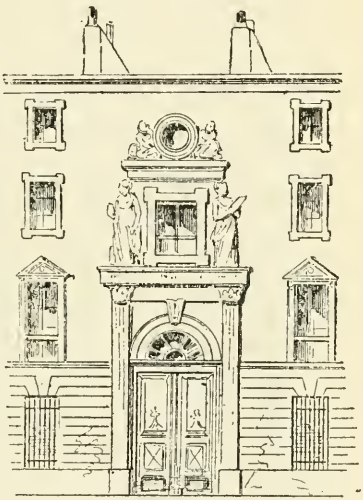
During his residence here Heine retired, in 1848, to a *maison de santé*. Fanny Lewald, who visited him there, says: "He had, on the day of the Revolution, just gone to his apartments to have a little dinner there with his wife and the doctor, when the beginnings of the storm were audible. The carriage which he had sent for to bring him back to the *maison de santé* was upset to make a barricade, and he had great difficulty in getting back." "His laugh," she continues, "was clear and pleasant, and, in spite of his very painful condition, he must have been very agreeable. The profile, the whole form of the physiognomy is fine. His hair, which fell down abundantly, was a rich brown; a full beard, slightly sprinkled with grey, surrounded his chin."

In May, 1848, Heine took his last walk on the boulevards. From that time the only change he knew was from what he called his "mattress-grave" to the chair, covered with cushions, by his bedside. (See also pp. 16, 78, 137, 139, 263.)

No. 56 bears a tablet inscribed: "Le peintre COROT, born at Paris, 29th July, 1796, died in this house, 22nd February, 1875." Our notice of him is more appropriately reserved for his residence in the Rue des Beaux Arts. (See pp. 190, 228.)

At No. 25, the Conservatoire National de Musique

(formerly No. 19), the famous composer, MARIO CHERUBINI, lived, from about 1824 to the time of his death. Cherubini came to Paris in 1786, and there he remained for the rest of his life. He played the piano to Marie Antoinette; he wrote hymns for the *fêtes* of the Revolution, and composed a requiem for the death of Louis XVI., and was Director of the Conservatoire under Louis Philippe. He is described as a small, lean man, with a finely-shaped head, thin lips, and keen eyes, nose large and aquiline, eyebrows thick, black and rather bushy; his voice feeble and somewhat hoarse, but soft and agreeable; really good-hearted, but occasionally churlish and satirical.



RUE DU FAUBOURG POISSONNIÈRE. CONSERVATOIRE DE MUSIQUE.

In "Memorials of Cherubini," by Bellaris, it is recorded that at the time of the Revolution, his having a knowledge of the violin was the means of saving his life in the hour of danger. "He fell into the hands of a band of *sans-culottes*, who were roving about the city seeking musicians to conduct their chants. It was a special satisfaction to compel the talent that had formerly delighted royalty to administer to their gratification. On Cherubini refusing to lead them, a low murmur ran through the crowd, and the fatal words, 'The Royalist,' resounded from all sides. At this critical

juncture one of Cherubini's friends, a kidnapped musician too, seeing his imminent danger, thrust a violin into his unwilling hands, and succeeded in persuading him to lead the mob. When at last a halt was made in a public square, Cherubini and his friend had to mount some empty barrels and play till the feasting was over."

Dr. Engel tells the following story of the first interview of Berlioz with Cherubini, "the most tyrannical, though perhaps the most musical director the Conservatoire ever had": "Cherubini, afraid that so many young men meeting so many young girls might lead to duets other than those he composed, issued an order that all the female pupils were to enter from the Rue Bergère, and all the male students from the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière. If any of them arrived at the wrong street they had to go back so as to come in at the other side. Ignoring this new law, Berlioz entered through the Rue Bergère, and when nearly at the stairs of the library the porter ran after him. Berlioz refused to return as requested, and went up to the library. Barely seated there, he saw the porter arriving in company with Cherubini, who pounced upon him for an explanation of his daring proceeding. Whatever Berlioz replied being of no avail, he at last lost all patience and told Cherubini that he would not and could not be forbidden to enter a public library, and that he would return as often as he liked. Thereupon the enraged Italian tried to seize him and have him arrested. But Berlioz, younger and more light-footed than either the autocrat or the porter, ran before them both, to the amazement of the assembled students, Cherubini and porter stumbling over chairs and music-stands, until Berlioz laughingly opened the door and rushed out, saying, 'You shall not have either me or my name, and in spite of you I shall return here;' and he kept his word, for twelve years

later he was librarian of the Conservatoire, and the very porter his devoted servant" ("From Mozart to Mario").

A writer in "Macmillan's Magazine," vol. xxxii., says: "An incident of his last illness shows a love of order so great as to be almost a monomania. His handkerchiefs were marked with consecutive numbers, and he used them accordingly. As he lay on his deathbed, with the cold sweat on his brow, someone gave him a clean handkerchief, which, unluckily, did not happen to be the right one, and he at once refused it and asked for No. 7. He showed the same defiance of the King of Terrors that he had manifested towards the emperor, and cried out again and again, 'Ze no veut pas mourir,' but it was in vain.

Cherubini died in 1842, at the age of eighty-two.

No. 13 (formerly 7) is indicated by Lock as the residence of Comte Charles La Bédoyère, one of the victims of Napoleon's return from Elba, who, after the capitulation of Paris, being exempted from the amnesty, was on the point of making his escape from France, when he rashly ventured to Paris to bid farewell to his wife; he was tried by court-martial, and shot. He was aide-de-camp to the emperor. General Gourgaud described him in St. Helena as galloping about like a madman at Waterloo, with his arms extended, seeking to be killed. Handsome, chivalrous, and attractive, his death was deplored by men of all parties. He was only twenty-nine at his death.

At No. 6, on the authority of Lock, lived the Comte de Parny, the poet, author of "La Guerre de Dieux." Born in the island of Bourbon, he came to France at the age of nine. He was aide-de-camp to the governor-general of the French possessions in India, and went to Pondicherry in 1785, but gave up his appointment the following year and returned to France. Among his productions is a poem

entitled "Goddam." He died in 1814, at the age of sixty-one.

No. 5 was at one period the residence of JEAN BAPTISTE SAY, the political economist. (See also p. 124.)

Rue Bergère.—No. 5 is memorable as the residence, about 1835-1842, of the dramatist CASIMIR DELAVIGNE. "Louis XI." may have been written here. His principal plays, including "Les Comédiennes" and "L'Ecole des Vieillards" were produced before 1830. An extract from a notice by M. Germain Delavigne given in "Didot" describes him as of the highest character, free from self-seeking, and devoted to his family and the chosen friends who, as a rule, constituted the agreeable *réunions* at his house. His method of working was peculiar. After a plot had been well thought out, an entire act would be composed without putting pen to paper. He would submit it to M. Germain Delavigne's criticism by recitation, and if an improvement here and there were suggested at the end, would at once repeat the passage with an alteration.

"At the little *réunions* in the Rue Bergère," says Morlent, "the company was usually composed less of famous personages than of chosen friends. At times, however, I have met people of reputation in letters and the arts on these occasions: MM. Scribe, Liadières, and Gudin; also Dantan, who constantly lamented his inability to include in his grotesque collection the figure of Casimir Delavigne, because the noble poet had no sympathy with the 'comic,' whatever form it took; and had, moreover, a supreme contempt for what may be called shop-window notoriety" ("Mémoire").

Delavigne died on his way to Italy for his health in 1842, aged sixty-five. His body was brought here, whence it was

followed to the grave by the greatest statesmen, artists, and *littérateurs* of the day.

At No. 22 the statesman JULES FAVRE lived, 1841-1846. As Minister of Foreign Affairs after the fall of the Empire, he conducted the peace negotiations with Prince Bismarck. (See also pp. 75, 104.)

At No. 25 THEODORE BARRIÈRE, the prolific dramatist, many of whose plays have been made familiar to English audiences at the minor theatres, died in 1877, at the age of fifty-four. His literary productiveness had ceased about four years before. (See also p. 144.)

Cité Bergère.—At No. 3 lived HEINRICH HEINE (who appears, by the way, to have been christened "Harry," after an English friend of the family), in 1835. This was four years after his first arrival in Paris from Berlin —which city it is reasonably assumed that he left at the suggestion of the authorities—and the year is that also of the commencement of his *liaison* with Mathilde Mirat; of whom we read in the "Memoir" of Heine by Havelock Ellis, that she "was a lovely grisette of sixteen, come up from Normandy to serve in her aunt's shop. Heine often passed this shop, and an acquaintance, at first carried on silently through the shop window, gradually ripened into a more intimate relationship. Mathilde could neither read nor write; it was decided that she should go to school for a time; after that they established a little common household."

A writer in "Fraser's Magazine" gives a vivid portrait of Heine at this time, before disease laid its heavy hand upon him: "The proscribed Heine, the banished Heine, the Heine whose satire made kings repugn him, philosophers hate him, statesmen prosecute him, and the Romish Church excommunicate him. . . . . Look at the little man as he

walks along the Paris boulevards, with a sort of indescribable strut—indescribable because not intended, and being a sort of demi-strut between strutting and walking. See how he talks to himself, smiles, as if pleased with some new conceit he has just imagined. But what a wonderful face he has! how full of animation, soul, mind! How, when he looks at you, he appears to read all thoughts, and to weigh, adopt, or reject them! Although an exile, he loves Paris '*à la folie!*' He has but little of the phlegm of the Germans, and sympathizes much more with the French. . . . . He is sceptical *au fond*, and doubts everything which is not capable of demonstration. He is a poet, a dramatist, a sketcher of nature to the life; but in philosophy he is a Zeno. Yet he has no objection to the courtesies or civilities of life, and can drink chambertin or champagne as well as any *bon vivant* at a London club. . . . . He has a fine large forehead and little grey quizzing eyes; is a kind good-hearted man to the afflicted, the sorrowing, or the unfortunate."

H. HEINE.

In the spring of 1836 Heine went to live in the village of Coudry, near Le Plessis, on the road to Fontainebleau, and afterwards to Italy for his health. (See *post*; also pp. 16, 78, 131, 263.)

To No. 4 HEINRICH HEINE came on his return from Italy in 1836. His marriage to Mathilde Mirat took place in 1841. He appears to have been very jealous of her, and it is recorded that on one occasion he conceived the idea that she had run away from him. He was reassured by hearing the voice of her pet parrot "Cocotte," which led him to say that she would never have gone off without taking "Cocotte" with her. Until 1848 Heine enjoyed a pension of £200 a year on the civil list. He is described as living in the simplest manner, occupying three small rooms on the third floor, the *ménage* comprising, in addition to his wife and himself, only an old negress as servant and "Cocotte." In 1841 Heine narrowly escaped death in his duel with Herr Strauss, when his adversary's ball grazed his lip. In 1843-1845 Heine was for the most part absent from Paris, either at Hamburg or at Barèges.

At No. 5, from about 1836 to 1842, lived the novelist and dramatist, FRÉDÉRIC SOULIÉ, author of the "Mémoires du Diable" and "Le Lion Amoureux," the former of which was written here. (See also p. 141.)

Rue du Faubourg Montmartre.—No. 7 appears to have been the last residence in Paris of ALPHONSE KARR. He came to live here about 1845, and in 1848 went to Nice, and afterwards lived in Italy, where he died in 1890, at the age of eighty-two. His "Voyage autour de mon Jardin" was published in the first year of his residence here. Villemessant relates how Karr met Halévy at Nice in 1861—the year in which the latter died—and became a frequent guest at his table, and gives a humorous account of the admiration the tremendous appetite and digestive powers of Karr—"a kind of giant, with a stomach of proportionate capacity"—excited in the

breast of the invalid Halévy, who at the most could accomplish an egg and a slice of bread. "It is superb," he exclaimed on one occasion; "he has almost finished the leg of mutton!" (See also pp. 99, 129.)

Rue Grange Batelière.—At No. 24 THEOPHILE GAUTIER lived in 1856. (See also pp. 70, 164, 268.)

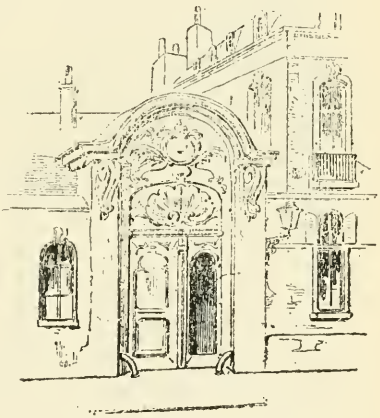
At No. 19 ARMAND CARREL was living at the time of his death in the unfortunate duel with Emile de Girardin in 1836. At one period a bookseller, he had become editor of the "National" in 1830. In the "Galerie des Cont. Illus." he is described as a man of much kindness of heart, and though fiery and arrogant in his public capacity, esteemed in private for his grace and urbanity. Guizot, who knew him well, says he was an ambitious man who was not content to climb fortune's ladder by steady and continuous labour, but would mount to the summit at one effort. He adds that Carrel was possessed before the duel by a strong presentiment of its fatal termination to himself.

ROUTE V.

Distance 4 *Miles.*

Again starting from the Place de la République in its south-west corner, we turn out of the Rue de Turbigo into the

Rue Béranger.—At No. 2 in this street, formerly called the Rue Vendôme, the novelist and dramatist, FRÉDÉRIC SOULIÉ, author of "Le Lion Amoureux," of whom it has been said that but for the necessity of adopting the more profitable department of prose-writing he would have excelled as a poet, lived in the year of his death, 1847. (See also p. 139.)



5, RUE BÉRANGER.

No. 5 bears a tablet inscribed: "The ballad-writer, PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER, born at Paris, August 19th, 1780, died in this house, July 16th, 1857." Béranger came hither in 1854, after passing three years at Beaujon, where his last compositions were produced. He died of liver complaint and disease of the heart at the age of seventy-seven; Mdlle. Judith, the faithful companion of his life,

having predeceased him by a few months. Here, in his last illness, he was visited almost daily by Thiers, Mignet, and Le Brun. The cost of the funeral was defrayed by government, and the enormous crowd which assembled excited considerable, though groundless, apprehensions of a disturbance.

An interesting article in "Temple Bar," vol. xlix., contains the following: "Courted by the noblest men of France, the great *chansonnier* shrank from mixing in its *salons* with the society that dresses before it dines, and frames its speeches and controls its gestures by the laws of etiquette. There was only one spot where he could feel at ease, and that was beneath his own humble roof, where he could receive his old friends in a loose coat and flowing cravat, and sing them songs without restraint as they gaily pledged each other, seated round his hospitable board. Béranger never left off sowing his wild oats, but diligently carried on that process long after the thoughtless days of youth had fleeted by, and he was a benevolent-looking old gentleman at the easy chair and carpet slipper stage of existence."

BÉRANGER.

In the "Life of Victor Hugo" the poet is thus described in 1836: "His hair floated on his shoulders, the collar of his shirt was turned down, and he wore a long coat and a

singular kind of waistcoat. He was already celebrated for that charming conversation which distinguished him in later years, veiling an exquisite wit under great good sense, and an appearance of good nature, which, however, it was not more safe to trust blindly than it would be to forget the claw under the velvet paw of the cat." At the date to which this extract refers, Béranger was living in the Rue des Petites Ecuries (he lived in twenty different houses in Paris), in a house now demolished. That he had also lived at an earlier date than that under notice in the Rue Béranger would appear from a passage in "An Englishman in Paris," where it is stated that Béranger went there from the Latin quarter, whence he was "compelled to flit" because "the students insisted on pointing him out to their female companions, who, in their enthusiasm, made it a point of embracing him on every possible occasion," and that after a short stay in the Rue Vendôme, as the Rue Béranger was then called, he went to live in the Quartier Beaujon, where the writer of the work we have quoted met him. The estimate he then formed of the poet was that he "was a model of honesty and disinterestedness; ambition he had little or none." "The best likeness of him," he further remarks, "was unconsciously produced by Hablot K. Browne in the picture of Tom Pinch." The "Englishman's" reminiscences it will be noted go back, in this case, to more than half a century.

No. 10 was the home of the comedian, FRÉDÉRIC LEMAITRE, about 1862-1870. He appears to have removed hither from the Rue de Lancry. (See also pp. 123, 143.)

At No. 13 (formerly 11), DEMAREST CORVISART, the physician, died in 1821. He is noteworthy as having discovered the method of ascertaining diseases of the chest by

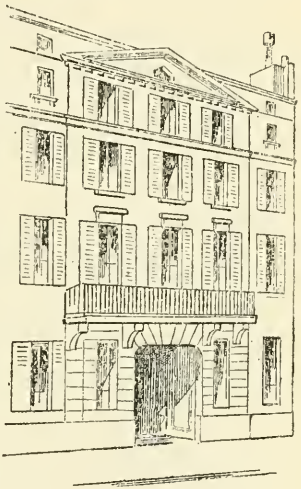
percussion, and is said to have informed Napoleon of the existence of the disease of the stomach from which he is known to have died, some time before his abdication. Corvisart was sixty years old at his death.

Boulevard du Temple.—No. 42 is memorable as the residence about 1856-1871 of GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Ducamp states that the house was built on the site of that in which Fieschi set up his infernal machine, and that Flaubert spent here six months of the year. Zola says that "Madame Bovary," "Salambo," and "L'Education Sentimentale," his first works, were written here, and that his intimates included Edmond and Jules Goncourt, Théophile Gautier, Taine, and Feydeau, who met here every Sunday afternoon. Zola, whose acquaintance with the novelist began at a later date, admits that he was decidedly provincial. One of his friends said of him, "The longer he lives in Paris, the more provincial he is;" but "he was a bourgeois the most worthy," says Zola, "the most scrupulous and reliable." The writer of "An Englishman in Paris," again recounting a reminiscence of the "forties," describes him as "a tall, strapping fellow, whom at the first glance one would have taken to be an English country gentleman or well-to-do farmer's son." (See also pp. 18, 213.)

Here at No. 42 also, in the height of his popularity, lived the dramatist, THEODORE BARRIÈRE, about 1856-1860. Jouvin, as quoted in Villemessant's "Mémoires d'un Journalist," describes him as a mixture of the poet and the sous-lieutenant in appearance, with a fine bold forehead, the mouth concealed by a moustache always in motion, a suggestion of nervous excitement in the movement of the hands, and an expression restless and wild-looking; all which peculiarities, he adds, were merely superficial. "The

dramatist is a Jack-in-the-box, and he pops out, moved by a spring; but the dramatist conceals the man, and the man is excellent." (See also p. 137.)

At No. 35, the actress, VIRGINIE DEJAZET, was living about 1866-1872. Notwithstanding her popularity, and the large sums received by her during her thirteen years at the Palais Royal, her financial position was never brilliant. She had little idea of the value of money, except as a means of doing good to others, and her indiscriminate liberality more than once placed her in positions of embarrassment, and at her death, in 1874, her condition was one of actual poverty. She died at the age of seventy-seven. (See also pp. 110, 125.)



20, RUE DE SAINTONGE.

Rue de Saintonge.—No. 20, on the authority of Lock, was the residence of MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE at the time of his execution, in 1794. The most minute portrait of Robespierre is to be found in Lamartine's "History of the Girondins": "Robespierre was of small stature, pock-marked and angular, with a jerking gait, affected attitudes and gesticulation, unharmonious and ungraceful. He had a firm, but small forehead, projecting above the temples. . . . His eyes, much shaded by his eyelids, and very pointed at the extremities, were deeply sunk in the centre of their orbits; his nose, straight and small, was strongly drawn by raised and very often dilated nos-

trils; his mouth was large, his lips thin, and disagreeably contracted at the corners; his chin short and pointed; his complexion a livid yellow." His residence at a presumably anterior period is indicated by Carlyle: "His poor landlord, the cabinet-maker in the Rue St. Honoré, loved him."

Passing along the Rue de Bretagne, we enter the

Rue Portefoin.—No. 12 is noted by Lock as the residence at one period of the economist and statesman, JACQUES TURGOT, of whom more particular mention is most appropriately made in connection with his house in the Rue St. Antoine. (See also p. 158.)

Rue des Archives.—At No. 72 in this street (formerly the Rue Grand Chantier)—on which at the time of the author's visit it was in contemplation to place a tablet—died the ABBÉ ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS in 1854, at the age of seventy-two, after a long and painful sickness. The famous advocate, Berryer (whose house in the Rue des Petits Champs has only recently been demolished), was, as we learn from Janzé in his "Souvenirs de Berryer," on very intimate terms with De Lamennais, notwithstanding the contrast in their characters and temperaments. "The one of an easy philosophy, taking mankind as he found them, and living sixty years without making an enemy; the other always wanting to regenerate the world, and angry at the obstacles he encountered. 'You have missed your vocation,' said Berryer on one occasion. 'With your boldness and energy you should have been a corsair, like your countrymen of St. Malo.'" Guizot's estimate of the good abbé is worthy of quotation. He pronounces him "possessed of an intellect as superficial as it was lofty, a logical

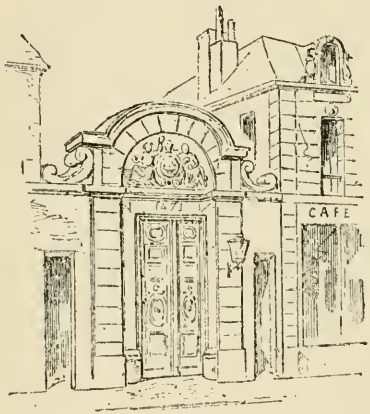
capacity as blind as it was powerful; very ignorant of history; capable of sublime perceptions and impulses, but unable to observe real and diverse facts, and to assign to them their true place and value" ("Mémoires"). (See also pp. 34, 78, 110.)

Continuing southward along the Rue des Archives we enter the

Rue des Quatre Fils. — No. 22 is noteworthy as having been the residence of the MARQUISE DU DEFFAND, the famous centre of a literary circle which was composed of the most distinguished characters of her age; the correspondent of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Horace Walpole. For nearly eighteen years before her death she was deprived of the use of her eyes. Voltaire calls her the "Aveugle clairvoyante." Baron Grimm says: "At more than eighty she supped out almost every evening in the country, and would sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning. Her best friends, Madame de Choiseul and Madame de Cambrie scarcely ever quitted her during her last illness; in the excess of their attachment they never ceased playing at loto in her chamber till she had breathed her last sigh." Of Madame du Deffand's *esprit*, celebrated in her day, the inimitable rejoinder to the Cardinal de Polignac, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," still survives as perhaps a solitary memorial. She was eighty-three at her death in 1780.

Rue de la Perle.—At No. 14, in 1794, lived JEAN TALLIEN, one of the most prominent agents in the Revolution, and chief of the reactionary party, whose triumph resulted in the downfall and death of Robespierre. In 1798 he left Paris to serve under Bonaparte in Egypt.

Rue Vieille du Temple.—No. 87 was at one period the residence of the handsome and dissolute CARDINAL DE ROHAN, who, duped by the woman calling herself the Comtesse de la Motte Valois, was arrested as implicated in the robbery of the queen's necklace, and imprisoned in the Bastille—the Cardinal Grand Almoner of France, as Mr. Hare remarks, whose comment upon the failure of his brother the Grand Chamberlain for thirty-three millions was: "It is only a monarch or a Rohan who can fail on such a scale; it was a regal bankruptcy." Madame de Genlis says in her "Mémoires" that De Rohan was "very handsome, and very gay and graceful in his manners."



47, RUE VIEILLE DU TEMPLE.

No. 47 is very interesting as the home at one period of the famous author of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro," PIERRE AUGUSTE CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS—the "de" being assumed on his marriage with the widow of the *clerc d'office*, in other words, bearer of dishes from the kitchen to the king's table during three months of the year, whose post he had previously purchased. Beaumarchais was the name of a small estate of his wife's. "A compound of singularities and contradictions, born in a low condition he succeeded in making a great fortune without spending a shilling of his own or holding any place

of emolument; vain, conceited, petulant and immoral, he was admitted into the highest society; and, enjoying the protection of the family of Louis XV., he was among the first to engage in the revolution which dethroned Louis XVI." (Rose's "Biog. Dict.").

Under the Directory Beaumarchais returned from Holland to find himself nearly ruined, but set to work to retrieve his fortune, and became an enthusiastic Bonapartist. One morning his servant, alarmed by not being summoned long after the usual hour, entered his room and found him dead. A significant conversation which one of his biographers reports that he held with him the day before, on the means of getting rid of life without pain or effort, suggests at least a possibility of suicide as the alternative of the assigned cause of death, namely apoplexy. He died in 1799, at the age of sixty-seven.

Rue de Rivoli.—At No. 14 is recorded in the "Almanach du Commerce" for 1821, the name of FRANÇOIS JOSEPH TALMA. The great actor was then in the height of his popularity. James Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, visited him this year. He says: "Talma is about five feet seven or seven and a half inches English, rather inclined to fat, with a large face and thick neck. He speaks English well, and is very frank, animated, and natural in conversation—a fine, hearty simplicity of manner" ("A Residence in France"). The Duc de Broglie says he was not only an actor but a poet, and a great one; and that, in conversation on his art, his ideas were not clearly conceived and were confusedly expressed. Chateaubriand remarks that "his mere appearance on the stage, the very sound of his voice, had in it something overpoweringly tragical. An expression of blended suffering and thought

rested on his brow, and breathed through his whole being." This the writer attributes to his painful experience of the scenes of the Revolution, a time when he was himself in constant fear of arrest.

Macready calls Talma "the most finished artist of his time. Not below Kean in his most energetic displays, and far above him in the refinement of his taste and the extent of his research." When he played Titus he wore his hair after the fashion of a Roman bust. This *coiffure à la Titus* became the rage, and the services of the hairdresser at the Théâtre Français were so continually in request that Talma, seeing one evening the shop floor covered with the spoils of many heads, laughingly remarked that Titus might, for all he knew to the contrary, have "lost a day"—his *coiffeur* certainly had not. (See also pp. 64, 94, 230.)

Rue Geoffroy l'Asnier.—No. 26 was the residence of MATHIEU DE MONTMORENCY, Constable of France, as indicated by his coat-of-arms. Montmorency was made Marshal of France by Francis I., and shared his captivity after the battle of Pavia; took Metz, Toul, and Verdun under Henry II. in 1552; recovered Havre de Grace from the English, and was killed at the battle of St. Denis after performing prodigies of valour and receiving eight wounds—"a brave warrior, but totally illiterate, and yet, through his natural talent and the experience of a long life, an able statesman and councillor" (Rose, "Biog. Dict.").

The Rue l'Hotel de Ville leads to the

Rue du Figuier.—The HOTEL DE SENS, at the bottom of the street, has a tablet indicating that it was built about 1500 as a residence for the archbishops of Sens,

metropolitans of the bishops of Paris. Louis de Bourbon, Louis de Guise, Cardinal de Lorraine, have by turns lived here, and Cardinal de Pellevé, Archbishop of Sens, died here in 1591, whilst a "Te Deum" was being chanted at Notre Dame for the entry of the king into Paris.

Here also lived Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, the licentious Reine Margot, daughter of Henry II., in 1605-6, having obtained permission from the king to settle in Paris after her divorce. The murder of her page and favourite Julien at the door of her carriage by a discarded lover led to her departure from Paris within the year. She swore she would neither eat nor drink till she was avenged on the assassin, who was beheaded two nights after, opposite the hotel, in her presence. The same night she left Paris, never to return. It is recorded that she used to sleep in black satin sheets, in order to give greater effect to the whiteness of her skin!

Continuing along the Rue de Figuier, and crossing the Rue St. Antoine, we pass, by the Rue Pavée, into the

Rue des Francs Bourgeois.—At No. 58 lived Louis Picard, dramatist and novelist, author of "Le Gil Blas de la Révolution" and "L'Honnête Homme." He died here in 1828, at the age of fifty-nine.

Rue Pavée.—No. 24, at the corner of the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, is the Hotel Lamoignon, built by Diana of Poitiers, natural daughter of Henry II. Dying in 1619, the hotel passed to her nephews, François and Louis de Valois, sons of the Duc d'Angoulême, and afterwards by purchase to the Lamoignon family, to whom its many embellishments are due. Chrétien François Lamoignon collected a magnificent library here, to which

many additions were made until the time of the Revolution, when it was dispersed.

Rue de Sévigné.—No. 14 is the Hotel Carnavalet, now the museum and library of the city of Paris. Its façade on the Rue des Francs Bourgeois bears a tablet inscribed: "MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ, lived in this hotel from 1674 to 1696." Built in 1544, the reliefs on the outer walls and the figures on the façade were added in 1661. The following particulars are from Mr. Augustus Hare's "Paris," a work which the present writer found familiar "as household words" to the officials of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and which should be consulted for the many interesting archæological details not within the scope of this work. "Mansard was employed to restore the whole building, but the great master wisely forbore to alter what he considered an architectural masterpiece. He added a row of his mansards towards the garden, and some fine Ionic pilasters to the inner façade of the court, but refused to touch the outer front. On October 7th, 1677, Madame de Sévigné was able to write: 'Thank God, we have the Hotel Carnavalet. We are all pleased with the place, and we have the exquisite air.' But she was long in installing herself; all her friends had their 'but,' their 'if,' their 'because,' and her daughter's discontented temperament always found something to find fault with in the fireplace of the time of Henri II., old-fashioned by a century, the antiquated disposition of the rooms, etc. Thus it took two years before Madame de Sévigné was settled in the hotel. The society here, which may be said to have brought about the *renaissance* of the French language, became typical of all that was most refined and intellectual in France. . . . It was hence, too,

that many of the famous letters were written by the adoring mother to her eldest daughter after her marriage to the Marquis de Grignan, mingled with complaints that she could not let her daughter's unoccupied room. Madame de Sévigné and her daughter, when in Paris, inhabited the first floor of the main building, reached by the staircase which still exists, and her chamber is still pointed out." It is now the bureau or office of the library.

Madame de Sévigné died in 1696, at the age of seventy. (See also p. 157.)

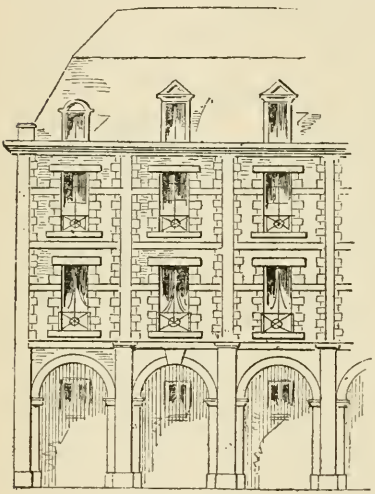
We now pass from the Rue de Vosges into the

Place des Vosges.—This "Place," formerly known as the Place Royale, is full of interest. No. 21 was the hotel of ARMAND DU PLESSIS, CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, the famous minister of Louis XIII., who is said to have expressed his own character in the words: "I undertake nothing save on full reflection; but when once I have made up my mind, I change here, I abolish there, and my scarlet cassock covers all." The building of the Palais Royal, the rebuilding of the Sorbonne, and the founding of the Botanical Gardens (the Jardin des Plantes) and the Academy are due to him. "He had some features of generosity; his promise might be relied on; he was not less ardent in serving his friends than in ruining his enemies; he was a kind master, and liberally recompensed all who served him" (Rose's "Biog. Dict.").

Richelieu died in Paris, having been brought in a dangerous state from Lyons, in a kind of chamber borne on the shoulders of his guards, breaches being made in the walls of the towns through which he passed to admit this peculiar conveyance.

No. 6 has a triple interest. We take the strongest and

that commemorated by a tablet, though not the latest, first. Victor Hugo resided here from 1831 to 1848. Flaubert, writing of him in 1843, says: "He is like any other man; his figure and appearance generally are commonplace. He has splendid teeth, and neither eyelashes nor eyebrows; he speaks little; has the air of an observer, and of not wishing to unbend; he is very polite, and somewhat stiff in manner. I admired greatly his voice" ("Correspondence"). Baron Grimm denies to him any oratorical ability. "When at work he wrote very slowly on immense sheets of white paper with a great margin, his writing being large and thick, as if done with a quill of which the cleft nib had almost worn away."



6, PLACE DES VOSGES.

It is told of Hugo in the last year of his residence here that he was in the habit of patronizing a barber named Brassier, who had his shop in the vicinity. One morning, being seized with a sudden inspiration at the moment when the barber was about to apply the brush, he seized a piece of paper which was lying near, and proceeded to write, with occasional pauses, until the barber's patience becoming exhausted, he said, "Pardon me, sir; I am much pressed." "Ah, you are in a hurry; so am I," said Hugo, and putting

on his hat he went out. Unfortunately for the barber's peace of mind, not only was his time wasted, but the paper on which the poet had written, and which he had carried off, contained the addresses of some thirty ladies his assistants were about to attend. (See also pp. 78, 129, 255, 262.)

Two hundred years before Victor Hugo occupied No. 6, the notorious courtezan of the seventeenth century and favourite of Louis XIII., MARION DE LORME, was a tenant. In connection with the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, who was passionately attached to her, it is related in "Didot" that Cardinal Richelieu also at that time paid assiduous court to her. "Though his mistress smiled at the cardinal's attentions and by no means encouraged them, Cinq-Mars grew uneasy, and, to keep the cardinal at a distance, spread a report that himself and Marion were secretly married. But he reckoned without the wily cardinal, who at once saw a way to get rid of his rival and revenge himself for Marion's disdain. He induced the Maréchale d'Effiat to bring an action against Marion for taking possession of his son. This extraordinary action being delayed, the cardinal, impatient of the slow fulfilment of his wishes by its means, promulgated the ordinance of 1639 on clandestine marriages, by which the supposed married couple were definitively separated."

Marion de Lorme died in 1650, at the age of thirty-eight.

The third noteworthy tenant of No. 6 was the famous *tragédienne*, RACHEL FÉLIX, at what date is not recorded. Lecomte (in Villemessant's "Mémoires d'un Journaliste") tells us that the actress was "full of contrasts and surprises. Devoted to play, she took every occasion to give card and loto parties, but if she lost a few pence she was furious, and quitted the table abusing everybody. When her brother, however, asked her for the sum of 2,000 francs of which he had

pressing need, she readily gave it to him." From the same source we learn that her earnings from the Théâtre Français alone amounted to nearly £200,000. She died at the Villa Sardou at the Cannet de Cannes (Var) of disease of the lungs in 1858, at the age of thirty-eight. (See also p. 49.)

Place de Birague. — No. 10 has an inscription: "JOSEPH LAKANAL, member of the National Convention, re-organiser of public instruction, born at Serres, 14th July, 1762, died in this house, 14th June, 1843."

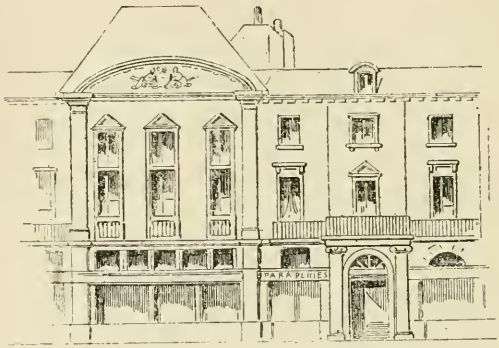
Lakanal was one of those who voted in the Convention for the death of Louis XVI. In the Convention also, in 1795, "he proposed and carried the fundamental regulations of the Institute and the list of original members." Our extract is from Guizot's "Memoirs," who gives further the following curious account: "In 1822, when the re-establishment of the Academy to which he belonged came under discussion, no one, not even his former colleagues, either thought of, or inquired what had become of him. He was believed to be dead, and was entirely forgotten. Nevertheless he still survived, and had become a settler in one of the recently incorporated States of America—Alabama—at that time the extreme limit between civilization and savage life. There he heard of the revival of his Academy, and of the enrolment of his old associates. He wrote to me, demanding his privilege of resuming his place among them. The death of M. Garat at that precise moment left a vacancy open in the department of morals. M. Lakanal succeeded to it by right and without election. As soon as I communicated this to him, he hesitated in returning to France; and, in reply, offered his services in the United States. His letter was a singular mixture of

just and confused ideas, of experimental prudence and fidelity to his revolutionary remembrances. I declined his offer. M. Lakanal then returned to France, resumed his seat in the ordinary way, and died in 1845, still obscure, but with all the accompanying honours to which his position entitled him."

No. 11[bis] is memorable as the birthplace of MARIE DE RABUTIN CHANTAL, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ. The loss of both parents before she was five years old led to her removal hence, to be placed under the care of her maternal uncle. (See also p. 152.)

Rue St. Antoine.—No. 143—of which the rich front will at once attract the eye, while the court will be found adorned with sculptures of armour and figures of the Four Seasons, with decorations to the windows of masks and foliage—was built by MAXIMILIAN DE BETHUNE, DUC DE SULLY, friend and minister of Henri IV. An instance of the freedom of speech which he exercised in his intercourse with the king is given in "Didot": "When Henri committed the rashness of proposing by letter marriage with the Marquise de Verneuil, Sully did not hesitate to brave his anger by destroying the imprudent letter. '*Morbleu!*' cried the king, 'what are you doing? you must be mad!' 'It is true, sire, I am a fool and stupid; and I would desire to be so if only I can be the only man in France in that condition.'" Voltaire was a visitor here. An incident in connection with an occasion on which he dined with the Duc de Sully, in December, 1725, has been recorded. In the course of the dinner he was informed that someone desired to see him at the entrance. The moment he arrived there he was violently assaulted with sticks by two men, while a nephew of his host, a certain Chevalier de

Rohan, with whom he had previously quarrelled at the opera, encouraged them to the attack. Returning to the duke, with dress and hair in disorder, he demanded vengeance on the Chevalier. Unable to obtain any satisfaction in that quarter, he practised fencing assiduously for some days, with a view to calling his enemy out. This getting



143, RUE ST. ANTOINE.

wind, a *lettre de cachet* was obtained, and Voltaire was put in the Bastille, where he remained four months.

Sully died in 1741, at the age of eighty.

Here also lived JACQUES TURGOT, Minister of Finance under Louis XVI., who (earliest of free traders) lost his post through the dissatisfaction excited by the promulgation of a merciful edict for free commerce in grain at a time of famine. It was said of him that he was so handsome that his features recalled the noblest creations of the antique. He died in 1781, at the age of fifty-four. (See also p. 146.)

No. 212 was built for CHARLES DE LORRAINE, DUC DE MAYENNE, the faithful subject of Henri IV., during the

reign of which prince he mixed but little in public affairs. Always inclined to moderation, he advised that favourable conditions should be granted to the Huguenots. D'Aubigné bears testimony to his probity, liberality, high courage, and great vivacity of temperament. Physically he was distressingly corpulent. He died in 1611, at the age of fifty-seven.

Rue des Tournelles.—No. 28 is noteworthy as the residence of the notorious NINON DE L'ENCLOS, "at whose beautiful feet," as Mr. Augustus Hare remarks, "three generations of the proud house of Sévigné knelt in turn." The house is also No. 23 on the Boulevard Beaumarchais.

Crossing the Place de la Bastille, we enter the

Rue Charonne.—No. 51, at a considerable distance along this street, bears a tablet inscribed: "VAUCANSON, mechanician, member of the Academy of Sciences, born at Grenoble, 24th February, 1709, died in this house, 21st November, 1782."

Elderly folk of the present day can recall the exhibition in England of an automaton chess-player, of which the secret—a very simple one—is shown in Brewster's "Natural Magic." This was one of Vaucanson's many inventions, which included a flute-player and an animated duck. Originally forming a collection in Paris, they were, with a few exceptions still to be seen in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, dispersed. For the "Cleopatra" of Marmontel, Vaucanson made an asp which sprang hissing into the breast of the actress. The latter years of the inventor were embittered by constant physical suffering; in his domestic relations he was irreproachable. He was seventy-three at his death.

Continuing eastwards along the Rue de Charonne, the Rue Godefroy Cavaignac and the Boulevard Voltaire lead to the final point of interest in the present excursion, which, it may be as well to state, is a good half mile from that just noticed. This is situated in the

Rue de Chemin Vert.—No. 68 has a tablet inscribed: "ANTOINE AUGUSTUS PARMENTIER, agronome, born 17th August, 1737, at Montdidier in Picardy, died in this house, 17th December, 1813." There is, however, some doubt as to whether rebuilding has not taken place. We have retained the French word "agronome," because our own dictionary word for it, "agriculturist," is, in its customary sense, altogether inapplicable to the philanthropist to whose exertions the free use of the potato as an article of food in France is due, by his energetic dissipation of former prejudices against it. (See also p. 199.)

By continuing along the Rue Chemin Vert to the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, and then turning to the left, we reach the Place de la Bastille, whence conveyances are abundant.

ROUTE VI.

Distance 6¾ *Miles.*

We take our departure from the Place de la Bastille.

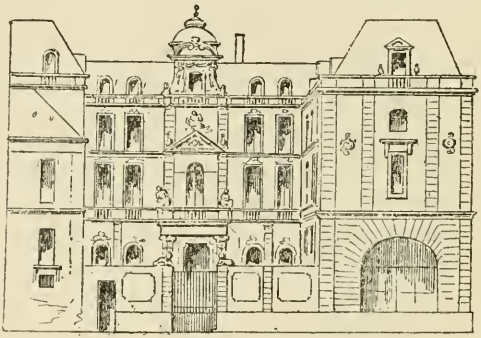
Rue Lesdiguières.—No. 9 is very interesting as the first lodging of HONORÉ DE BALZAC in Paris—a garret, as described in his "Correspondence," furnished only with a bed, a table, and a few chairs. He kept his linen in a cupboard, after carefully lining the same with white paper, and painted the room white from the bookcase to the chimney-piece. For this room he paid at the rate of three sous—three halfpence a day; was his own housemaid, warmed himself with charcoal, and wore flannel shirts to save a laundress. "This lazy I," he wrote to his sister, "neglects himself more and more. He only goes marketing every three or four days, and then only to the cheapest tradespeople of this quarter, for the knave knows at least how to economize his legs. So that this I—thy brother, predestined to celebrity, is already nourished like a great man; that is to say, he is dying of hunger." (See also pp. 128, 177, 209, 265.)

Passing along the Boulevard Henri IV., we reach the

Rue de Sully.—At the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal (No. 1), for twenty years before his death, lived PAUL LACROIX, known as Le Bibliophile Jacob, and best remembered by his magnificent illustrated books on the history of arts, manners, and customs in France. Blanche Roosevelt, in her "Life of Gustave Doré," says that at

seventy-seven "he was strong, tall, vigorous, and looking like a mountain pine; his clean-shaven face glowed with colour, strangely at variance with his white hair . . . . a very handsome man, a brilliant talker, a charming narrator. He had a sweet and genial nature, but towards himself was relentless. He added daily to his self-imposed tasks, and became the most indefatigable worker in France." He died in 1884, aged seventy-eight.

Here also for many years lived CHARLES NODIER, occupying at the time of his death, which occurred here, the post

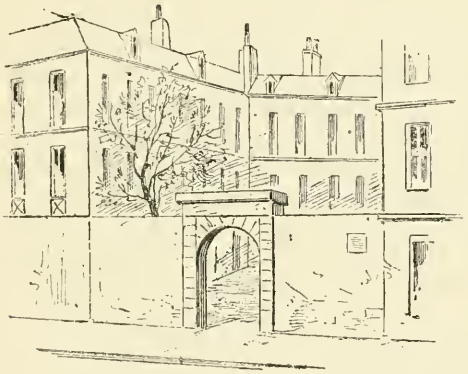


HOTEL DE LAVALETTE.

of librarian. Of his numerous writings, collected in 1832, his "Le Roi de Bohème" and some other stories alone survive, but his influence on the romantic school of fiction has always been acknowledged. He was appointed librarian in 1823. It was about that time that Hugo visited him in the Rue de Provence, on the third storey, and admired the neatness of his "ante-room, which was also his dining-room, with its walnut-wood table and side-board and straw-bottomed chairs" ("Life of Hugo"). On March 2nd, 1844, Balzac wrote, "Nodier has died as he had lived, with grace and friendliness: he had all his mind, intelligence, and

sensibility to the end. He died not only with calmness, but with joy. Five minutes before his death he asked after all his grandchildren, and said, 'None are ill? Then all is well.' He wished to be buried in his daughter's wedding veil" ("Correspondence").

Quai des Celestines.—The Hotel de Lavalette was formerly the Hotel Fieubert, constructed in the regency of Anne of Austria, for the chancellor, GASPARD FIEUBERT,



4, QUAI DES CELESTINES.

a man of intellectual tastes, for whom the vanities of the court had no charm. His receptions here are said to have rivalled those of Mdlle. Scudéry's Saturday *réunions*. He died in 1694, at the age of seventy-two.

No. 4 bears a tablet inscribed, "LOUIS BARYE, sculptor, born at Paris, September 24th, 1795, died in this house, June 25th, 1875." Barye was the sculptor, with others, of the lions on the Column of July. The group of "The lion with the serpent in its grip" in the Tuileries Gardens is one of

his finest works. He was a great sufferer from heart disease towards the close of his life. Between the painter Corot and Barye a strong friendship existed, and the death of the former, which occurred a few days before Barye's, was kept a secret from the sculptor by his friends.

Crossing the Bridge de Sully we reach the

Quai d'Anjou.—No. 17, the Hotel Pimodan, was the residence of the DUC DE LAUZUN, whose history, in its strongly contrasted phases, reads like a romance. High in favour with Louis XIV., he quarrelled with his royal master and was sent to the Bastille. In 1660 he won the affections of the Princess Anna, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, and heiress of the immense estates of Montpensier (a large part of which she sold to serve her lover). Their marriage, though permitted by the king, was broken off, owing to the interference of the princes of the blood. Rumour had it that it took place secretly at a later date. In 1661 the duke found himself again in prison, having incurred the animosity of the minister Louvois and Madame de Montespan; and on his liberation in two years was forbidden to appear in the royal presence. In 1678 he visited England, and was well received, and entrusted by James I. with the delicate commission of conveying the Queen and Prince of Wales to France, where he again recovered his place in the royal favour. In 1690 he commanded the French troops in Ireland in support of James II. and was present at the battle of the Boyne. He died in 1723. St. Simon describes him as a short, fair man, with a good figure, but unattractive features.

Here, at the Hotel Pimodan, in 1849, resided THEOPHILE GAUTIER, and CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, author of the "Fleurs du Mal," poet and opium-eater. Gautier we meet with else-

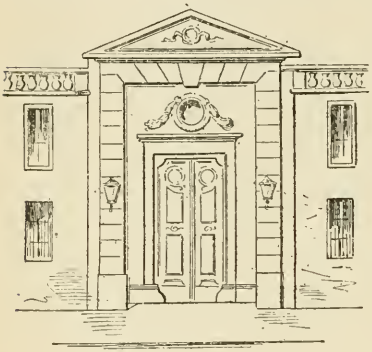
where; he was at this period the dramatic critic of the journal edited by Victor Hugo, then on the point of expatriation. The record of the joint residence here of the two writers—Gautier's "Mémoire" of Baudelaire—supplies also a description of the man for whom as a writer Gautier entertained a degree of admiration which posterity has not endorsed. "The first time I met Baudelaire was in the middle of 1849 at the Hotel Pimodan, where my rooms communicated with his by a stair concealed in the thickness of the wall, still haunted possibly by the ghosts of some of Lauzun's fair favourites. Baudelaire had a striking appearance: his very short black hair making regular points on a forehead of almost dazzling whiteness. His eyes were the colour of Spanish tobacco and full of soul, if a little too penetrating." Some particulars of the poet's other features, more explicit than the above comparison in respect of the eyes, are given, and his walking costume indicated as consisting of a "lustrous" overcoat (presumably of broadcloth), trousers "nut-coloured," white stockings, and varnished shoes.

Baudelaire committed suicide in 1866, at the age of forty-five.

Rue St. Louis en l'Île.—No. 2 dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, having been built for the President LAMBERT DE THORIGNY, and decorated by the first artists of the time. But its interest for us lies in the fact that here FRANÇOIS AROUET, called VOLTAIRE, began the composition of his "Henriade;" living here at the time with Madame du Chatelet—a connection which a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine" (vol. iii.) describes as "one of the most curious episodes in the history of philosophy; the most whimsical kind of improper *liaison* that

ever, surely, was recorded. It lasted fifteen years, and though the necessities of the time exacted, we suppose, some fiction of amour, at least at its commencement, it was evidently a good, steady friendship of two people of corresponding tastes, with as little passion about it as was likely to stimulate two students working together over books."

"At Cirey (the chateau which Madame du Chatelet conferred upon Voltaire)," says Mr. Morley, "there was an almost monastic rule. Madame de Glatigny says that though Voltaire found himself bound by politeness to pay her a visit from time to time in her apartment, he usually avoided sitting down, apologetically protesting how frightful a thing is the quantity of time people lose in talking. He seems to have usually passed the whole day at his desk, or in making physical experiments in his chamber" ("Essay on Voltaire"). Of this curious *liaison* with Madame du Chatelet, Carlyle says: "Setting aside its whole criminality, which indeed perhaps went for little then, this literary amour wears but a mixed aspect: short sungleams with tropical showers, touches of guitar music, soon followed by Lisbon earthquakes. Marmontel, we remember, speaks of knives being used, or at least brandished, and for quite other purposes than serving. Madame la Marquise was no saint in any sense, but rather a Socrates' spouse. There is perpetual travelling: a peaceful philosopher is lugged over



2, RUE ST. LOUIS EN L'ÎLE.

the world to Cirey, to Luneville, to that *pied-à-terre* in Paris ; resistance avails not here. Sometimes, on the eve of such departure, her domestics, exasperated by hunger and ill-usage, will strike work in a body, and another set has to be collected at an hour's warning. Then madame has been known to keep the postillions cracking and *sacré*-ing at the gate from morn to dewy eve, simply because she was playing cards, and the game went against her" ("Essay on Voltaire"). (See also pp. 111, 229.)

This Hotel Lambert has yet another source of interest, as the scene, in 1815, of a conference important in its bearing on the fate of Napoleon, and the residence of Comte Pierre Jean de Montalivet, whom he had made minister of the interior in 1809. At the conference above referred to, it was decided that the emperor's cause was hopeless.

Many public improvements were effected in Paris under the Comte de Montalivet, as head of the department of public works; the expenditure under his direction being stated at 110 million francs (£4,400,000). His administration is reported to have been marked by every honourable characteristic, and that he was at least on very good terms with himself, is indicated in his invitation to his family assembled around his deathbed, to witness, in his own demise, "the death of an honest man." He died in 1823, at the age of fifty-nine.

Continuing along this street in the island of La Cité, the Rue du Cloître Notre Dame leads to the

Rue Chanoinesse.—At No. 17 (formerly 11), Père Henri Lacordaire, the most eloquent orator of his time and country, lodged in 1843. He had abandoned his pulpit in 1836, and after some time spent in Rome, had become a monk of the Dominican order. In 1841 he had reappeared

at Notre Dame in the white woollen habit of his order, his shaven head, his large scapula and austere figure creating a great sensation among those long unaccustomed to such a sight. It was doubtless on a later occasion of his preaching at Notre Dame that he lodged here, where, as he states in a letter to Madame Swetchine (see Chocharne's "Mémoire"), the mother of a member of his order had placed a room and her table at his service, an arrangement which he found more convenient and becoming than going to an hotel. Until 1846 he lived between France and Italy, labouring to re-establish the monastic orders in France. He died in 1861, aged fifty-nine. (See also p. 198.)

Crossing the Place Notre Dame and the Bridge Doub, we enter the

Rue Galande.—The Chateau Rouge here—painted in accordance with its title—a public house of the lowest class, was, in its best days, when it fronted the river, a residence of GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES, the fair favourite of Henri IV., whose sudden death was attributed to poison, as a result of her threatened elevation to the throne. It occurred in 1599, in her fiftieth year.

We now cross the Place Maubert, and enter the

Boulevard St. Germain.—No. 42 was at one period the residence of JEAN JACQUES CAMBACÉRÈS, second consul and arch-chancellor, and perpetual president of the Senate under Napoleon, and one of the great emperor's most wise and faithful counsellors. Banished from France at the fall of the Empire on the ground of his having voted for the death of Louis XVI., he was reinstated in his civil and political rights in 1818, and died in Paris in 1824, at the age of seventy-one. Madame de Rémusat relates that

he gave grand dinners and held receptions twice a week under the Empire, and describes him as a kind-hearted man who received petitions graciously, and whose word, if he promised to support them, was always to be relied on. (See also pp. 232, 245.)

The Rue de Pontoise leads to the

Rue St. Victor.—No. 32 (formerly 102) abounds in interest from its association, during the years 1837-1845, with the Abbé Félix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup. "In one of the gloomiest and poorest parts of Paris, although slightly transformed in these days," writes his biographer Legrange, "between the little streets of Pontoise and St. Victor, alongside of the humble church of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonneret, stands an old, tall, black house. This was, in the seventeenth century, where the pious Abbé Bourdoise established a community of priests which lasted until the Revolution. After the Concordat this house became the Little Seminary of Paris. One must go and see it in order to realize what an immense amount of labour and talent was required to attract within its walls children of high birth, and to make it, as the Abbé Dupanloup did for the eight years he remained there, a perfect marvel of Christian education."

His tastes and habits were simple in the extreme. "People used to smile, though with respect, on seeing him pass in the little carriage, which certainly no one but himself would have used, with the old horse which the Seminary lent him, with the coachman—for he never had one of his own. This extreme simplicity was the result of his prodigal charity. Even from a child he would give away everything he had. A venerable Paris curé told us one day the following anecdote: 'At the end of my studies in the Little

Seminary I was about to leave it, and told Monsignor Dupanloup so with tears. "But are you quite sure you have not got a vocation?" he asked. "On the contrary, I believe I have, and that is my great sorrow!" "Why, then, are you thinking of leaving?" "The superior does not know that it is not I who pay my *pension* here. And he who pays for me now exacts that I shall take his boy to the Lycée and bring him back." "Well, my child, stay. I will arrange matters; no one need pay your *pension* any more." And that is how I became a priest,' added the humble and pious curé, with tears in his eyes, 'I owe it all to him.'"

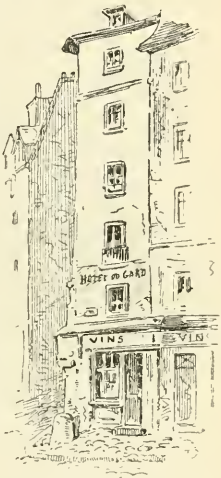
Dupanloup died, as Bishop of Orleans, in 1878, at the age of seventy-six. Baron Grimm visited him at Viroflay two years before his death, and found him busy with his secretaries and his printer's proofs, which, like Balzac, he corrected in a manner calculated to drive a compositor frantic.

Rue du Cardinal Lemoine.—No. 49 is noted by M. Copin ("Maisons historiques") as the hotel of CHARLES LE BRUN, the eminent painter, whose works—now regarded as artificial in style and harsh and untrue in colour—remain at Fontainebleau and Versailles, and who wrote "Traité sur la physionomie et sur le caractère des passions." He died in 1690, aged seventy-one.

The Rue des Ecoles leads to the

Place du Collège de France.—No. 1 was the residence for twenty years, and at his death, of JEAN BAPTISTE BIOT, co-worker with Arago and Gay-Lussac, a labourer in almost every branch of physical science, though chiefly devoted to optics. He died in 1862, at the age of eighty-eight.

This house has a stronger interest, and a painful, as the home of the brilliant genius and devoted patriot, HENRI REGNAULT, the painter, who was killed at the battle of Buzenval, January 19th, 1871. About the middle of September, Regnault, accompanied by his friend Clairin, arrived at Paris from Spain in great haste, dreading greatly to find the capital already invested. Ordered to the outposts on January 17th, "he took with him," writes Hamerton, "a little packet of portraits and letters on which he had written 'for my betrothed.' Early the next morning news was brought by an *ambulancier* that Regnault had been found, and in evidence he brought a little chain with a silver tear. This tear had been given him by his betrothed, and when she gave it him she had said, 'Take it now that I am happy, but you must give it back to me the first time you make me weep;' and now it was brought back to her, and she wept" ("Modern French Painters").



1, PLACE DU COLLÈGE DE FRANCE.

Regnault was only twenty-eight at his death, which was deeply lamented by his brother artists, to whom, as Duparc tells us, he was ever ready to show kindly service, and by the many friends to whom the beauty of his character, which exhibited, notwithstanding the rapid success he had achieved, a perfect simplicity and modesty, had endeared him.

Here, at No. 1, Place du Collège de France, where, as professor, he had lived many years, died very recently, ERNEST RENAN, author of "La Vie de Jésus." The picture

of his home life and of his character presented in the articles which have appeared since his death, are indicative of simple domestic tastes, a temper unfailingly cheerful, and a kindly disposition which prompted a promiscuous distribution of coppers whenever he went out of doors, and during the siege the exercise of a more discreet charity in keeping many a poor family from starvation. His income, apart from that derived from his works, and accruing from his professorship and as a member of the Academy, amounted to £1,800 a year. He had no fixed hours for work, and never commenced a fresh task without accumulating around him all the needful books of reference within easy reach. In "A Chat about Renan," in the "Fortnightly Review" (November, 1892), we are told, "It is almost impossible to give an idea of the charm of his conversation. Unlike Coleridge, he never preached even in his most solemn moments, though truth compels me to say the latter were very few and far between." In person he was "short and squat, with a gait which reminded one unconsciously of that of the hippopotamus, or, to put it mildly, of a bear; a face, the angles of which almost disappeared between layers of flesh, while the nose looked not like an integral part of the whole, but like an excrescence on it."

E. RENAN.

As an illustration of his contempt for mere words it is

told that, being present at a dinner party where a certain M. Caro very glibly set himself to prove the existence of God, and being checked when about to speak by the hostess with a "We will hear you presently, M. Renan," and blandly invited to express his views when the rhetorician had finished, he responded that he was afraid he was a little behindhand, as "he only wished to ask for a potato."

Renan, at his death in October, 1892, was sixty-nine years of age.

Rue de Sommerard.—The Hotel de Cluny, now the Museum—a handsome and well-preserved specimen of the later Gothic style mingled with that of the Renaissance—has an interesting history. Placed at the disposal of the kings of France by the abbots of the Benedictine Abbey of Cluny in Burgundy, who built it for their own residence when visiting Paris, it was occupied soon after its completion, in 1515, by Mary, sister of Henry VIII. of England, and widow of Louis XII.—the spirited princess, who, after marrying the old monarch to please her brother, declared she would marry the second time to please herself, and espoused the handsome and gallant Charles Brandon. Her room is still designated "Chambre de la Reine Blanche," from the widowed queen's *white* mourning garments.

Here also was celebrated, in 1537, the marriage of Madeleine, daughter of François I., with King James of Scotland.

A later resident was the orator, the CARDINAL DE LORRAINE (born 1504, died 1574), and here also lived his nephew, the youthful Henri, third Duc de Guise, who, at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, broke open the chamber of the Admiral Coligny, and trampled upon his body when he

had been killed; to fall, in his turn, a victim to the poniard of the Gascon.

Two eminent astronomers are residentially associated with the Hotel de Cluny. JOSEPH NICOLAS DELISLE and JOSEPH DE LALANDE, pupil of the former, and who succeeded him as Professor of Astronomy to the College of France, an office which Lalande filled four years. The writer of his memoir in Rose's "Biographical Dictionary" says that his "moral character was not free from reproach, and his early religious opinions underwent a prejudicial modification in consequence of his intercourse with Voltaire and others at Berlin." He died in 1807, at the age of seventy-five.

Rue St. Jacques.—At No. 159 AUGUSTE COMTE resided in 1833. Our notice of him is reserved for the more interesting residence in the Rue Monsieur le Prince. (See also p. 216.)

The Rue de l'Abbé de l'Epée leads to the

Rue Denfert-Rochereau.—No 21 (formerly 61, Rue d'Enfer) is very memorable as the residence, about 1825-1830, of FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND. In 1826, he writes in his "Mémoires," "On my return to Paris my life was spent between my establishment in the Rue d'Enfer and the chamber of peers; my time divided between my articles against the different laws in contemplation against the public liberty, my writings and speeches in favour of the Greeks, and the preparation of my complete works." In 1832 he was imprisoned for a short time for refusing to take the oath to Louis Philippe. At four in the morning, as he narrates, his servant woke him and informed him that the court was full of men and every door guarded. At this moment one of the three officials in

charge of the matter entered and politely informed Chateaubriand that he was a prisoner.

Previously to residing in the Rue d'Enfer, Chateaubriand lived in the Rue St. Dominique, in a house now demolished. Victor Hugo visited him there in 1820, and in the "Life" of Hugo some interesting notes are given: "M. de Chateaubriand affected a military style. The man of the pen could not forget the man of the sword. His neck was imprisoned in a black cravat, which hid the collar of his shirt; a black greatcoat, buttoned all the way up, confined his little stooping body. His head was the finest part of him: it was disproportioned to his height, but it was a noble-looking, serious head. His nose was long and straight, his eye keen, his smile bewitching, but it came and went with the rapidity of lightning, and his mouth would quickly resume its haughty and severe expression." Madame Chateaubriand is described as "a tall thin woman with a dry expression of countenance, and much marked with the smallpox." On a second visit Chateaubriand received Victor Hugo in his private room, and after reading a scene from his tragedy of "Moïse" to the poet, called for his servant to bring him a large tub of water, and deliberately stripped and was washed by his servant in the presence of his guest, finishing with an elaborate cleaning of the teeth, for which he kept a whole case of dentist's instruments.

Chateaubriand was accustomed to keep on his mantelpiece in his dining-room piles of five-franc pieces. At frequent intervals his servant would appear and present him with begging letters, sometimes from real or pretended emigrants, or from Vendeans or knights of the order of St. Louis. He would approach the pile of money, grumbling the while, wrap up some in a letter, and send it out by the servant. (See also pp. 12, 232, 235.)

Crossing the Boulevard du Port Royal we enter the

Avenue de l'Observatoire.—The OBSERVATORY, a structure which the increase of houses in its vicinity has rendered of comparatively little value for many years for astronomical purposes, was the residence of the famous astronomer, FRANÇOIS ARAGO, notable also as physicist and politician. The following interesting notice is from "Fraser's Magazine," 1842 :

"The most positive man I ever met in my life is Arago. There is a positivity in his dark face, large eyebrows, stern features, bushy black hair, piercing eyes, unsubdued and unsubduable countenance, rough and forbidding voice, almost sententious phrases, gripping and pinching squeezes of the hand, odd and grotesque handwriting, and total indifference to the feelings of others when they were opposed to his own. Arago is a tall, dark, bony, sinewy, high-cheekboned man, who would contradict the devil, worry his adversary into fits, make a whole regiment of national guards—not to say soldiers—tremble before his obstinacy, and ride rough-shod through the palaces of kings. After all, he is a very great man. He always occupies himself with great questions, . . . and when science is in question will render justice to whom justice is due, *even though he be an Englishman!* This is a great admission, for I am quite sure that Arago has a vast deal of prejudice against 'the leopards.'"

The virtues of Arago remain to be recorded. He was eminently unselfish, and with ample opportunities to amass office on his own person and become rich, he remained poor. His income, it is said, never exceeded £500 a year. He refused to accept any pay for the period during which he was minister. He died in 1853, at the age of sixty-seven.

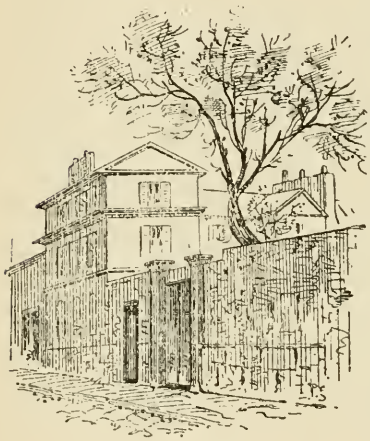
Another occupant of the Observatory was the astronomer, Joseph Leverrier, whose remarkable theory that certain irregularities in the motions of the planets were due to a new planet, and his indication of the identical region in which it would be found, received confirmation in the discovery by Adams of the planet Neptune in that region. The sweeping reforms which, as successor to Arago, he introduced in the Observatory, raised such a storm against him that he resigned his office in 1870, to resume it, however, though with restricted authority, three years later. He died in 1877, aged sixty-six.

Rue Cassini.—To No. 3 (formerly No. 1) Honoré de Balzac removed in 1830, from the Rue de Tournon, and here, as we learn from Mirecourt, "Gobseck" and "Le Peau Chagrin" were written. He remained here until 1836. Sixteen romances had appeared from his pen, but pecuniary difficulties environed him. In October of the above year we find him writing "from the old *mansard* of Jules Sandeau at Chaillot": "Hopeless, and forced to give up everything, I have taken refuge here. I have quitted the Rue de Cassini not without regret. I am still unaware whether I shall be allowed a few favourite articles of furniture or my library."

An incident of Balzac's pecuniary embarrassments has been related, which may very probably have occurred here. Being unable to go out in the daytime for fear of arrest, he was found on three successive mornings, at three o'clock, by a friend who was going home from the gaming-table, strolling leisurely up and down the street; and explained the circumstance by producing an almanack, showing that the sun did not rise until 3.40, until which time he was free. The officers of the Tribunal of Commerce, however,

were too many for him. He was induced one morning to pass outside the entrance to his residence to receive a package *supposed* to contain a present of a valuable Etruscan vase. Turning to re-enter, after enjoining the greatest care on the carman, he found the door closed, and was hurried off to durance vile in his dressing-gown and slippers.

In 1833 Balzac was living in the Rue des Batailles, in a house which no longer exists. Its interior is described in "French Authors at Home," and the account is interesting both as exhibiting some of the peculiarities of its talented occupant, as well as illustrating the way in which "the money went" when he had it, and how debts were contracted: "He had fitted up a boudoir precisely as described in 'La Fille aux yeux d'or.' Not content with living his characters, he surrounded himself as far as possible with the same objects by which they were surrounded. From the centre of the white ceiling was suspended a heavy silver-gilt lustre, and the cornice of the room was also silver-gilt. The carpet resembled an oriental shawl; the furniture was covered with white cashmere, relieved by black and scarlet. The clock, the candelabra, were made of white marble and gold. There was an immense divan in the centre of the room, which, like the window-curtains, was



3, RUE CASSINI.

white and rose; and upon the only table in the room stood a magnificent inkstand in malachite and gold. Gautier tells of the childish satisfaction with which Balzac showed this boudoir to him, and describes him as touching a secret door which opened from it, and leading him into a nook in which stood only a bedstead and writing-table—Balzac's study—where he secured himself from all interruption. For the purpose of ascertaining how far the sound of a human voice raised in a cry of distress (just then to be uttered by one of his heroines) could penetrate through a padded wall, he had caused a partition between the boudoir and his study to be covered with wadding, linen, and paper in thick layers." (See also pp. 128, 161, 209, 264.)

Going northward in the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, we turn to the right in the Boulevard Port Royal; the first turning on the left is the Rue Berthollet; crossing the Rue Claude Bernard, the Rue Rataud and the Rue Pot de Fer lead into the Rue Mouffetard; turning to the left in which, the third street on the right is the

Rue Rollin.—No. 2 bears a tablet inscribed: "Here stood the house in which BLAISE PASCAL died, August 19, 1662." The house (formerly No. 8, Rue St. Etienne du Mont) replaced by the present structure, was the residence of Pascal's sister and biographer, Marguerite Périer. He had removed thither from his own residence two months before. Bayle pronounced Pascal to have been "one of the sublimest geniuses whom the world had ever produced —a prodigy," and adds, "if I might be so bold as to use the expression, I would call him a paradoxical individuum of the human species." From the time when, at the age of twenty, he devoted himself to a life of religious meditation and prayer, he renounced all pleasure and superfluity, and

to this system he adhered in the illnesses to which he was frequently subject. He wore an iron girdle full of points next the skin, and when any vain thoughts came into his mind he gave himself some blows with his elbow, and by that means put himself in mind of his duty. His disorders so enfeebled his organs that his reason became in some degree affected. Air and gentle exercise were prescribed by his physicians: the result was unfortunate. The two leading horses of the carriage in which he was crossing the Seine at the bridge of Neuilly, in October, 1654, plunged over the side where the parapet was down, and Pascal narrowly escaped being hurled from the vehicle. A long swoon followed, and ever after he imagined that he saw a deep abyss on the left side of him, and he would never sit down till a chair was placed there to secure him from danger.

Pascal's famous "Pensées sur la Religion," published seventeen years after his death, has a singular history, having been written by him at different times on the first piece of paper that he could find, and largely consisting of a few words only of each sentence; penned merely for his own use, and left filed upon different pieces of string, without any order or connection. He was thirty-nine at his death, dying, as the curé of St. Etienne, who attended him in his last hours, said, "as humble and submissive as a child." Madame Périer records that his charity towards the poor was always great, and redoubled as his life drew towards a close.

No. 8 in this street is now the School of St. Geneviève. Entering the court, a door is seen on the left, over which is a Latin inscription with the date 1833, commemorating the residence here of the historian, CHARLES ROLLIN, an esteemed authority in his day, but whose works have been

superseded by later writers. Boileau, Racine, and Rousseau were among his intimates. He died in 1741, at the age of eighty.

The Rue Navarre and the Rue des Arènes lead to the

Rue Guy de la Brosse.—At No. 9, from about 1874 to 1884, lived PAUL BERT, scholar and politician, to whose energy and influence are due the laws relating to compulsory education and to the abolition of the control of the religious orders. He died at Hanoi as resident general in Annam and Tonquin in 1886, aged fifty-three.

Passing along the side of the Halle aux Vins towards the south, we arrive at the

Rue Cuvier.—No. 55 was from 1839 the residence of the naturalist, ETIENNE GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE, the founder of the zoological collection in the Jardin des Plantes. He appears to have removed hither in the previous years, from the Rue de Seine. (See p. 188.) He was stricken with blindness in 1840, and with paralysis a few months afterwards, and died in 1844, at the age of seventy-two.

No. 57 is that of the entrance to the Jardin des Plantes. At the house on the left, inside the gates, lived, from 1843 to his death, the eminent chemist, JOSEPH GAY-LUSSAC, professor in many public establishments, a man of simple habits and tastes, devoted to his family, upright in his dealings, and dignified, if somewhat cold, in manner. Unlike his colleague, Arago, he never occupied himself with politics. Of his personal appearance, something may be gathered from Victor Hugo's description of him as "the chemist who was made a peer of France, but to whom nature had given the figure of a peasant." He died in 1850, from the effects

of an injury received in an explosion during one of his experiments some years previously. His age was seventy-two.

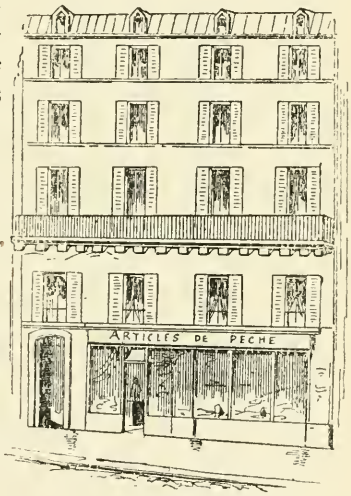
The house on the right of the entrance to the gardens was the home and scene of the death, in 1889, of the eminent chemist, EUGÈNE CHEVREUL, who died at the great age of 102. His centenary was held amidst great enthusiasm in 1886. From that time he lived very quietly in his official house. It was his custom to drive daily to see the progress made in the erection of the Eiffel Tower. Just a week before his death, when he returned from his drive, he showed signs of great weakness. He could not go upstairs to his apartments on the second storey, and had to be carried up. He sank gradually without pain.

ROUTE VII.

Distance $5\frac{1}{4}$ *Miles.*

We commence the present excursion at the

Quai du Louvre.—No. 26 is memorable as the residence, in 1821, of BARON ALEXANDRE VON HUMBOLDT. A few years later he left Paris to fix himself definitely at Berlin. He was, however, in Paris in 1835, as we learn from a letter of Julius Mohl to J. Ampère in that year: "Humboldt is here, as active as ever, writing volumes upon the history of the globe; talking incessantly, and younger than he was ten years ago [he was then fifty-two]. He is a strange man. He begged me to go to see him, and he did all the talking himself—for over two hours: I was not able to get in a word." The notice in the "Galerie des Cont. Illus." refers to a later period: "You enter a drawing-room. You see an old gentleman of middle height, with a bald forehead surrounded by white hair.



26, QUAI DU LOUVRE.

Taken altogether, his venerable figure conveys the double suggestion of intelligence and benevolence; but closely viewed, the brilliant eyes, with their sharp, penetrating glance, have a touch of malignity. He does not at first talk much, speaking merely of such commonplace topics as the weather. But the mistress of the house, who knows her man, and wishes to draw him out, easily succeeds by a question or two relating to travel, politics, astronomy, or other subject; his talk flashes and sparkles through half-an-hour, an hour, two hours, according to his humour. There flow from him political opinions, the most original ideas on literature and art, piquant anecdotes, sharp-edged sarcasms, and jests to make you die with laughter."

The Baroness Bloomfield, who met him in the year of his death, 1859, when he was ninety, at Potsdam, found that he still liked talking, though his speech had become very indistinct. "He was a small-made man, with an exceedingly sharp, intelligent, satirical countenance, but I hardly ever heard him speak unkindly of any one." (See also pp. 90, 192.)

Crossing the Pont des Arts we reach the

Quai Conti.—The Institute was the residence, in 1831, of Jean Dominique Ingres, the painter, as also after his return from Rome (where, from 1834, he succeeded Horace Vernet as head of the French Academy) from 1841, until after his wife's death in 1849, and probably until his re-marriage in 1852 and second departure for Rome. He had come to Paris in 1824, leaving his wife in Florence and saying that he should soon return. He brought with him a trunk, and a canvas on which he had bestowed nearly three years' labour, "The Vow of Louis XIII." Ere long all Paris pressed around the figure of the kneeling king; Ingres was decorated with the cross of the

Legion of Honour, and there was no more talk of a return to Italy.

Mirecourt, in the "Histoire Contemporaine," tells how Ingres' numerous pupils were a thorn in the side of the artist Baron Gros. They drew upon the dead walls of the city a caricature of his picture of an episode from the battle of Eylau—a French surgeon offering to succour a wounded Prussian—and one evening the baron rushed furiously into the presence of Ingres, complaining that he had been grossly insulted by some of them, who had called him "Muscles and Biceps." On inquiry it was *asserted* that two of the pupils washing their hands in the court of the Institute, one had said to the other admiringly, in allusion to the said pupil's muscular development, "What muscle! what a biceps!" and that Gros was passing at the time and appropriated the remark as applied to himself. Notwithstanding this plausible explanation, Ingres compelled the accused to apologize to the offended artist. (See also p. 225.)

At the Institute also, about 1843-55, lived Abel François Villemain, professor and secretary for life of the Academy, peer of France and minister of public instruction, and author of "L'Histoire de Cromwell." His "Souvenirs Contemporaines" were written here. Victor Hugo describes a visit to him in 1845 in "the inner court of the Institute on the second storey, reached by a stair on the right hand—the apartment as miserable-looking as a garret in a convent." He was then, at the age of fifty-five, wasted with illness, his disordered grey hair and long black coat with a single button at the neck adding to his melancholy aspect. He died in 1870, at the age of eighty.

A third notable resident here was François Lenormant, son of the distinguished antiquary, Charles Lenormant (see p. 252), and under-librarian of the Institute from 1862.

In 1874 he became Professor of Archæology in the Bibliothèque Nationale. "With the exception of Professor Sayce," says a writer in the "Academy" (1883), "no modern savant has gained distinction in so many branches of learning." He has yet another claim to remembrance for his patriotic spirit during the Franco-German war, and as a volunteer in the National Guard. His death, in 1883, at the age of forty-eight, was said to be hastened by a wound which he received during the engagement at Buzenval, from the effects of which he never recovered.

HORACE VERNET died in the Institute, in 1863, aged seventy-four. (See also p. 63.)

No. 13 possesses that intense interest which must always attach to houses associated with the career of the great emperor—an interest formerly supposed to belong to No. 5. M. Auguste Vitu, however, has indicated No. 13 as, on reliable authority, the house in which NAPOLEON BONAPARTE occupied a small apartment on the top storey in the earliest part of his career. It has been designated "The Eagle's Nest." (See also pp. 12, 104.)

At No. 3, about 1830-1835, lived the famous surgeon, BARON DOMINIQUE LARREY, one of the brightest names in the annals of his profession. He was surgeon-in-chief to the Imperial Guard in the campaigns of Germany, Russia, Poland, and Spain, and was made prisoner at Waterloo—to be immediately released by order of Blucher. Napoleon said of him at St. Helena, that in the most inclement weather, and at all hours, Larrey was to be found among the wounded. He tormented the generals, and disturbed them in their beds at night, whenever he wanted accommodation or assistance for the sick or wounded. Napoleon left him £4,000 in his will, designating him as "the most virtuous man he ever met." He lived to the age of seventy-six, dying in 1842.

Crossing the Pont Neuf to the island of La Cité we arrive at the

Quai de l'Horloge.—No. 41, at the western extremity, is memorable as the home, in early youth (1754), of Jeanne Marie Philipon, afterwards to become famous as the soul of the Girondist party as MADAME ROLAND, and fated to end her life on the scaffold. She lived here with her grandmother, and she has described in her "Memoirs," written in prison, how she wandered constantly by the winding course of the river in the company of her aunt Angelica. (See also p. 43.)

MADAME ROLAND.

We retrace our steps and pass by the Rue Guénégaud to the

Rue Mazarin.—At No. 20 lived CHARLES BARBAROUX, one of the few attractive characters of the revolutionary period—young, handsome, and impetuous; who, when the Revolution seemed in peril from the veto of the king, wrote to Marseilles for six hundred men "who knew how to die;" and the six hundred came, among them Rouget de Lisle, who composed, it has been said, the "Marseillaise" upon the march. It has recently been asserted that he adapted simply his own words to an existing melody. Barbaroux, in hiding near St. Emilion with his

half-starved fellow-Girondists, Pétion and Buzot, mistook a party of harmless villagers for the emissaries of Robespierre sent to arrest him, and shot himself, but ineffectually, and was guillotined at Bordeaux in 1794. His age was twenty-seven.

The Place du Pont Neuf, a street of a few paces in length, leads into the

Rue de Seine.—No. 35 is indicated in the "Annuaire du Commerce" as the residence of ETIENNE GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE from 1815 to 1838. This eminent naturalist attracted the attention of Daubenton when a *pensionnaire* in the Collège du Cardinal Lemoine, and was entrusted by him with the determination of some of the objects in the collections of the Jardin. This was in the height of the Revolution, and an interesting anecdote is related of St. Hilaire's courage and daring at this time. All the professors of the college were arrested for the crime of being priests; some were released, others detained in the prison of St. Firmin, near Geoffroy's residence, and he, getting access to the prison under a disguise, signified to them that he intended to help them to escape. He got a ladder, and took it after nightfall to the corner of the prison wall which he had designated, and waited for eight hours before the first priest appeared. One of the prisoners hurt his foot in jumping, and Geoffroy carried him in his arms to a neighbouring yard. Twelve of the priests had been rescued when one of the guards fired a gun, the shot from which passed through Geoffroy's clothes, and aroused him to the fact that the sun had risen. A dangerous illness followed this adventure. (See also p. 181.)

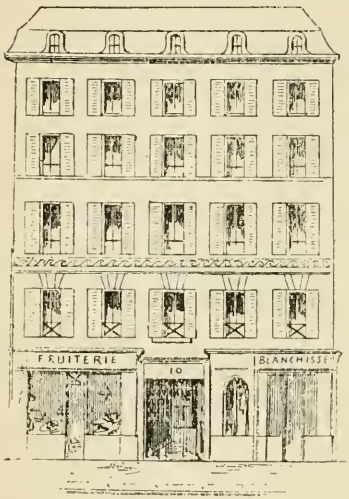
A more famous resident of this house was GEORGES DAGOBERT CUVIER, the greatest of French naturalists, at

the time when he was made Councillor of State under Louis XVIII., an office he had previously filled under Napoleon in 1814. Mrs. Lee, his biographer, describes him as "moderately tall, and in youth slight; but the sedentary nature of his life induced corpulence in his later years, and his extreme near-sightedness brought on a slight stoop in the shoulders. His hair had been light in colour, and to the last flowed in most picturesque curls over one of the finest heads that ever was seen. His features were remarkably regular and handsome, the nose aquiline, the mouth full of benevolence, the forehead most ample. His eyes combined intellect, vivacity, archness, and sweetness."

Cuvier appears to have been of a very kindly nature, though somewhat irritable, and easily excited over trifles; and with a total absence of all conceit and resentment. Of his habits we learn that he rose at seven and breakfasted at ten. It is recorded in the "Annual Register" (1833) that "he died at his residence in the Jardin des Plantes after a few days' illness. A pain which he had for some time felt in the right shoulder developed into a complete paralysis of the œsophagus, and the power of respiration was wholly destroyed. Though possessed of several lucrative appointments, he left no fortune save his collections and library, employing nearly all his income in the purchase of all the rarities which could be useful in his scientific pursuits." He died in 1832 at the age of sixty-three.

No. 10 is memorable as the residence of the painter Louis David. The personal peculiarities of the artist and politician, the friend and panegyrist of Robespierre and Marat, and a participant in all the absurdities committed by the Committee of Public Safety, are indicated in the vigorous and graphic phrases of Carlyle: "Gross David with the swollen cheeks . . . . choking his words in their birth totally

disqualifies him for an orator . . . . a man bodily and mentally swollen-cheeked, disproportionate; flabby—large instead of great; weak withal as in a state of convulsion; not strong in a state of composure" ("French Revolution"). In illustration of the small size of his head the following anecdote has been told. One day the artist, who had small hands and feet, remarked to his pupils that it was generally so with great men. "Yes," added one of them mischievously, "as also large heads." David thereupon must fain try on Bonaparte's hat, which with the rest of his dress David was painting in the picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps;" to his discomfiture, and the amusement of all present, it fell down over his face and neck. From 1816 David lived abroad. He died in 1825, aged seventy-one.



10, RUE DES BEAUX ARTS.

Rue des Beaux Arts.—At No. 10 resided JEAN BAPTISTE COROT, one of the most remarkable of modern French painters, in the height of his popularity—1849-1855. M. Claretie describes him as, though a Parisian, presenting, in old-fashioned costume, and with the ruddy cheeks and brown complexion induced by exercise and fresh air, the aspect of some well-to-do farmer. But when the face was suddenly lighted up with intelligence the countryman disappeared, and the artist was apparent in

the deliberate contemplation of the large and massive head, the noble forehead full of thought, and eyes moving rapidly hither and thither, and suddenly assuming a singular fixedness of expression. (See also pp. 132, 228.)

Prosper Mérimée also resided here about 1842-1846, and removed hence to the Rue Jacob. (See p. 193.)

At No. 8, Christian Brune, the artist in water-colour, died in 1849, He was sixty years of age.

No. 4, as recorded by Gabet, was at one period the residence of the famous sculptor, Jacques Pradier. A long residence in the Quai Voltaire affords the most suitable occasion for more extended mention. (See also pp. 197, 228.)

COROT.

The Rue Bonaparte, going northward, leads to the

Quai Malaquais.

—At No. 1, built as the Hotel Mirabeau in 1613, died Ennio Visconti, the eminent antiquary. He was appointed keeper of the museum at the Louvre, on the placing there of the ancient monuments and works of art from Rome; where he was formerly keeper of the Pontifical Museum. He was the author of a memoir in explanation of the meanings of the Elgin marbles, which he visited London in 1815 to inspect. He died in 1818, at the age of sixty-five.

No. 3, on the authority of Lock, was the scene of the labours and of the death of Comte Joseph Vien, the artist,

whose "Dædalus and Icarus" is now in the Louvre. A native of Montpellier, he came to Paris in 1750, where he numbered David among his pupils. He received his title from Napoleon. He continued to paint until a year before his death, at the age of ninety-three, in 1809.

A later and more notable resident of No. 3 was Baron Alexandre von Humboldt. He was living here in 1816, and was then engaged on his great work, "Nova genera et species plantarium." The formidable conversational—or rather monological—powers of the worthy baron, which were noted in connection with his residence at the Quai du Louvre (see p. 183), form the most prominent object of comment among all writers who have made him their subject. The Duc de Broglie found his conversation instructive, but extremely ponderous, as being overcharged with facts and allusions, and with interminable parentheses—a man doubtless of an universal knowledge and a prodigious activity, who was as much at home in gossip both of high society and the less reputable classes, as in discussing the secret operations of nature, "a little malicious to boot, a little cavilling—meddling, as the English say" ("Souvenirs"). (See also p. 90.)

Rue Bonaparte.—The École des Beaux Arts stands at the corner of the Quai Malaquais. Here the miniature painter, Jean Baptiste Isabey, resided from 1830 up to the year of his death. In his youth he struggled to gain a livelihood in Paris by painting the covers of snuff-boxes and coat-buttons. He then conceived the idea of making portraits in black pencil, which had a great success in the art-*salons* of the Directory. He afterwards painted the likeness of nearly all the European celebrities during the first Empire and the Restoration. The Louvre has but one

of his works, which represents the grand staircase of the museum. His portrait by Horace Vernet has been recently presented to the museum by the widow and daughter of his more famous son, Eugène Isabey. (See also p. 50.)

No. 8 is indicated by Lock as the residence in 1801 of the Comte Bernard de Lacépède, the naturalist, first and favourite pupil of Buffon and Daubenton. He was commandant of the National Guard at the breaking out of the Revolution, and his life was at one time in great peril. He died in 1825, aged sixty-nine. (See also p. 231.)

Rue Jacob.—At No. 52 Nicolas Chauveau-Lagarde, the advocate who defended Marie Antoinette, was living the year before his death, which occurred in 1841. He was eighty-five years of age. (See also p. 231.)

No. 46 has specially an interest for English-speaking visitors as in former times the hotel of Madame Rambouillet, where Laurence Sterne lodged on one, at least, of his visits to Paris (1762-1765), as recorded in "A Sentimental Journey;" in the pages of which may be found the startling illustration of Gallic manners at that time, afforded by the worthy Madame R., "of all women the most correct," and remarkable for "her purity of heart," on returning from the country drive to which she invited Sterne "in her coach."

At No. 18 Prosper Mérimée lived about the time of the establishment of the Second Empire. As an old friend of the mother of the Empress Eugenie, he became a habitual guest of the Imperial family. He also assisted the Emperor in his "Life of Cæsar." Several of his stories originated in the familiar discussions of the Imperial circle, or were read over there before publication. The writer of

an article in "Belgravia," 1890, gives the following anecdote: "While at Biarritz, in 1866, the conversation turned one day upon the difficult situations in which one is sometimes placed. That same night, having drank some strong tea, Mérimée wrote on a situation of this kind. He read it to the Empress. At that time there happened to be at Biarritz the Grand Duchess Marie, the daughter of Nicholas, to whom Mérimée had been presented some years before. Shortly after the reading a messenger came from the Grand Duchess, begging him to wait upon her that evening with his romance. His answer was very characteristic: 'I have the honour to be the jester of Her Majesty, and I cannot work abroad without her leave.' The least result expected by Mérimée was that there would be a war with Russia, and he was 'not a little mortified,' not only at receiving the Empress Eugenie's permission, but a renewed entreaty from the Duchess to wait upon her. 'She played the good Princess,' says Mérimée, 'and gave me excellent tea and cigarettes, for she smokes like all the Russian ladies.'" The romance in question was "La Chambre Bleu."

Victor Cousin says that Mérimée made no pretension to be considered other than a student and a scholar, and that no indications of *race* were to be found in either his bearing, his language, or his tastes. He describes him as of the middle height, and very well built; with a face the upper part of which was admirable, the forehead ample, and the eyes full of intelligence and high aspirations, but the nose was snout-shaped, the mouth sensual, and the jaws heavy. It is recorded of Mérimée that, dining at Les Roches, the country house of M. Bertin, editor of the "Journal des Débats," and finding the cook had spoiled a dish of maccaroni, he came another day, and putting on an apron, prepared one in the Italian style.

Mérimée died in 1858, at the age of fifty-five. (See also p. 191.)

No. 16 was at one period the residence of HENRI GREGOIRE, Bishop of Blois, Member of the States General in 1789, and one of the five representatives present at the famous session in the tennis-court at Versailles. Advocating in the Convention the suppression of the regal office, he tried to save the life of the king by a general proposition for abolishing the punishment of death. A consistent opponent of royalty, on the restoration of the Bourbons he was excluded from the Institute, and deprived of his bishopric, and in 1819 retired into private life. Thiers says of him that he "was the leader of a sect whose manners were pure; but his mind was contracted and his vanity excessive" ("Hist. du Cons. et l'Empire"). He died in 1831, at the age of eighty-one.

At No. 15, in 1836, lived PIERRE JOSEPH PELLETIER, the chemist, to whom is due the discovery of quinine. He inherited his remarkable powers of observation and analysis from his father, Bertrand Pelletier, who died in 1797. Joseph Pelletier died in 1842, at the age of sixty-four.

No. 12, according to Lock, was the residence of ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, the wealthy Prussian baron who renounced his rank and titles, and abjured his Christian names of Jean Baptiste as having a superstitious origin, substituting the classical prenomen of Anacharsis; and became one of the most violent fanatics of the Revolution. Exciting the jealousy of Robespierre, he was guillotined with Hébert and others in 1794, at the age of forty-one. "A dashing man," writes Carlyle, "beloved at patriotic dinner-tables, with gaiety, nay, with humour; headlong; trenchant, of free purse; in suitable costume; though what mortal ever more despised costume" ("French Revolution").

Rue de l'Abbaye.—At No. 3, now the *Société de Chirurgie*, or College of Surgeons, JACQUES PRADIER, the sculptor, lived in 1835. (See also pp. 191, 228.)

Rue Bonaparte.—No. 88 is noteworthy as having been the residence, under the Empire, of ROGER DUCOS, by title a count, and member with Bonaparte and Siéyès of the Provisional Consulate. "When they met for the first time at the Luxembourg," says Arnault, "Siéyès having asked which of the three should preside, 'You can see,' said Ducos; 'it is the General who presides.' As a fact, before any discussion had taken place, Bonaparte had assumed the place of honour." The same writer attributes to Ducos great elevation of character and aptness of wit. He was banished as a regicide at the second restoration. His death, in 1816, was the result of an accident. While travelling in Austria his carriage was overturned, the wheel passing over his body. He was sixty-two at his death.

Rue Madame.—At No. 25, at the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard, the famous actress, MDLLE. GEORGES —whose full name was Marguerite Georges Weimar— lived in 1832; a lovelier creature than whom, according to Madame Le Brun, had never been seen on the boards of a theatre. Her profile is described as perfect Grecian; her figure symmetrical and voluptuous; her voice melodious and penetrating. Her delivery, however, was cold and declamatory, though harmoniously moderated: the "one touch of nature" was to her a thing unknown.

Of Mdlle. Georges' *liaison* with Napoleon, Madame de Rémusat says that Madame Bonaparte learned soon enough, through the spying of her servants, that Mdlle. Georges had

on several occasions been introduced into an apartment at the Tuileries; and gives an amusing account of how she was once induced by Madame Bonaparte to personally attempt a verification of Josephine's suspicions by accompanying her, after midnight, on a visit to the "little back room," but was so frightened by a suggestion of Josephine's, that Bonaparte's Mameluke, who was probably on guard, was "quite capable of killing them both," that she incontinently ran away, and was prudently followed by Josephine herself.

The closing years of the actress's life were far from prosperous. She occupied a small apartment in the Rue du Helder with her sister for some time, giving lessons in elocution, and sadly harassed by her creditors. In 1849 Victor Hugo records that she called upon him and told him she owed ten francs to her *concierge*, and had been forced to pledge the diamond buttons Napoleon had given her. She had engagements only at the minor theatres, and had not at that moment a shilling to pay for her cab. At the opening of the first exhibition Louis Napoleon, hearing of her distressed condition, bestowed on her a small sinecure—the duties being performed by deputy—of custodian of the visitors' cloaks and umbrellas at the Théâtre Français, which materially improved her slender means of subsistence. She died in 1869, at the age of eighty-two. (See also p. 81.)

At No. 47 François Tissot, author of "Etudes sur Virgil," died, in 1854, at the age of eighty-six.

Rue Casette.—No. 23 was the residence at the time of his death, in March of the present year, 1893, of Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, best known to English readers by his poetical and picturesque "History of English Litera-

ture." Eminently distinguished as a writer, his private life was without reproach. He died while in the act of taking a cup of coffee, at the age of sixty-four.

Rue de Vaugirard.—No. 70 was, in 1848, the Dominican convent, of which ascetic PÈRE JEAN HENRI LACORDAIRE was the head. A writer in the "Nation" (1868), says: "He cherished through life the idea of the actual physical crucifixion, and constantly strove to keep fresh in his mind the thought of its anguish by a variety of ingenious mechanical devices. At one time he actually had himself crucified for three hours by means of ropes. At all times he practised the most painful and degrading mortifications, such as causing himself to be lashed to a column and scourged, having his brother monks spit in his face, washing and kissing their feet." He occupied his cell here for twelve years. On the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 he resumed his political activity, and started a journal called "L'Ere Nouvelle." The offence given in his political allusions in his last sermon at St. Roch led to the offer and acceptance of the mastership of the College at Sorèze. He died in 1861, aged fifty-nine. (See also p. 167.)

At No. 108 the ABBÉ ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS lived from 1834 to 1838. (See also pp. 34, 78, 110, 146.)

Continuing along the Rue de Vaugirard we reach the

Rue de l'Abbé Gregoire.—No. 9 was, on the authority of Lock's "Guide," the residence of NICOLAS CHARLET. The street in his day was called the Rue St. Maur St. Germain, and afterwards Rue des Missions. Charlet was eminent as a painter and a lithographer, and was first brought into notice by a lithograph, "La garde meurt mais ne se rend pas" ("The guard dies but never surrenders"),

in 1817. His lithographs are said to number 2,000 : twelve of his drawings are in the Louvre. He died in 1845 at the age of fifty-three.

At No. 12 lived the distinguished chemist ANTOINE AUGUSTIN PARMENTIER, whose claim to celebrity rests chiefly on his efforts to popularize the use of the potato ; but who produced many works, including dissertations on rural and domestic economy, and treatises on the art of manufacturing vinegar, syrups, conserves, and sea-biscuits. (See also p. 160.)

Returning a few paces on the Rue de Vaugirard we enter the

Rue St. Placide.—No. 9 bears a memorial tablet inscribed : "The poet HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU, who died, December 10th, 1838, was born in this house April 9th, 1810." Moreau's history is a sad and painful one. Apprenticed to a printer at Provins, the only happy years he knew were spent there under the influence of a pure attachment to a young girl, whom in his letters and verses he calls his "sister." The revolution of 1830 attracted him to Paris, where he fell into bad company, and became so impoverished that, unable to pay for a lodging, he was obliged to wander about the streets, sleeping in a boat on the Seine or under a tree in the Bois de Boulogne, until taken in charge by the police. Two years were spent in degrading expedients to support life : then he returned on foot to Provins. But a year later found him again in Paris, bent on a renewal of the struggle which his lack of energy and persistent effort rendered hopeless. Moreau absolutely died of hunger, at the age of twenty-eight. He wrote satires, songs, and elegies. His satires have been said to remind one of Barthélemy, and his songs palpably imitated Béranger.

Crossing the Rue de Vaugirard we enter the

Rue du Montparnasse.—No. 32 possesses a tablet inscribed: "EDGAR QUINET, representative of the people, professor of the College of France; born in 1803, died in 1875; lived in this house from 1840 to December 2nd, 1851." It was in 1840 that Quinet came to Paris to fill the chair in the Collège de France. His "Génie de Religion" (1842), "Les Jésuites" (1843), and "L'Inquisition en Espagne" (1844), were written here. Banished by the decree of January, 1851, he resided until the fall of the Empire in Switzerland and Belgium. "Although so austere in his principles," says Heath, "there was something extremely winning in his appearance and manner, so that he always appears to have been a favourite with the fair sex. He was the friend of Montelembert, and, like him, the opponent of Ultramontanism." He was seventy-two at his death.

At No. 24 the historian AUGUSTIN THIERRY resided in 1853. His prolonged study of the ancient text resulted in the loss of his sight, and this was followed by paralysis, which, as he said, "killed him bit by bit." Under these distressing conditions, however, he set himself with much ardour to the preparation of a new edition of "La Conquête," but death suddenly put an end to his labours. He died at the age of sixty. He resided also for a time at No. 28.

No. 11 bears a tablet inscribed: "SAINTE-BEUVE, poet and critic, born at Boulogne-sur-Mer December 23rd, 1808, died in this house October 13th, 1869." Charles Auguste Sainte-Beuve, the acknowledged head critic of France, if not of Europe, occupied this house for many years. M. Copin ("Maisons Historiques de Paris") states that he died in the first storey, in the bedchamber which he used as

a study, the appointments being of the simplest kind, "a wardrobe, writing-table, chairs covered in green damask, an iron bedstead, with a very thin mattress, and without curtains, books everywhere." In the "Journal de Goncourt" (1869) he is described as habitually *en déshabillé* when at work, "his purple woollen socks and slippers giving him the aspect of a gouty doorkeeper." This was two years before his death; for four years prior to that event Ste. Beuve had been a sufferer from the inflammatory malady of which he died.

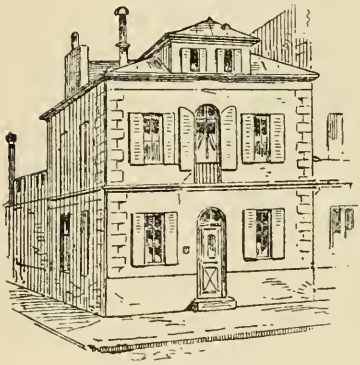
Victor Hugo describes Ste. Beuve as "bald and little." Georges Sand said that his conversation, with its abundant and precious resources, was very salutary to her, and that she regarded it as a duty to reckon him amongst her intellectual benefactors. "His posthumous fortune," writes Mr. Saintsbury, "has not been enviable. He left no regular memoirs, though a valuable document (two such, in fact) exists giving under his own hand the main facts and dates of his career. Some persons who had been in literary relations with him compiled reminiscences by no means creditable to his character."

Ste. Beuve died at the age of sixty-one.

The Rue Mont Parnasse leads into the Rue Notre Dame des Champs; turning to the right in this street, the Rue Bara, at some little distance, leads into the

Rue d'Assas.—No. 108 is very interesting: it was formerly numbered 48, Rue de l'Ouest. Here EMILE LITTRÉ resided while engaged on his great work, the "Dictionary of the French Language." "M. Littré," says Texier, "lives in a small apartment in the Rue de l'Ouest, and its interior is that of a true workman. His wife and daughter manage the house, and he has only one servant." Littré himself has described the house as one from which the

Communists fired upon the Versailles troops during three days, and which they set fire to in the ground floor; though further damage was arrested by the timely arrival of the fire brigade. Hither one day came his publisher, M. Hachette, to find to his consternation the precious "copy" lying in piles in the immediate vicinity of the fireplace, and hence, at the urgent entreaty of that gentleman, he despatched eight chests of white wood, each containing 2,400 manuscript pages of his dictionary, to his country house at Mesnil.



108, RUE D'ASSAS.

Littré has left us an account of his daily routine at Mesnil: how, rising at eight, while his bedroom, which was also his workroom, was being attended to, he took some work to the apartment in which he breakfasted; returned at nine to his own room, and corrected the proofs which had arrived till luncheon at one o'clock, worked till three on his daily article for the "Journal des Savants," from three to six on the dictionary, dined from six till seven, went again to his desk and worked till three in the morning. In town the time was less strictly organized. From 1862 to 1872 this close application was maintained, though deranged during the last eighteen months by his attendance at the National Assembly. He was sixty-one when he commenced his task, and seventy-three at its close. Working as he did, with a neglect of the ordinary laws of health, it is not surprising to find him also at an advanced age in a chronic

condition of sickness—"little fevers, catarrhs, and rheumatism"; yet he strangely reasons that "he has been, on examination, from a medical standpoint, unable to find any connection of cause and effect." (See also next page.)

At No. 84 (formerly 36bis, Rue de l'Ouest) JEROME MARIE LANGLOIS, the painter, died in 1838. He was a pupil of David, and was admitted into the Academy des Beaux Arts only nine months before his death. His age was forty-nine.

LITTRÉ.

No. 76 has a tablet inscribed: "Here lived JULES MICHELET, historian, born at Paris August 22nd, 1798, died at Hyères (Var) February 9th, 1874." Michelet had previously resided in another house in the same street — then called the Rue de l'Ouest—since demolished; but much of his time was spent in the country. A good description of him is given in "Macmillan's Magazine," vol. xxx.:

"The extraordinary development of his brain and nervous system, exceeding that of every other part of his physical organization, at once struck all who saw him. It was difficult not to forget that he had a body at all, so thin was it and frail-looking. His fine head, disproportionately large for the small frame which it surmounted, looked as if it had been moulded by his mind, so closely did they resemble each other in character. His mouth was large, and his thin clearly-cut lips gave a distinct vibratory sound to his speech.

. . . . The lower part of his face, with its heavy square chin, betrayed his plebeian origin, and revealed the material side of his nature. His hair was white when he had reached his twenty-fifth year, but after that he did not change—he never grew old. He was at work at six in the morning, and remained shut up in his study till twelve or one. The afternoon was devoted to social intercourse and exercise. From four to six he was always visible to his friends, and, with very rare exceptions, retired to rest at ten or half-past. He was extremely moderate in his habits, and never took any stimulant but coffee, of which he was very fond. He never would accept any dinner or evening engagements. He preferred that everything about him should remain stationary: he never allowed the cloth that covered his writing-table to be changed, nor the old torn pasteboard boxes which held his papers to be removed.

"He was simple and affable in his address, and his conversation was a delightful mixture of poetry and wit. His dress was always irreproachable. I see him now, seated in his own arm-chair at his evening reception, in a close-fitting frock-coat, on which, so to speak, no speck of dust was ever visible; his trousers strapped over his patent-leather shoes."

Like his neighbour Littré, Michelet was no connoisseur in pictures or works of art. Birds, living or stuffed, were the chief ornaments of his rooms. During the siege of Paris he contracted heart disease, and died during one of his annual visits to the Mediterranean. He was seventy-six at his death. (See also p. 201.)

No 44 bears a tablet inscribed: "Emile Littré, author of the Great Dictionary of the French Language, born at Paris 1st February, 1801, died in this house 2nd June, 1881." Littré lived here, when in Paris, for about two

years before his death. M. Copin says that he died in a small room on the second floor.

No. 14 was the residence for many years of PIERRE JEAN DAVID, the sculptor, called David of Angers, to distinguish him from Louis David the painter. A writer in "Fraser's Magazine" (1843) says: "Reader, if you ever visit Paris for profit or recreation, go to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and look at the monument of Fay; go to the Place de Panthéon, and contemplate the *fronton*, and then walk quietly to the Rue d'Assas, and see in how quiet, sequestered, and humble a manner lives this man of genius and taste, of patriotism and philanthropy; then ring the bell, ask of the porter permission to see the workshop of his master; send in your card, examine well the covered glass cases of medallions, which are exact likenesses of great and distinguished persons; cast your eyes on the colossal figures which, at the particular period you call, may be engaging his time and genius; and if, perchance, a short man with a very large head, covered by immense quantities of hair, clad in a common smock frock, but with a physiognomy at once the most striking and benevolent you ever gazed on, should come across your path, take your hat off and do that man reverence, for it is David."

The last few years of David's life were spent away from France, but he returned to Paris to die in 1856. After the Coup d'Etat he was exiled by Louis Napoleon, "ostensibly for his political opinions," says the writer of "An Englishman in Paris," "in reality, because he refused to furnish the monument for Queen Hortense's tomb after her son's *fiasco* at Boulogne." David was sixty-seven at his death. (See also p. 212.)

Rue de Vaugirard.—At No. 51, according to the

"Annuaire du Commerce" of that year, PIERRE SIMON DE LAPLACE was living in 1818. He probably removed from this house to the Rue de Bac. (See also pp. 211, 218, 234.)

No. 23 was the residence for half a century—(1820-1869)—of JACQUES BABINET, professor of physics in the College of St. Louis at Paris, and author of the interesting "Etudes et Lectures sur les Sciences d'Observation et leur applications pratiques." He lived here from 1869, and died in 1872, at the age of seventy-eight.

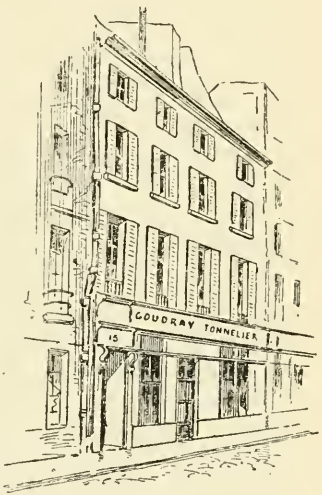
At No. 38, as recorded by Gabet, CLAUDE RAMEY, the sculptor, lived in 1831. Some of the bas-reliefs of the Arc de Triomphe, of the Carrousel, the Panthéon, and the Luxembourg are his work. He died in 1838, at the age of eighty-four.

At No. 19, in 1820, lived CHARLES MONTHOLON, one of Napoleon's generals, engaged at Eckmühl and Wagram, aide-de-camp to the Emperor in the Waterloo campaign, and the most ready and eager to share his exile at St. Helena. "After the departure of Las Cases and General Gourgaud from St. Helena, all the work rested upon Montholon. He passed the greater part of the day, and often of the night, either writing from the Emperor's dictation, reading to, or conversing with him. During the four days' illness which preceded the death of Napoleon, Montholon was day and night at his bedside, with a truly filial devotion" ("Didot").

Montholon in this house prepared the "Mémoires" of the great Emperor, which appeared in 1823. The fortune of £80,000 which Napoleon left him he lost in speculation, and for a time lived in Belgium. A participant of Louis Napoleon's intended expedition from Boulogne, he shared the imprisonment of the prince at Ham. Warden describes

Montholon at St. Helena as of a cheerful, lively disposition. He died in 1853, at the age of seventy-nine.

Rue Servandoni.—No. 15 bears a tablet inscribed: "In 1793 and 1794 CONDORCET, being proscribed, found an asylum in this house, where he wrote his last work, 'L'Esquisse du Progrès de l'Esprit Humain.'" A certain Madame Vernet occupied the house at that time, and let apartments to students. Denounced by Chabot in the Convention, NICOLAS CARITAT, MARQUIS DE CONDORCET, was received by this excellent lady, a widow—"one of those noble and beneficent characters that show us how high humanity can reach. 'Is he an honest and industrious man?' she asked of his friend; 'in that case let him come, and lose not a moment.' That same night Condorcet entrusted his life to her keeping, and remained for nine months in hiding under her roof" ("Fortnightly Review," 1878). Let Lamartine continue the story:



15, RUE SERVANDONI.

"Condorcet shuts himself up with some books and his thoughts in a room high up in the top floor. He takes an imaginary name. He never goes out, and opens his window only by night, descending to take his meals like a friend of the family at his hostess's table. . . . Condorcet continued in his hiding-place during the autumn and winter of 1793,

and the first months of 1794. In all the noise and insanity and fury of liberty he composed his work on 'The Perfectability of the Human Race.' His solitude was consoled by his labours: it was especially so by the assiduous visits of his young wife, whose splendid beauty and eloquent soul had been the delight of his youth and the charm of his house. On night setting in, Madame Condorcet would glide unnoticed into the gloomy alleys which led to her husband's retreat. Condorcet might have been happy if he had only waited for it, but on the return of spring he was seized with such a longing for liberty and motion, that Madame Vernet was obliged to keep guard over him like a real prisoner. . . . At last, on April 5th, about ten in the morning, under pretext of taking his meal, he descends to the common room. This parlour was close to a door on the street. Scarcely seated, he pretends to have forgotten a book in his room; Madame Vernet, unsuspecting, offers to get the volume for him. Condorcet accepts the offer, and the moment his hostess's back is turned, he darts out of the house."

On the following day he was arrested as a suspect at a little inn at Clamart—betrayed, it is said, by the possession of a volume of Horace, and by the whiteness of his hands—and a few days later died, either from the effects of exhaustion, or, as reported, from taking poison contained in a ring, in the prison of Bourg-la-Reine. At his death, in 1794, he was fifty-one years of age. In person Condorcet was in no way remarkable. His voice was feeble and his utterance indistinct. (See also p. 221.)

Passing at the back of the church of St. Sulpice, we enter the

Rue de Tournon.—No. 2 possesses a twofold interest. For a period before and after 1830 the house was

tenanted in its entirety by the author, HENRI DE LA TOUCHE. His novel, "France et Marie," was produced in 1836; "Leo" in 1840; "Un Mirage," and his first volume of verse, "Les Adieux," in 1843. He is described by Georges Sand, who may be said to have been at one time his pupil, as, at forty-five, "rather too fat"; with a countenance sparkling with wit, of exquisite manners, a sweet and penetrating voice, an aristocratic and distinct pronunciation, but "his habitually satirical humour had such a substratum of spleen, that his sportiveness was rendered mortally sad." In mature life he became a prey to a physical malady which affected his mental powers. He died in 1851, at the age of sixty-six.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC came to live here with La Touche (as we learn from Mirecourt, with whom he was on terms of intimacy) on the failure of his printing and publishing speculations in 1827, and remained here until 1830, when he removed to the Rue Cassini (see p. 177). The novelist is said to have drawn his own portrait in "Albert Savarus." It is certainly somewhat more flattering than that supplied by others. The head is "superb," the hair black, but shining and curling, the throat "round and white as that of a woman"; the forehead is "magnificent, marked between the eyebrows with that one powerful wrinkle which great projects, great thoughts, and strong meditations inscribe on the foreheads of great men"; an olive complexion, but rosy; eyes of fire; a mouth which smiles sardonically, with black moustaches cut short, a voice of "penetrating sweetness," of middle height, neither fat nor thin—"his hands like those of a prelate." (See also pp. 128, 161, 177, 265.)

No. 4 was the residence, about 1838-1848, of AUGUSTE LEDRU-ROLLIN, who was at the head of the Home Office in the Provisional Government. Louis Blanc thus describes

him: "A ready wit, great political energy tempered by easy and engaging manners, a strong will, great integrity, and a vehement desire to secure the triumph of the Republic, with oratorical powers of a high order; and these were united in him with a fine imposing figure and an indescribable magnetism which seemed to follow every gesture" ("Révélations Historiques"). Daniel Stern speaks of his "strongly built figure, his noble deportment, and the lively gleam of his dark eye." He died in 1874 of heart disease, at his country house at Fontenay-aux-Roses.

At No. 5 lived for over half a century, and died, MARIE LENORMAND, who commenced her career as a fortune-teller in Paris, at the age of sixteen, in 1788, with no worldly possessions but the clothes she wore, and six francs which her stepmother had given her on leaving Alençon—where she had commenced her prophetic career by telling the superior of the convent in which she was educated that she was foredoomed to be superseded, and indicating her successor. The unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, whose untimely fate she predicted, was a frequent visitor, and hither also to the Rue de Tournon came Marat, Robespierre, and St. Just—the doom pronounced on each to be fulfilled in due course, and the fate of the two last proving the salvation of the prophetess, who was at that time incarcerated.

The Empress Josephine had unlimited faith in the power of Mdlle. Lenormand, as also had Madame de Staël. She is described as a short, fat, little woman, with a ruddy face, overshadowed by the abundant curls of a flaxen wig, and surmounted by a semi-oriental turban, the rest of her dress being much in the style of a butterwoman. Her features were ugly, except the eyes, which in age preserved their brightness and vivacity. A chateau at Poissy, and a large collection of very good pictures, were part of the results of

her numerous and liberal fees. "Man has need of something wonderful," Napoleon is reported by O'Meara to have said; "it is better to seek it in religion than of Mdlle. Lenormand." She died in 1843, at the age of seventy-one.

No. 6 was at one period the residence of PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE. (See also pp. 206, 218, 234.)

At No. 12 Madame SOPHIE HOUDETÔT lived during her later years, and here she died. "This delightful old lady," says Madame Rémusat, "received all the best and most agreeable society in Paris." "On Wednesdays," writes Madame de Witt ("Life of Guizot"), "Madame Houdetôt received at dinner a certain number of people, who were invited once for all, and who might go there whenever they pleased. There were about eight or ten guests in general, sometimes more. After the meal was over, Madame Houdetôt seated herself in the chimney corner, in her large armchair, with bent back and head inclined almost on her chest, speaking low and little—almost motionless, taking in everything we said. She was a piquant and original mixture of old age and youth, of quiet and animation." Chateaubriand says that at the age of eighty-two she used to exclaim:

> "Si l'amour me console
> Rien ne pourra me consoler de lui,"

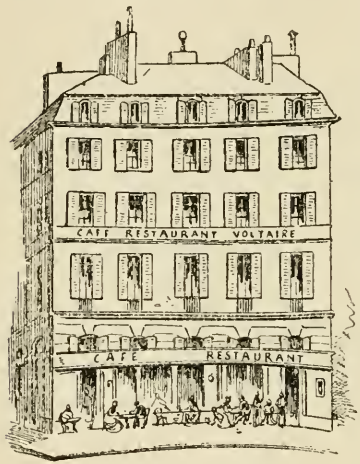
and that she never went to bed without striking the floor three times with her slipper, and saying to the author of "Les Saisons," "Good night, my friend!"

No. 31, on the authority of Lock, was the residence of JEAN FRANÇOIS LESUEUR, the eminent musician and composer of the operas, "Télémaque," "Paul et Virginie," etc. He died in 1837, aged seventy-four. (See also p. 107.)

We now again return to the

Rue de Vaugirard.—At No. 20 the famous sculptor PIERRE JEAN DAVID was living in 1831, as noted by Gabet. (See also p. 205.)

Here also, in 1844-1858, lived JULES JANIN, who has been called the "prince of critics," of whom Madame de Staël said that he was a born *garçon* without vanity, who had the good luck not to show his wit but by necessity, and who spoke of his dogs with more love than he did of his writings. Thackeray came to see him here in 1849, and writes: "He has the most wonderful *verve*, oddity, honesty, *bonhomie*. He was ill with the gout, or recovering perhaps; but bounced about the room, gesticulating, joking, gasconading, quoting Latin, pulling out his books, which are very handsome, and tossing about his curly brown hair: a magnificent, jolly, intelligent face, such as would suit Pan I should think; a flood of humorous, rich, jovial talk" ("Letters"). In 1858 Janin removed to the charming châlet built for him in the Rue de Pompe Passy. (See p. 202.)



1, PLACE DE L'ODÉON.

Turning to the left we arrive at the

Place de l'Odéon.—To No. 1 is affixed a tablet inscribed: "CAMILLE DESMOULINS lived in this house in

1792." M. Copin points out that the lukewarm Jacobin, the moderation of whose opinions as expressed in "Le vieux Cordelier" brought him to the scaffold, lived here really for a term of six years. His physical and mental peculiarities have been summarized by Carlyle: "Slight-built, with long curling locks; with the face of dingy blackguardism wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha lamp burnt within it, ... a fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay humour; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all these millions" ("French Revolution").

Assuming the correctness of the statement on the tablet, Lock is in error in stating, in 1854, that the house in which Desmoulins actually lived on this site had been abolished.

Rue de l'Odéon.—To No. 21 (formerly numbered 35) GUSTAVE FLAUBERT came to reside in 1842. In July of that year he writes: "I quit to-morrow the fashionable quarter (Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; see p. 18), and go to lodge at the Rue de l'Odéon 35. Tuesday morning I begin my uncivilized life." He remained here, however, only four months, for in November he writes: "I have quarters at last, and am going to buy furniture. It is at the entrance of the Rue de l'Est, and costs 300 francs per annum. The price of the furniture is about 200 francs. The width of the iron bedstead is three feet, by six feet long. One has only to send on the mattress, bed-clothes, draperies, candlesticks, etc." In 1844 he left the Rue de l'Est, as we learn from a letter in which he laments the loss of his pipe in moving—"a fine black pipe, which I got from Constant, and which I have smoked for seven years. In its company I have passed the happiest hours of my life" ("Correspondence"). (See also pp. 18, 144.)

Turning out of the Place de l'Odéon, on the south-east corner is the

Rue Racine.—No. 3 appears in the "Annuaire du Commerce" of 1862 as the residence of GEORGES SAND (Aurore Dudevant). Goncourt, who gives the number as 2, says she lived on the fourth storey, in a handsome room—a kind of artist's studio. He describes a visit to her here on a dull day when she was scarcely distinguishable, as she sat, without rising at the entrance of her visitor, in a gloom lighted only occasionally by the wax taper which she ignited to light her cigarette: "a calf-like, ruminant attitude," automatic movements, and a monotonous speech, created a far from favourable impression. This was modified, however, on her rising at his departure by the sight of a shapely, softly moulded, quiet figure, and features with a delicate chiselling which the portraits of the day failed to present.

Charles Dickens met Georges Sand at Madame Viardot's in 1856; she impressed him still less favourably: "Just the kind of woman in appearance whom you might suppose to be the Queen's monthly nurse. Chubby, matronly, swarthy, black-eyed. Nothing of the blue-stocking about her, except a little final way of settling all your opinions with hers. . . . A singularly ordinary woman in appearance and manner." She was then fifty-two. She died in 1876, at the age of seventy-two.

Returning along the Rue Racine we enter the

Rue Monsieur le Prince.—No. 22 is redolent of artistic tradition. Here was the studio of the famous artist JEAN GOUJON, assassinated on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572, whose works may be seen in the bas-reliefs at the Louvre,

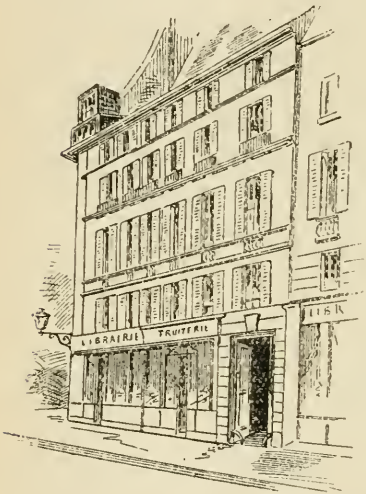
and the decorations at the Hotel Carnavalet, as well as in his *chef-d'œuvre*, the Fountain of the Innocents, in the centre of the Halles.

To this studio, described by Lacroix as "an enormous room," came as its proprietor and occupant GUSTAVE DORÉ, arriving daily, as we learn from his biographer, Blanche Roosevelt, "at 8 A.M. to work, from the Rue St. Dominique; calling on his friend M. Kratz in the Rue Jacob by the way, to say, 'Come and fetch me to-night for dinner at about seven; I shall be at work all day in the studio.'" The only interval of rest he allowed himself was to "rush out about half-past twelve or one to some neighbouring pot-house, swallow a few mouthfuls, usually standing, and then hurry back to his work. ... This was his daily habit for years." The same writer thus describes Doré's personal characteristics in 1873: "A face of squarish oval shape, surmounted by masses of dark brown hair, and perfectly smooth, save for one questioning wrinkle just above the right eyebrow; a firm, broad, intelligent forehead, full at the temple, and but thinly covered with an almost transparent coating of flesh; eyes that were a greyish blue, dark, soft, yet fathomless. His mouth, shaded by a slight moustache, was too small for a man's face. It was well-formed, but closed so tightly that the lips borrowed their humour from his eyes and forehead. Pride and self-consciousness were there signalized to an extreme degree. His build was compact and elegant, though slightly inclined to *embonpoint*."

Doré's earnings were enormous, arising, as is well known, very largely from book-illustration. As far as appreciation of his art as a painter by his own countrymen went he was a disappointed man. Between 1850 and 1870 he is said to have earned nearly £280,000. We read of £400 earned in a single morning, and a score of designs executed in one day

before noon: such was his marvellous rapidity of execution. (See also pp. 247, 258.)

No. 10 is very memorable as the residence, on the first storey, of AUGUSTE COMTE in his last years, and the house in which his "Positive Polity" was written. The rooms he occupied are preserved in the same condition they were left in at his death: his old clothes even are to be found in a cupboard. Sir Erskine Parry, who visited him here in 1853, gives the following interesting account in the "Nineteenth Century" (vol. ii.): Comte received him in "a neat little room with a good fire in it, two book-cases, with glass doors, full of books —a smallish stooping man, in long dark tweed-lined dressing-gown, much bloodshot in one eye, a healthy rosy tint, short black hair, small Celtic features, forehead unremarkable, agreeable physiognomy. He was now living on the subsidy which a few Positivists collected for him [in 1852 this amounted to £144]. Observing the neatness of his apartments, he told me they cost him 1,600 francs [£64] a year, which was wholly disproportioned to his income and other expenditure. For his living, he said, thanks to his *servante, femme surexcellente*, did not exceed £40 a year. Formerly, when he took it, he lived a family life



10, RUE MONSIEUR LE PRINCE.

with his wife, a woman who had given him all sorts of trouble, from whom he was now happily separated. And here, he said, was the scene of those *entretiens avec ma sainté collègue qui est mort il y sept ans* (Madame Clotilde de Vaux, a young quasi-widow living in forced separation from her husband—a thorough *vaurien*—whose association of a purely platonic kind with Comte existed for a year before her death). 'I never read,' said Comte, 'reading interrupts thinking. It is necessary to begin with reading, but I have given it up, and don't even read scientific works. Fifteen years ago I gave up reading newspapers as I found it very injurious. . . . Seeing so many people as I do I hear of everything that occurs. . . . Every day I read a chapter of the "Imitation." I rise every morning at five o'clock and work the whole day, except on Wednesdays, when I go out to preside over the *Société Positive*, and on Thursdays, when I conduct my correspondence and receive my friends. I receive also every evening from seven to eight, and if no one comes I go to bed at eight. I am not yet grey, for I have no ambition like the rest. That is to say I am ambitious, for a wish to found a school like Aristotle or St. Paul, and one that probably will be more important than both of these two joined together.'"

COMTE.

Comte died in 1857, at the age of fifty-nine. (See also p. 174.)

Passing through the Carrefour de l'Odéon, and crossing the Boulevard St. Germain, we enter the

Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie.—No. 14 was the old Théâtre Français, and bears a tablet inscribed to that effect, with the dates 1659-1770.

Here lived ANTOINE JEAN GROS, the painter, famous for his illustration of the Napoleonic battlefields, and for the cupola of St. Geneviève, previously and at the present time the Panthéon—a work which obtained for him the title of baron. A pupil of David, Gros at the Revolution took over the studio of that artist, where, it is said, no less than four hundred pupils received instruction. The adverse criticisms passed on his works by the partisans of the romantic school so affected him—his health also being much broken—that he committed suicide by drowning himself in the Seine in 1835. His age was sixty-four.

Rue St. André des Arts.—At No. 61 lived, in 1821, the orientalist ABEL RÉMUSAT, at that time Professor of Chinese at the College of France, and editor of the "Journal des Savants." His too early death, in 1832, was caused by cholera. Véron said of him that the "refinement and subtlety of his talents and his style were peculiarly Parisian."

Rue des Grands Augustines.—No. 24 was at one period the residence of PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE. (See also pp. 206, 211, 234.)

No 21 is noteworthy as the birthplace of EMILE LITTRÉ in 1801. (See also pp. 201, 204.)

The Rue de Savoie leads into the

Rue Séquier.—At No. 15 lived FRANÇOIS FOURIER, the socialist writer, and author of the "Théorie des Quatre Mouvements," after publishing which, in 1808, he repaired to Paris. Here, a writer in "Celebrities of the Century" says, "he announced that he would be at home every day at noon to meet any one disposed to lend a million francs to extend his scheme of co-operation. He continued this for twelve years. He found out by the manifestation of numbers—by which he thought he could solve any problem—that the human race was to exist for 80,000 years, and that in 10,000 years the millennium would come. He could also, by his calculations, pay off the national debt of England in six months by two billions of hens' eggs, a hen laying at the rate of 200 eggs a year, and the eggs sold at fivepence a dozen." By another calculation, a man between eighteen and twenty-eight years of age would do as much work as would enable him to live comfortably for the rest of his life—a doubtful good, as all who know the charm and value of at least congenial labour can testify.

Arago gives a very interesting account of this singular character: "Fourier was endowed with a constitution which held forth a promise of long life; but what can natural advantages avail against the anti-hygienic habits which men arbitrarily acquire. In order to guard against slight attacks of rheumatism, our colleague was in the habit of clothing himself, even in the hottest season of the year, after a fashion which is not practised even by travellers condemned to spend the winter amid the snows of the polar regions. 'One would suppose me to be corpulent,' he used to say; 'be assured, however, there is much to deduct from

this opinion.'" Of his independence of character Arago tells the following anecdote: "'It is strange,' said a very influential personage at the court of Charles X., whom Fourier's servant would not allow to pass beyond his antechamber, 'that your master should be more difficult of access than a minister!' Fourier heard the conversation, leaped out of bed, to which he was confined by indisposition, opened the door of his chamber, and exclaimed, face to face with the courtier, 'Joseph, tell monsieur that if I was minister I should receive everybody, because it would be my duty to do so; but being a private individual I receive whomsoever I please, and at what hour I please.'"

Fourier died in 1837; his age was sixty-five.

The Rue St. André des Arts leads in a few paces to a centre of traffic at the Place St. Michel.

ROUTE VIII.

Distance, 6 *Miles.*

Our starting point is the Place de la Concorde. Crossing the Pont de la Concorde we reach the

Rue de Lille.—At No. 119 General de La Fayette and Madame de La Fayette lived in 1799, after the release of La Fayette from the Austrian prison of Olmutz; where his confinement had been voluntarily shared by his wife, when the death of Robespierre saved her from the fate of her mother, grandmother, and sister on the scaffold. (See also p. 32.)

No. 80 was the residence of Joseph Mortier, Duc de Trévise, and Marshal of France, who was killed by the infernal machine of Fieschi, intended for the destruction of Louis Philippe, in 1834. At the moment when the *cortège* arrived at the Boulevard du Temple, Mortier was complaining of the heat, and he was entreated to retire. Scarcely had he spoken, declining to do so, when the explosion took place, when he was struck down as by lightning. He was still breathing when they carried him into the billiard-room of the Jardin Turc, and tried to support him against a table; but the final struggle rapidly ensued; he cried out loudly once and expired. He was sixty-seven at his death.

At No. 73 Nicolas Caritat, Marquis de Condorcet, lived in 1793. (See also p. 20.)

At No. 34 the painter CARLE VERNET resided in 1830. (See also p. 229.)

No. 19 was the residence—1851-1860—of JULES SANDEAU, the novelist, whose name is indelibly associated with that of Georges Sand in more senses than one, since she adopted a part of his name as her own *nom de plume*. A law student at the time their intimacy commenced, Sandeau was led by his association with Georges Sand to enter upon the pursuit of literature, to the relinquishing of his professional prospects. About the end of his residence here he received the sinecure appointment of librarian at St. Cloud, with a salary of £240 a year. When the fire at St. Cloud caused the suppression of his office he was granted a pension of £80.

In "Les Célébrités Contemporaines" we find the following anecdote: "The *liaison* between Georges Sand and Jules Sandeau is well known. Sandeau married, Sandeau grown old, never forgot that period of suffering. They had not met for many years, and new bonds had for each replaced the broken chain of former times. One evening, entering the office of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' a little bald-headed man with a military bearing ran against a stout woman with a sallow complexion. 'Pardon, Monsieur,' she said politely. 'Pardon, Madam'; and she passed out. When Sandeau was seated he asked, 'Who is that lady?' 'What? do *you* ask?' was the reply. 'That is Georges Sand.' The novelist involuntarily turned his gaze towards the door, and reflected on the irony of life, and the vanity of the passions one thinks eternal. The authors of 'Rose et Blanche' met face to face without recognition."

Sandeau died in 1883; his age was seventy-two. (See also p. 251.)

At No. 9, on the authority of Lock, JACQUES ANCELOT,

the dramatic writer, died in 1854. He was the author of "Madame du Chatelet," and numerous other works. He lived here with his wife, who, as VIRGINIE CHARDON, is known as a novelist and writer of comedy. When Ancelot lost the pension which he enjoyed under Louis XVIII., at the revolution of 1830, and was prohibited from adding to the reputation he had won by his plays of "Louis XI." and "Fièsque" by the further production of tragic works, Madame Ancelot became his collaborator in a rapid succession of comedies and operas. He was sixty at the time of his death; his wife died in 1875, at the age of eighty-one.

Turning to the right in the Rue des St. Pères, we arrive at the

Quai Voltaire.—No. 1 is noteworthy as the scene of the death, in 1849, of MARSHAL ROBERT BUGEAUD, DUC D'ISLAY, who was at the time a guest here of his friend the Comte de Vigier. The vigorous soldier felt the first attack of cholera as he was returning from the Chamber on June 6th, about four o'clock. M. Léon Rocher writes: "I was in a carriage, and was going to visit the Marshal, when I saw him dragging himself along the quay with slow steps opposite the barrack on the Quai d'Orsay. He was pale; his face streaming with perspiration; his gait tottering. I jumped out of my carriage and helped him home. He lay down never to rise again" ("Memoir," by H. d'Ildeville).

Here Louis Napoleon, then President, visited him. He was sixty-five at the time of his death. To Marshal Bugeaud was due the defeat and death of Abd-el-Kader. Victor Hugo describes him in 1841 as "vigorous, with a very fresh complexion, and pitted with the smallpox. He had a certain abruptness of manner, which was never rudeness. He was

a mixture of the rustic and the man of the world; old-fashioned and easy-mannered, having nothing of the martinet; witty and gallant" ("Things Seen").

At No. 9 died Baron Dominique Denon, one of the train of artists and literary and scientific men who accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, where he wielded alternately the pen and the sword with equal dexterity. "While yet a boy," writes Lady Morgan, in reference to his appointment as "gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi," "a talent peculiarly French, and which Denon possessed in an extreme degree, procured him this distinction. At an early age, and but recently arrived from his province, he had already obtained a reputation in Paris as a *raconteur*. He was once in a circle at Versailles when a cavalier more devoted than amusing was endeavouring to entertain the King with a good story ill told, when his Majesty, suddenly turning to young Denon, exclaimed, 'Allons, Denons, récontez-moi cela.' . . . At a ball at Tallyrand's a young officer endeavouring to procure some lemonade received it at the hands of M. Denon. This little courtesy brought on a conversation, which was the basis of a friendship indestructible by time or change. The young officer was General Bonaparte. . . . . Denon was made a Baron of the Empire, Officer of the Legion of Honour, Member of the Institute, and Director-General of the Musée des Arts" ("France").

Denon is described as endowed with a countenance sparkling with intellect and humour, doing the honours of his richly-stored study with habitual grace, and a gaiety and freshness which never cooled with age. The "Annual Register," 1825, thus records his death: "He was attending, on April 26th, at the sale of a valuable collection of paintings by old masters, the property of M. Perrier. The room was so oppressively hot that the Baron retired for relief to

the fresh air. The day was chilly, and the sudden change of temperature produced an instant effect upon him. He was seized with a trembling, and getting into his carriage proceeded immediately home: in fifteen hours he was no more." He died aged seventy-eight, unmarried.

No. 11 has a tablet inscribed: "The painter DOMINIQUE INGRES, born at Montmartre, April 29th, 1780, died in this house, January 13th, 1867." Ingres came here on his return from Rome in 1860: he was then eighty years of age, and had recently produced his most famous nude figure, "La Source." A vivid portrait is presented of him in "Peinteurs et Sculpteurs Contemporaines." "He was short, stout, and robust; the forehead rather narrow, but in its solidity suggestive of brass; the nose slightly crooked, the mouth stern, the cheeks hanging and hollowed in rigid wrinkles; the chin, cheek-bones, and jaws seemed of iron. His complexion was bilious, the eyes were black and quick-moving, choleric and good-humoured all at once, framed in grey hair cut close and parted in the middle. The first effect of commonplace in his general aspect was quickly dispelled by the incessant animation and striking rapidity of movement which characterized him."

An anecdote, with a delightful touch of comic exaggeration, is told in the "Galerie des Contemporaines Illustres," illustrating his enthusiasm for the beautiful in form and sentiment, and his deep-seated aversion to anything repulsive; and containing also an allusion to the adverse criticisms which many of his works called forth from advocates of the opposite school, but which seldom excited in his own breast anything more than a passing resentment:

"One day M. Ingres arrived at his studio less composed than usual. Some critic had found fault with him or his

works. 'It is plain,' he had said, 'that M. Ingres has not studied anatomy.' The fact was that in the studio of the artist the living form alone was made an object of study. 'It seems, gentlemen,' he said, addressing his pupils, 'that we are wanting in the study of anatomy: we must have a skeleton.' The necessary order was given, and next day on entering the studio M. Ingres found himself face to face with a fine skeleton, presenting all the ghastliness which death leaves on everything. A shiver passed through the master, and turning his back on the unsightly intruder, he proceeded with his lecture—but not a word about anatomy; the next day the same, except for stronger expressions of impatience and disgust in the gestures of the artist. The third day he could contain himself no longer: he turned suddenly round on the skeleton, measured it with a furious glance, and crying out, 'He or I must get out of this,' dashed his fist against it. *The skeleton jingled all its joints by way of speech, went out, and never returned*, and serenity and peace once more prevailed."

Ingres died in 1867, aged eighty-seven.

At No. 23 (formerly 21[bis]) ALFRED DE MUSSET lived about 1844-1849. The writer of "An Englishman in Paris" describes him as having a "tall and slim figure, auburn wavy hair and beard, blue eyes, and finely-shaped mouth and nose," and giving one "the impression of a dandy cavalry officer in mufti rather than of a poet." A peculiarity referred to by the same writer was his extreme sensitiveness to anything rough, which induced him invariably to leave the coppers given him in exchange, an extravagance "which proved a sore grief to his more economical and less fastidious brother Paul, who watched like a guardian angel over his junior." Victor Hugo, in "Things Seen," refers to De Musset's "youthful air, his fair beard,

his equivocal opinions, and his intellectual countenance." (See also p. 83.)

No. 13, in its eastern half, which was formerly No. 15, abounds in artistic associations. Here EUGÈNE DELACROIX produced his picture "Un jeune tigre jouant avec sa mère" in 1830. His first important work, "Dante and Virgil," had been produced in 1824. An interesting note in connection with it is given in the "Fine Arts Quarterly," 1865: "Delacroix wished to send it to the Salon; but he was too poor to afford a frame for it, without which it would not be admitted, and he had a horror of borrowing. What could be done? A kind-hearted carpenter living in the same house, and hearing of his perplexity, gave him four laths. Delacroix, quite happy, painted those laths and made a frame for his picture, and sent it to the Louvre. The day of the opening of the Salon he ran to the Louvre and looked for his frame. He did not find it. The disappointment was dreadful, and he seated himself in despair on a bench. A keeper of the gallery, who knew him, went to him and said, 'You ought to be glad, I should think!' 'Glad! and what for? to be refused?' 'Why, have you not seen your picture in that *salon carré* with a splendid frame that Baron Gros caused the administration to put to it?' Delacroix could not believe his eyes—his picture was in the place of honour."

"Long as I knew Delacroix," says the writer of "An Englishman in Paris," "I had never been able to make out whether he was tall or short, and most of his friends and acquaintances were equally puzzled. [It was when they came to note that the coffin was of more than average length that the point was settled.] His was decidedly a curious face, at times stony in its immobility, at others quivering from the tip of the chin to the junction of the

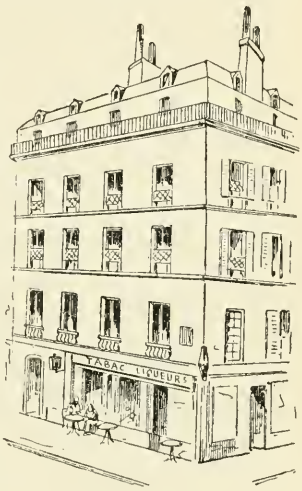
eyebrows." The same writer, commenting upon a certain real or supposed tendency to yield to the charms of Georges Sand on the part of the artist, confirms a story circulated by Paul de Musset of how the lady, "desiring to precipitate matters or nip the thing in the bud," called upon Delacroix. "'My poor Eugène!' she began, 'I am afraid I have got sad news for you.' 'Oh, indeed,' said the artist, without interrupting his work. 'Yes, my dear friend, I have carefully consulted my own heart, and the upshot is, I grieve to tell you, that I feel that I cannot and could never love you.' Delacroix kept on painting. 'Is that a fact?' he said. 'Yes, and I ask you now to pardon me, and to give me credit for my candour, my poor Delacroix.' Delacroix did not budge from his easel. 'You are angry with me, are you not? You will never forgive me?' 'Certainly I will, only I want you to keep quiet for ten minutes. I have got a bit of sky there which has given me a good deal of trouble: it is just coming right. Go and sit down, or else take a little walk and come back in ten minutes.' Of course the lady did not return, and equally of course did not tell the story to anyone, but somehow it leaked out." (See also p. 68.)

This house is also memorable as the residence, for about fifteen years before his death, of JACQUES PRADIER, the sculptor. "I often go to see Pradier," writes Flaubert in 1843. "It is a house I am very fond of; where one feels no restraint, and which is altogether to my taste." Hugo refers to him "with his long hair and his aspect of forty at sixty." Flaubert, further, calls him of an amiable and delightful nature. He died in 1852, at the age of sixty. (See also pp. 191, 196.)

Other tenants of this house were JEAN BAPTISTE COROT, the famous painter (see pp. 132, 190), who lived here about

1846-1849; and HORACE VERNET and his brother, CARLE VERNET, at a later date. (See pp. 63, 186, 222.)

No. 27, a very memorable house, bears a tablet inscribed: "VOLTAIRE, born at Paris, November 21st, 1694, died in this house, May 30th, 1778." The house was the residence of the Marquis de Villette, to which Voltaire came on arriving in Paris from Ferney, after twenty years' absence, on February 6th. On the following morning he received a deputation of three members of the Academy: these were succeeded by the actors of the Théâtre Français, all in deep mourning, on account of the recent death of Lekain, whose funeral had taken place the previous day. Voltaire, who had been purposely kept in ignorance of the event, looked anxiously round in search of his old pupil (see p. 111), upon which, Bellecourt, pointing gravely to his colleagues, murmured in a voice broken by emotion, "This is all that remains of the Comédie Française!" The old man stood for a moment speechless: then, overcome by the sudden shock, fainted away.



27, QUAI VOLTAIRE.

Crowds assembled daily round the house, in the hope of catching a glimpse of its distinguished visitor, and a constant stream of callers, including every celebrity in literature and art, vied with each other in presenting their homage to the patriarch of letters. All were received by M. de Villette and

Count d'Argental, by whom their respective names and qualities were announced to Voltaire; who, attired in his habitual costume of dressing-gown and night-cap, said a few words to each newcomer. He was, on one occasion, speaking in terms of high commendation of a literary colleague, when a bystander remarked that such sentiments were the more creditable to him, as the person in question had attacked him violently in a recent work. "Ah, well," coolly answered Voltaire, who had hitherto been unaware of the fact, "it is quite possible that neither he nor I meant precisely what we said."

Madame du Deffand visited him here, being received by his niece, Madame Denis, "a great slattern, but the best creature in the world," by the Marquis de Villette, "an insignificant stage caricature," and his young wife, called "handsome and good" by Voltaire and the rest. In the interval between his arrival here and his death—a period of seven weeks—"Irene" was produced, and the fatigue of rehearsals, and the excitement consequent on his reception by the Academicians and the comedians, combined, it is said, with the excessive use of black coffee as a stimulant—according to some accounts, of laudanum also—accelerated his end. He was eighty-four years of age.

The nephew of M. de Villette, it is stated in Galignani's "Paris," kept the apartment in which Voltaire died closed, as also did Madame de Montmorency, the next proprietor; so that it remained unopened for forty-seven years. (See also pp. 111, 165.)

We return along the Quai Voltaire to the

Rue des Sts. Pères.—At No. 3, in 1840, died ANTOINE HENNEQUIN, a famous lawyer of his time, aged fifty-four.

No. 9 was formerly numbered 7. Here died the celebrated surgeon, JOSEPH ROUX, successor to Dupuytren in the chair of clinical medicine at the Hôtel Dieu. It is recorded of him in "Didot" that his teaching was marked above all by a respect for science, a marvellous dexterity in operating, and a rashness which has sometimes been condemned with reason. At seventy-four years, still inspired by a youthful ardour, he commenced a work intended to be of considerable length, entitled, "Quarante années de pratique chirurgicale." He died, however, the same year, 1854, of congestion of the brain.

Rue de l'Université.—At No. 3 died, in 1810, JEAN GUILLAUME MOITTE, the sculptor, a native of Paris, who executed the bas-reliefs in the pediment of the Panthéon, of one of the arches in the court of the Louvre, and for the vestibule of the Luxembourg. His age was sixty-three.

At No. 14 TALMA, the tragedian, lived in 1804, at the time of his marriage. (See also pp. 64, 94, 149.)

No. 18 is interesting as the residence, in 1808, of NICOLAS CHAUVEAU-LAGARDE, the advocate who defended Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette. After the condemnation of the latter, he was cited before the revolutionary committee to reveal the secrets she was supposed to have confided to him. He replied that he had none of her secrets; and touchingly laid before them a lock of hair as the only recompense he had received from his noble and unhappy client. He lived until 1841, dying at the age of eighty-five. (See also p. 193.)

At No. 22, now the Hôtel de l'Université, on the authority of Lock, BERNARD, COMTE DE LACÉPÈDE, the naturalist, lived in 1805. (See also p. 193.)

No. 21 was in 1824 the residence of the Duc de Cambacérès. (See also pp. 168, 215.)

At No. 25 François Auguste, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, resided about 1816-1821. (See also pp. 12, 174, 235.)

Rue du Bac.—At No. 24 (formerly No. 26), Baron François Dupin, the geometrician and statistician, brother of André Dupin, lived for about twenty years prior to 1866, when he removed to No. 118. His "Voyage dans le Grande Bretagne," had been published as early as 1824.

No. 28, formerly numbered 30, which Lock says was partly demolished in 1854, and has doubtless been remodelled, was the hotel of Joseph Fouché, Duc d'Otranto, the famous Minister of Police under the empire. Madame de Rémusat describes him in her "Mémoires" as "careless in his person, wearing the bands and embroideries which were the signs of his office as if he disdained the use of them, active, animated always, rather restless, talkative and untruthful, affecting a kind of frankness which might well be the last resource of cunning. . . . He was a good husband to an ugly and tiresome wife, and a very good, though over-indulgent father."

Napoleon was very bitter in his comments on Fouché to his companions at St. Helena, calling him a miscreant of all colours, who could worm out your secrets with an air of perfect unconcern. He accused him of appropriating a large part of the tax upon gambling-houses—amounting to some millions—intended by Napoleon for a hospital for the poor. He died in 1820, at the age of fifty-seven.

No. 44 is very memorable as the residence of the statesman and writer, Charles Forbes René, Comte de Montalembert. Mrs. Oliphant describes him as "of

moderate height, with his head thrown slightly back, an erect, firm figure, his blue eyes always clear, and somewhat cold in repose, but waking and warming up with every flush of feeling; clear-cut features, with a certain curl of incipient sarcasm about the lips . . . ever cool, quiet, and immovable, with few gestures and always perfectly at his ease" ("Life of Montalembert"). Victor Hugo writes of him in 1847: "with his long hair and his English manner, easy and disdainful." Mirecourt says: "Montalembert has a gentle, quiet expression, stamped with a kind of religious beatitude which has sometimes brought upon him the jokes of Messieurs the Voltairians," and proceeds to record an anecdote current of the last days of Louis Philippe:

"Three persons were returning by railway from the camp at Compiègne; one a man of thirty-six years, with pale and regular features, and eyes full alike of poetry and benevolence. He held a book of Joseph de Maistre, and as he read seemed wrapt in a kind of ecstasy. At his side was a captain of dragoons, with full black moustache curled in the military fashion; and in the corner opposite to them was a young man who stared at the reader in a doubtful and impertinent manner. Presently, leaning towards the captain, he muttered, 'See what a fine head that Jesuit has.' The captain responding by a frigid glance which covered the silly coxcomb with confusion, completed his discomfiture by saying, 'This head of a Jesuit, monsieur, is that of my brother, the Comte de Montalembert, peer of France.'"

In an interesting article in "Blackwood's Magazine," vol. cvii., reference is made to "the chamber in the Rue du Bac, which was the abode of so much pain, yet of so much vivacious interest in the world," and which "has been an audience chamber to which crowds have flocked." Out-

breaks of characteristic impatience and energy on the part of its invalid tenant are alluded to, "his sharp sayings, his keen wit, his genial kindness." It was in the winter of 1865-1866 that his last illness, from the beginning a very painful one, attacked him. "He had been carried to his carriage on the days he was permitted an airing; but still every day, about five in the afternoon, his room was full of guests, friends of his life, who called the worn statesman and author by his Christian name . . . and, on the other hand, strangers from all quarters."

At his death, in 1870, Montalembert was sixty years of age.

At No. 63, which is indicated by Lock as No. 53—the number which the house bore at the date of his work, 1854—died ELISA MERCŒUR, who came to Paris in 1828, the year following the publication of the first volume of her poems. A pension of £48 was reduced in 1830 to £36. This proving insufficient for her support, she became a contributor of prose articles to the journals of the day. She was twenty-six only at her death in 1835. Chateaubriand, who greatly admired her poetry, followed her to the grave.

No. 108[bis] was the residence of PIERRE SIMON LAPLACE, from about 1820, and here he died, as indicated by a tablet inscribed: "LAPLACE, mathematician and astronomer, born 23rd March, 1749, died in this house 5th March, 1827."

"Laplace," says a writer in "Fraser's Magazine," 1832, "preserved his wonderful memory to a very advanced age. He was fond of music, Italian literature, and the fine arts. His apartments were adorned with the paintings of Raphael, which were blended with the portraits of the most celebrated philosophers. During his last illness a cloud of delirium passed over his gifted mind. When he was reminded during his last moments of his brilliant discoveries,

and of his title to immortality, he replied in language nearly of the same import which Newton had used, 'What we know is little, and what we are ignorant of is immense!'" As a politician Laplace was eminently unsatisfactory. He exchanged the title of count, which he obtained at the inauguration of the empire, for that of marquis when he voted for a provisional government, the deposition of the empire, and the restoration of the Bourbons. His egotism and vanity appear to have been equal to his lack of political principle. The writer has sought in vain for a description of his physical characteristics. (See also pp. 206, 211, 218.)

At No. 118 ANDRÉ DUPIN resided in 1841. A voluminous writer on legal subjects, he was also one of the leading advocates of his time. His most splendid effort was in defence of the "Journal des Débats," prosecuted for the remarkable article, "Malheureux Roi! Malheureux France" (Unhappy King! Unhappy France). His house was attacked by a ferocious mob in 1831, and his person rescued with difficulty by the National Guard. His personal character was very estimable. He died in 1865 at the age of eighty-two. (See also p. 102.)

No. 120 is one of the most memorable of Paris houses, and has a double interest; the most important being indicated by a tablet inscribed: "CHATEAUBRIAND, born at St. Malo September 4th, 1768, died in this hotel July 4th, 1848." In Kate O'Meara's "Un salon à Paris" it is recorded that "he had for a long time occupied the lower storey of the house in which the Mesdames Clarke resided; this gave Mary [afterwards Madame Mohl] an opportunity of continuing the intimacy commenced at the Abbaye, and few days passed without her visiting the poet for an hour at least. Madame Récamier remained always faithful to him. His health was very bad for a long time before his death,

and when the end seemed near, Madame Mohl begged Madame Récamier to remain with her so as to be at any hour at the call of her old friend. She agreed, and stayed in the house during three days. She sat in his room turning upon him an indescribable expression of anguish in her eyes, sightless yet still beautiful. . . . She assisted him in his last agony and knelt down and prayed for him as he breathed his last sigh."

120, RUE DU BAC.

Chateaubriand came to live here in 1838. Madame Récamier was his daily visitor for a long time before his death; coming at the same hours in which he used to visit her (see p. 253). Being blind and nervous, and unable to walk to the Rue du Bac, she often found a difficulty in reaching her destination in the last days, as the coaches were too often requisitioned for the barricades. In her "Life" we read of a report that Béranger was present at the death of Chateaubriand. This is denied: it is stated that four persons only were present, Count Louis de Chateaubriand, the Abbé Deguerry, a sister of charity, and Madame Récamier.

Heath ("Life of Quinet") says: "The short stature of the poet rather took Quinet by surprise. He was struck with his fine head and amiable air: otherwise his appearance was most odd. He was wrapped up in a great coat, and his head was

enveloped in a silk handkerchief. His hair was white, his shoulders high, his chest broad, the lower part of his body and legs prodigiously thin. From this little body a strong shrill voice proceeded." Mirecourt describes his rooms and habits of life here: "He occupied a suite of rooms spacious and commodious, elegantly but plainly furnished: but his time was spent almost entirely in two rooms, his bedchamber and his study. He rose every morning at four, and retired precisely at eight in the evening without variation. Every day between three and five he went to the Abbaye-aux-Bois to see Madame Récamier, his friend of thirty years. He found great delight in these meetings, being at once the oracle and the idol."

CHATEAUBRIAND.

Chateaubriand at his death, in 1848, was eighty years of age. (See also pp. 12, 174, 232.)

Very memorable also is No. 120 as the home of JULIUS and MARY MOHL. As Mary Clarke Madame Mohl came hither with her mother from the Abbaye-aux-Bois (see p. 254), in 1838. The famous *salon* commenced then, but the Friday evenings were not instituted until 1847. The two drawing-rooms, a large library, the dining-room, and a bedroom were on the third floor, and on the fourth the kitchen, servants' room and a spare bedroom. Kate O'Meara in "A Paris

Salon" gives an amusing account of a small dinner-party here :

"It was the habit when these three 'friends of the house,' Fauriel, Mohl, and Roulain dined at the Rue du Bac for everybody to take 'forty winks' after dinner. To facilitate this the lamp was taken into an adjoining room ; the gentlemen made themselves comfortable in armchairs, Mary slipped off her shoes and curled herself up on the sofa, and, by-and-by, they all woke up refreshed and ready to talk till midnight. Usually other visitors did not arrive until the forty winks were over, but one evening it chanced that some one came earlier than usual, and was ushered into the drawing-room while the party were fast asleep. The tableau may be imagined. The gentlemen started up and rubbed their eyes ; Mrs. Clarke fetched the lamp ; Mary fumbled for her shoes, but could not find them, and, afraid of catching cold by walking on the oaken floor, hopped from chair to chair looking for them."

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

From the same source we learn that, "one of the drawing-rooms was for conversation, the other for music, dancing, blindman's buff, or whatever the company liked." Thiers, on first coming to Paris in 1821, used to find Mary Clarke's society so fascinating that he became a nightly visitor and stayed so late as to provoke the remark from the *concierge*,

"If that little student does not take himself off before midnight I will lock the gate and he may sleep on the staircase." Mérimée frequently came here to practise his English, of which he was a zealous student. Guizot, Cousin, Augustin Thierry, Constant and Mignet were among the *habituées.*

Mrs. Clarke died in 1846, and in the following year Mary became Madame Mohl. It is recorded that she gave a boy some money to paste a play-bill over the announcement of her marriage on the church. Possibly there is an error here, and for "church" should be substituted the "Mairie" of the Arrondissement. Under the empire celebrities from all parts of Europe met here on the Friday evenings. A special feature of the room was the number of easy chairs of all shapes and sizes. The simplest refreshments were provided, and Madame Mohl not only made the tea which she dispensed, but boiled the water in the room. "The amount of dress expected of the guests was regulated by that of the hostess. This consisted of a black silk gown that she had worn all day, and short skirt, guiltless of the faintest suspicion of crinoline in an age when to look like a walking balloon was a law of decency to every woman. Thackeray came one Friday evening with his two daughters, who were made painfully conspicuous by Madame Mohl shouting from the other end of the room, 'Now, my dears, didn't I tell you you were not to dress.'"

This accomplished but slovenly lady used to put her hair in papers of divers colours—scraps of circulars, notes, newspapers—and if a casual visitor called before they were removed, would present herself as composedly as possible, with her head strongly suggestive of that of the Medusa with its snakes, while a skirt of one colour and a jacket of another made up her costume. Among her English visitors

was Dean Stanley, who first met Lady Augusta Bruce, whom he afterwards married, here. He became at a later period, with his wife, an occupant of a room on the fourth storey. Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Simpson states, wrote the greater part of "Wives and Daughters" in the large drawing-room, standing by the mantelpiece which she used as a desk, and George Eliot was also a guest here.

During the Commune Madame Mohl was in London. "Mrs. Ritchie (formerly Miss Thackeray)," says Kate O'Meara, "was one of the few English friends who was with M. Mohl when he was alone in the Rue de Bac while it was being threatened. He described his quiet life, his daily visit unmolested to the National Library; he shook his head at the idea of coming away. He never recovered the strain and shock of that dreadful year. He loved his adopted country better and more wisely than many born Frenchmen; but his German origin was remembered uncharitably by many." "He was a devoted husband," says Mrs. Simpson. "Madame Mohl called him 'Pups' in her letters, as is supposed on account of his juvenility as compared with his friend M. Fauriel and herself." He died in 1876. (See also p. 242.)

There are sad stories of the failing powers of Madame Mohl after her husband's death, when she sat in her drawing-room waiting for the visitors who came not. She became "fabulously stingy" in providing for her own necessities, while ungrudging in her occasional hospitalities. She forgot even from one day to another, and having contracted a habit of hiding away large sums of money behind pictures and sofa cushions, and other unlikely places, startled Mr. John Field of Philadelphia one day by sending a note to his hotel, asking if he could tell her what she had done with a large sum which she had on the table before

her on his visit of the previous day. Physically she retained all the vivacity and much of the activity of youth. Her sensitiveness on the subject of her age was extreme. Not long before her death Thiers met her at the house of a friend, and reminded her that they had not met since 1836, just forty years before. She was greatly annoyed, and when the old statesman was gone she said to her hostess, "The old fool is off his head. He doesn't know what he is talking about. He has made a mistake of twenty years."

Madame Mohl died in 1882, at the age of ninety.

We return along the Rue du Bac to the

Rue de Grenelle.—No. 52 was the residence, about 1840-1846, of JEAN JACQUES AMPÈRE, the accomplished traveller, and the devoted admirer of Madame Récamier in her maturity. "He enjoyed in his time," says H. R. Hayden in "The Nation" (1875), "more popularity than his father, for he was a literary man and a man of the world. He seems to have been able to imbibe every sort of knowledge: he understood all the sciences, he knew every language, he tried his hand at poetry, he wrote historical works, he travelled in almost every part of the world. He had taken a great dislike to Paris after the Coup d'Etat, and spent most of his time in Rome and Italy. His conversation was the best I ever heard."

Hamerton ("Modern French Painters") gives some amusing instances of the absence of mind for which he was notorious. How once at a cab-stand he began to calculate with a piece of chalk on the back of a stationary vehicle, and when the cabman got a fare and drove away the philosopher ran after it unconsciously, and in a double sense "pursued" his calculations. "His father's household was

badly managed at all times, and it needed all the respect felt by his guests for such distinguished scientific talents to enable them to pardon the roughness and want of form in his hospitality. On his return from Italy in 1824 Jean Jacques was determined to show how useful he could make himself as butler, so he went to the cellar to fetch wine, but found that the key would not turn in the lock. He had another key made, and things went on very well for some time, when lo! one day he observed that the stock of wine was rapidly diminishing. The day following, to his intense surprise, the empty bins were full again. He rushes upstairs to tell the wondrous tale: two witnesses go down with him and confirm it. The explanation was that Jean Jacques had, with most perfect innocence, got a key made to open the door of a neighbour's well-stocked cellar, whilst he kept the old key of his own: thus going one day (just as it might happen) to the meagre Ampère stock, and another helping himself to the abundant supplies of his neighbour. 'I ought to have been tried for it at the assizes,' said poor J. J., but the affair was hushed up and restitution made."

Julius Mohl took a room next to Ampère's. He was living here at the time of his marriage with Mary Clarke in 1847. He was then forty-seven years of age. He describes his room here as "a Faustus-like cavern," and in Mrs. Simpson's "Recollections" we are told how the books were heaped up, and four carpets laid one on the top of the other so that the beloved volumes should not be disturbed. Kate O'Meara says that the two friends lived almost in common for many years. Besides his absence of mind, Ampère was remarkable for "a sort of mental untidiness which reproduced itself in the disorder of his external and pecuniary affairs. His incapacity for taking care of himself

kept his friends constantly on the *qui vive*. Coming home from the Abbaye-aux-Bois one winter's night shivering with cold, he stirred up the embers and sat down to warm himself, piling up the logs of wood till the chimney took fire and blazed away so freely that it threatened the safety of the house. At this point Ampère noticed that something was amiss. He rushed to Mohl, who was howling with the toothache under the blankets, dragged him out of bed, and adjured him to put out the fire." Further evidence of his absence of mind is given in the statement that "when starting on one of his expeditions he would stow away his money in his stockings; then he would forget this and drop it about when putting them on; or he would lose the pair that held the chief deposit; or he would leave behind him his portmanteau and find himself stranded in some out-of-the-way place, and write home to Mohl to go and receive and transmit other monies that were due to him." He died in 1864, at the age of the century.

Julius Mohl lived here, as we have said, at the time of his marriage with Mary Clarke: anent which a comical incident occurred. The previous evening his friend Prosper Mérimée received a note from him, begging him to come the next morning at ten to act as his *témoin*. Now the word means both witness to a marriage and second in a duel. Mérimée, looking on his friend as a confirmed Benedict, assumed the duel. At the hour named he walked into Mohl's room, exclaiming, "My dear Mohl, who in the name of goodness are you going to fight?" Mohl reassured him, and received his felicitations. (See also p. 237.)

No. 106 was the old convent of Notre Dame de Pentemont, ou du Verbe Incarné, founded in 1643, and was the residence of MADAME DE BEAUHARNAIS, afterwards the

Empress Josephine, for several years after the birth of her daughter Hortense. The house is now the Ecole Protestant des Garçons.

No. 110, the Hotel Rochechouart under the Empire, afterwards the Ministry of Public Instruction, was the residence at one period of JEAN LANNES, DUC DE MONTEBELLO, and Marshal of France, who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, and fought at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and received his death-wound in the bloody encounter between Aspern and Essling, in Austria, in 1809. Napoleon told O'Meara at St. Helena that Lannes had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and in three hundred combats of different kinds, and pronounced him, though violent and hasty in temper, a man of uncommon bravery, and as a general superior to Moreau or Soult. It is recorded of him on one occasion in Germany, that some elector or prince, showing Lannes over his picture gallery, dilated at wearisome length upon his ancestors of high descent, with the intention of an obvious contrast. "But I," retorted the Marshal haughtily, "*am* an ancestor." Lannes died at the age of fifty.

Here also lived CHARLES AUGEREAU, DUKE OF CASTIGLIONE, and Marshal of France; the gallant officer who led the charges over the bridge at Lodi and at Arcola; the unprincipled turncoat who, passing through Elba on his way to Paris, met the friendly advances of Napoleon with reproaches and contumely, yet would fain have joined him but for a deserved repulse after his escape, and found himself as deservedly unappreciated by Louis XVIII. After the restoration he retired to his estates. He is described as gross in his manners, desperately ignorant, destitute of capacious views, and utterly without principle. He died in 1816, aged sixty-seven.

Crossing the Esplanade of the Invalides we turn, on the right, into the

Rue St. Dominique.—At No. 101 (formerly 167) lived JEAN GOUJON, of the Convention, condemned to death, May, 1795, with Romme and others. Romme had contrived to retain about his person, when they were conducted to the scaffold, a knife and a pair of scissors. In going down the stairs which led from the apartment whence prisoners were conducted to the scaffold, Romme stabbed himself several times with the scissors, and gave the knife to Goujon, who with a single self-inflicted stroke fell dead. Thiers gives Goujon an excellent character as one of the best type of republicans, neither venal nor ambitious, nor ever countenancing the cruelties of the time. He was twenty-nine at his death.

At No. 62 JEAN JACQUES CAMBACÉRÈS lived in 1756. (See also pp. 168, 232.)

We again cross the Esplanade of the Invalides to

No. 30 (formerly 104). Here PHILIPPE MERLIN, of Douai, Councillor of State and Count of the Empire, died, in 1838, at the age of eighty-four.

Rue de Bellechasse.—No. 15 was at one period the residence of the author of the undying and world-famous romance, "Paul et Virginie," HENRI BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE. St. Pierre is described as presenting in his later years the appearance of a venerable old man at the first glance, his long hair being quite white: a close inspection, however, of his features showed him in a less attractive light, his glance being restless and unsympathetic, and certain lines indicating a peevish humour. He died at

Eraguy upon the Oise, where he had a small house which had been bequeathed to him, and whither he retired after an attack of apoplexy not long before his death. This occurred in 1814; he was seventy-seven years of age.

We return to the

Rue de l'Université.—The indication of No. 101 as the residence of EUSTACE GRENVILLE MURRAY, with the accompanying portrait, will not be without interest to those familiar with the development of journalistic enterprise in recent years. Exchanging diplomacy for authorship in early life, the author of "The Roving Englishman" and "The Member for Paris," which latter with others of his works received the honour of translation into French, spent the last years of his life in Paris; and from thence contributed to "The Daily News" and a large number of English and American journals. He was projector, with Mr. Edmund Yates, of "The World." He was a sarcastic and fearless literary free-lance; with a consummate knowledge of men, dry wit, lively fancy, and the possessor of a style bold and flexible, trenchant and sparkling. He died in 1881, aged sixty-two.

GRENVILLE MURRAY.

At No. 94 (formerly 90) lived ACHILLE VICTOR, DUC DE BROGLIE, from about 1840 to 1850, when he removed to

No. 98, where his *salon* became the recognized centre of legal opposition under the Empire. A writer in the "Edinburgh Review," vol. cxxxv., says: "The Duc de Broglie, with a thousand eminent qualities, was not, as he said himself, skilful in the management of men. His manners were dry and reserved, which arose from shyness, and was attributed to pride. . . . Though the last twenty years of his life were embittered by political disappointment and the abasement of his country under a yoke he abhorred, they were cheered by all the higher interests of domestic and intellectual life." Benjamin Constant said of him that he was a man most exact and scrupulous even in the most trifling matters. At his death in 1870 he was eighty-five years of age.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

The Rue Bellechasse leads to the end of the

Rue St. Dominique.—No. 7 affords a host of delightful reminiscences of a great genius and estimable man, and also the painful one of his premature decease. GUSTAVE DORÉ came to reside here with his mother a year after his arrival in Paris in 1848. His biographer, Blanche Roosevelt, describes it as quite palatial but decidedly comfortable, with large airy rooms, and relates how, on the first night after they had taken possession, the family all dined

together, and Gustave began to jump and dance about like a schoolboy; sprang upon the table, and kicked up his heels so high that he shattered the new chandelier. He occupied as bedroom a very small apartment, to reach which he had to pass through Madame Doré's room—which was next the drawing-room—and her greeting was the first he heard in the morning and the last as he retired to rest. His studio, built soon after coming to the house, contained a pianoforte and other instruments, books, sofas, and armchairs, musical-boxes, statuettes, enormous paintings, and a variety of curious objects.

Madame Doré's receptions were held on Sunday evenings, and were always preceded by dinner parties "unrivalled in sumptuousness and splendour of accessory." After dinner, tableaux would be shown between two rooms, lighted by magnesium, Gustave sometimes playing on the violin, and his brother Ernest the piano; and Gustave would play practical jokes on his friends, by pressing on their notice red wine in caraffes which, as soon as lifted, discoursed sweet music from concealed musical boxes, or expatiated on the merits of a Perigord pie at dinner, from which, on being cut open, emerged a tiny bird and a guinea-pig. Politics and painting were excluded as subjects of conversation. Doré's sole drink was a costly champagne, which he had a way of calling for early in the meal that much distressed Madame Doré's economical tastes.

"No one would believe," says Dr. Engel, "what fun Doré, that inspired painter of the most elevated biblical subjects, used to make after dinner at Rossini's, and before the evening guests arrived. He danced ballets, he sang chansonnettes, he played the fiddle extremely well for an amateur." Gautier said that he had never known any one of Doré's quickness of repartee. The house under notice

cost £400 a year rent, and he had besides, at different periods, studios in other parts of Paris: but his income was, as we have elsewhere stated, enormous. His biographer says, "I do not think that during a whole year he slept more than three hours out of the twenty-four." His industry was tremendous. After dinner he would often work at his blocks till day dawned—book-illustrations occupying a large portion of his time. For some years before his death he lived much in London, where his talents have been and are highly appreciated; but his *home* was always in this house; and, bearing in mind the severe tax he put upon his powers, it is not surprising to learn that death took the form of an apoplectic seizure. He died in 1883, at the age of fifty-one. (See also pp. 215, 258.)

No. 3 is indicated by M. Copin ("Maisons Historiques de Paris") as the hotel of JEAN BAPTISTE DUMAS, the chemist, who was indebted for the footing he obtained in the scientific circles of Paris to the influence of Humboldt, and was the recipient of numerous crosses and stars and honorary diplomas from foreign countries. He died at Cannes in 1884, being the age of the century.

Again passing through the Rue de Bellechasse we reach the

Rue de Varennes.—At No. 88 (formerly 36) a notable comedy actress, MARIE DORVAL, died in 1849. We find an account of her by Jouvin, in Villemessant's "Mémoires d'un Journaliste," as "possessing more defects than good qualities, but whose good qualities were greater than her defects." Features without distinction of character, a nose too large, a voice penetrating but disagreeable, and a stooping figure indicating the languor of bad health, certainly present the reverse of an attractive

picture, but she is designated an "inspired interpreter" of the particular "line" in comedy which she adopted, and in which her reputation alone was achieved. She was forty-eight at her death.

No. 57. This vast *hôtel*, which has borne the names of Matignon, Monaco, and Valentinois, was the residence, in 1802, of PRINCE TALLEYRAND. (See also pp. 51, 65.)

Here also EUGÈNE CAVAIGNAC resided during the six last months of 1848, when chief of the *Pouvoir Executif*. His mother lived here with him. A writer in "Bentley's Miscellany" (vol. xxiv.) says: "His private life is quite what it always was, decorously republican, unostentatiously simple. At first sight you would say that he is older than he really is: he is only forty-five. His quick walk, and the activity with which he flings himself on horseback, show nothing of the exhaustion of a worn-out constitution. His eyes are large, black, and commanding; this, with a handsome aquiline nose, a mouth calm but decided, and a pale but not sickly complexion, brown hair and brown moustachios, make up his *signalement*. Grave, but not formal . . . he is direct, earnest, unrestrained, but not demonstrative."

Cavaignac was a competitor with Louis Napoleon for the Presidentship, which he lost by four million votes. He was arrested after the Coup d'Etat of December 2nd, 1851, as a measure of security, and sent to Ham, but for a few days only.

The writer of "An Englishman in Paris" is very severe upon him,—"a surly and bumptious drill sergeant, who had absolutely nothing to recommend him for the elevated position he coveted. He was the least among all those African soldiers whose names and prowess were on every one's lips: he had really been made a hero of at so much per line by the staff of the "National," where his brother Geoffrey

wielded unlimited power. He was all buckram . . . he treated partisans and opponents alike, as he would have treated a batch of refractory Arabs in a distant province of that newly-acquired African soil."

We now pass by the streets Rue du Bac and Rue Babylone, turning to the right in the last-named, and by the Rue Vaneau on its left-hand section, to the

Rue Oudinot.—No. 23 is noteworthy as the scene of the comparatively recent death of HENRI CHAPU, the eminent sculptor, in April, 1891. He was fifty-eight years of age.

The Rue St. Pierre Leroux and (crossing the Rue de Sèvres) the Rue St. Romain lead into the

Rue du Cherche-Midi.—At No. 76 JULES SANDEAU, the novelist, lived in 1863. (See also p. 222.)

No. 37, at one period known as the Hotel Toulouse, is now the War Office. In one part of it resided PIERRE FOUCHER, employed in the Ministry of War, and hither came Victor Hugo a-courting to Mdlle. Foucher; the marriage also was celebrated here. Madame Hugo and her sons Victor and Eugène, who at the time lived close by, were constant visitors. The elders, however, appear to have been content with the satisfaction arising from the mere companionship, and to have made no demand of each other's intellectual powers, whatever they may have been.

"Madame Foucher used to sit in her bedchamber, which was a large room with a deep recess in it. M. Foucher, who no longer spent his evenings at the War Office, since the downfall of the Emperor, would sit in the opposite chimney-corner, having his snuff-box and taper conveniently

placed on a little occasional table close by him. His health was very much broken, owing to his long and late sedentary occupations in former times; . . . . he appeared ashamed of being an invalid, and would bury himself in a corner with his books. Madame Hugo would now and then leave off working, would hand her snuff-box to her old friend, merely saying, 'Monsieur Foucher, will you take a pinch?' M. Foucher would reply, 'Yes,' or 'No,' and generally these words, in addition to 'How do you do?' and 'Good-bye,' were the only ones heard during the evening" ("Life of Victor Hugo").

On the day of the trial of Lahorie, Guidet, and Mallet, the courtyard was crowded with troops, and Madame Hugo, whose interest in the fate of Lahorie was intense, was in Madame Foucher's apartment to be near at hand to hear the first news. Foucher died in 1835.

Returning, we pass, by the Rue Dupin, to the

Rue de Sèvres.—Nos. 31 and 33 were successively occupied by the historical and portrait painter MICHAEL DROLLING, who died at No. 33 in 1851. His "Death of Cardinal Richelieu," and "Christ disputing with the Doctors," are well-known works.

At No. 11, as recorded by Gabet, lived in 1821 VICTOR DE JOUY, chiefly notable as having made to modern French literature contributions somewhat in the style of the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." These were for the most part published as from the "Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin." His "Tippoo Saib," in which Talma performed, was produced in 1813. (See also p. 50.)

At No. 19 the antiquarian CHARLES LENORMANT lived, after his return from Egypt, with his friend Champollion the younger. His work, "Les Artistes Contemporaines,"

appeared in 1833. He was still residing here in 1838. He died in 1859, aged sixty-seven.

Here also was born FRANÇOIS LENORMANT, son of the above. (See p. 185.)

No. 16 is one of the three exterior dwellings of the Abbaye-aux-Bois which the convent sold in the later days, and were occupied at different times by MADAME RÉCAMIER. The drawing-room is described as having four windows, two on the Rue de Sèvres, and two on a terrace facing east and south. This "terrace" is in fact the roof of the lodge of the *concierge*. It is seen on the left in the view, and is the only part of No. 16 which the artist has introduced. "The loss of her fortune," says Kate O'Meara, "made it impossible to resume her old way of life with its splendid hospitalities; so she retired to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, and settled herself there in an almost conventual simplicity. Her *salon*, in the true sense of the word, dates from this period. All that was most distinguished in society now came to Madame Récamier in her small drawing-room with its tiled floor and plain furniture. Chateaubriand was the sick god who sat enthroned there, tended by the loving hands of the suave beauty. Her whole day was given up to him. He wrote to her in the morning, and she wrote back an answer. In the afternoon he

16, RUE DE SÈVRES.

came and talked an hour with her before any other visitors were admitted. For many years he also spent several hours with her in the evening." At first Chateaubriand used to walk on his daily visit; then he was driven in his carriage; at last he was so feeble that he was carried in a chair.

Madame Récamier died here at the age of seventy-two. (See also pp. 44, 97.)

Part of Madame Récamier's rooms here were occupied from 1831 to 1838 by Mrs. Clarke, whose daughter, Mary Clarke, afterwards to become known as Madame Mohl, first attracted attention in the *salon* of Madame Récamier. In the first of the years above-named, Madame Récamier wishing to change her residence, MM. Ampère and Fauriel, whom we find in the Rue du Bac on terms of intimacy with the Clarkes, recommended the *appartement* to their notice, and a visit resulted, when they made the acquaintance of Madame Récamier. Of Mary Clarke, when young, Kate O'Meara says that "without being positively pretty she produced the effect of being so. She had a pink and white complexion, a small turned-up nose, round, big, exceedingly bright and saucy blue eyes, a small head well set on her shoulders. Her figure was slight, and full of a spirited grace peculiar to itself."

After a stay of seven years here the Clarkes removed to the Rue du Bac. (See p. 237.)

Rue de Grenelle.—At No. 6, as recorded by Lock, the prolific poet and dramatist NÉPOMUCÈNE LEMERCIER died in 1840. A small slender figure, the grace and distinction of which a paralytic affection could not detract from, a delightful talker whose society was in constant demand, and an industrious worker whose energy neither

age nor suffering were able to diminish. For a time Lemercier was subjected to positive physical distress by the non-payment of the indemnity for the removal of the *hôtel* of his father in the Place des Pyramides. The delay was several times brought to the notice of Napoleon, who evaded its discussion, and on the last occasion impatiently put it aside on the plea that Talma was at the moment waiting to read a play to him in which the actor was about to appear. The sequel shows the privileged terms on which Talma stood with Napoleon. He at once stepped forward, saying, "Sire, when one is starving one cannot wait. Lemercier has been deprived of his entire property, he is suffering. It is necessary to restore to him his own." The Emperor, suppressing the first impulse of resentment at this freedom, said laughingly to Comte Daru, who had brought the matter to his notice, "You hear the decision of the arbitrator Talma. Let it be as he says." Lemercier promptly received an indemnity of £18,000. He died at the age of sixty-nine.

Rue du Dragon.—At No. 30 lived, in 1802, JEAN ANDRIEUX, five years after the appearance of his comedy "Les Etourdis" had placed him in the front rank of the authors of his time. For some years before his death, which took place in 1833, at the age of seventy-four, he was Professor of Literature in the Royal College of Paris.

A far more famous occupant of No. 30 was VICTOR HUGO. This was his first residence after the death of his mother, with whom he had previously lived. He was then nineteen. In his "Life" it is told that "he kept house with a young cousin of his, a son of Madame Hugo's brother, who had come from Nantes to study the law.

They hired a garret in two compartments. One of these they turned into a drawing-room; its beauty consisted in its marble chimney-piece, above which hung the golden lily of the floral games. The other compartment was an ill-lighted narrow alcove, which held the two beds with some difficulty. Victor had £28 of his own, and on this he existed for a year. [He refused to be provided for by his father, the condition being imposed that he should resign literature.] He never borrowed a farthing, and yet would often lend his friend five francs."

VICTOR HUGO.

Emile Deschamps and Alfred de Vigny were among his visitors here. The publication of his "Odes and Poesies" coincided in point of time with a date shortly before his marriage with Adèle Foucher (see p. 251), so he considered the expenditure of the £28 it brought him on a cashmere shawl for his bride's trousseau a fitting and permissible outlay.

Hugo's residence here commenced in 1821. In 1829 he was living in a house in the Rue Notre Dame des Petits Champs, which the author is inclined to believe still exists, though identification is difficult. Here "Notre Dame" was commenced, but the poet and his belongings had to shift their quarters owing to a pathetic appeal on the part of the landlady, who explained that she had bought the house to

live in a quiet street, but that the constant influx of visitors day and night—"a fearful kick-up on the stairs and regular earthquake over head"—was too much for her, and though she liked and respected them greatly, they must go.

"Notre Dame" was finished in a house, now demolished, in the Rue Goujon, No. 9. In moving in, a valuable book of manuscript notes, the result of two months' research, was lost. Hugo had, in consequence, to get an extension of the time given him by the publishers, and then—"he bought a bottle of ink, and a thick grey piece of worsted knitting which enveloped him from the neck to the heels; he locked up his collars in order not to be tempted to go out, and set to work at his novel as if in a prison. From that time he never left the writing-table except to eat and sleep: his only amusement was an hour's chat after dinner with some friends who would call. He exhausted the bottle of ink on the day the book was finished, and thought of adopting the title of 'The Contents of a Bottle of Ink'—a title afterwards used, with his consent, by Alphonse Karr." (See also pp. 78, 129, 154.)

At No. 10 Joseph Delambre, the mathematician, lived in 1821. He was successor to Lalande as Professor of Astronomy to the College of France. He laboured at his great work, "The History of Astronomy," amid the terrors of the Revolution, and is represented as calmly working in his study during the cannonade of 1814. He died in 1821, aged seventy-three.

ROUTE IX.

Distance 4½ *Miles.*

STARTING from the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, by the Avenue Matignon we enter the

Rue Bayard.—No. 1, at its southern extremity, has a double interest. In 1866 GUSTAVE DORÉ formed a large studio here, where his biographer, Blanche Roosevelt, visited him in 1873, and found him on a lofty scaffold, laying on colour with an apparently reckless lavishness which quite astonished the fair observer. At times, it appears, the artist might have been found engaged in an occupation still more calculated to excite astonishment, for we are informed by one of his intimates that "he was very robust, and fond of bodily exercise, especially of practising on the trapeze and with the gloves ; not unfrequently, when in particularly good spirits, he would walk on his hands all round the studio with his feet in the air." (See also pp. 215, 247.)

In an upper flat of No. 1 resided JULES FERRY, whose death, following closely on his election as President of the Senate, occurred while these pages were preparing for the press. Both M. and Madame Ferry were amateur artists of no mean ability, and the usual *salon* of a French "apartment" was replaced by a studio hung with some fine paintings of the French and Italian schools. At an immense writing-table here M. Ferry was generally to be found. Since the injury to his side by the bullet of Aubertin in 1885 his

walking powers were seldom equal to more than the two miles between his house and the Luxembourg.

The age of M. Ferry was sixty-one.

From the Rue Bayard we turn into the

Rue François Ier.—At No. 55 the diplomatist EDOUARD DROUYN DE LHUYS resided in 1862. On the downfall of the Empire he fled to Jersey, and afterwards returned to France. He died in 1881, at the age of seventy-four.

Proceeding along this street we enter the

Rue de Chaillot.—No. 52 was, from 1840 till her death, the home of MADAME DE GIRARDIN (Delphine Gay). "In that Elysian spot," says the writer of "French Authors at Home," "her husband had bought a house. . . . Still a Paris journalist, the former *improvisatore* here worked hard; but was ever ready to lay down her pen to converse. Seated at her desk, with flowing hair and loose robes, she still looked more like the Sappho of France than the 'Courier of Paris.' The most illustrious men and women in Europe flocked to visit her. . . . She seldom passed the threshold of her home. Contemplative and retired by nature and by habit, the 'tenth muse,' as she was still called by her countrymen, was only too proud if sought beneath her own roof. In summer-time she sometimes sheltered herself from the light and heat in an Algerian tent in her garden."

Balzac, in a letter dated July 18th, 1846, says: "I came home at one this morning from Madame de Girardin's. . . . She had her two great men, Hugo and Lamartine (and others). After a political *tartine* of Hugo's, I let myself go to an improvisation, in which I fought and beat him with some success I assure you. Lamartine seemed charmed: he thanked me heartily."

Charles Dickens dined here in 1856 with Emile de

Girardin (Madame de Girardin died in the previous year), and in one of his letters describes the "three gorgeous drawing-rooms with the thousand wax candles in golden sconces, terminating in a dining-room of unprecedented magnificence, with two enormous plate-glass doors in it, looking across an antechamber full of clean plates, straight into the kitchen, with the cooks in their white paper caps dishing up the dinner." Further, he indicates among the costly elements of the provisions made for the guests "£8 worth of truffles, port worth two guineas a bottle, oriental flowers in vases of golden cobweb, and brandy buried for a hundred years!"

Madame de Girardin was fifty-one at her death. (See also pp. 53, 54.)

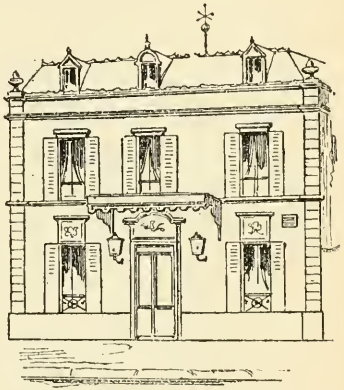
Avenue des Champs Elysées.—Nos. 115, 117, formed for many years the residence of MARSHAL JEAN JACQUES PELISSIER, DUC DE MALAKOFF. M. A. Regnault, who was his neighbour for ten years, says that in his prosperity he retained a most simple course of life, even to parsimony. He refused to conform to ordinary customs and usages, and though his house was luxuriously appointed, his ordinary dress was poor in the extreme. Passionate and fiery in temper, he was like a chained lion ("Revue Anecdotique des Champs Elysées"). For fifteen years Pelissier served in Algeria, and took part in every military operation during that period. It is recorded of him that on one occasion being, as *chef de bataillon*, in command of a punishment corps called "The Zéphyrs," he attacked a mud fortress occupied by Arabs. His men in vain attempted to get over the wall: the Arabs kept a good look-out, and repulsed every attack. Pelissier at length said to three or four men about him, "Throw me over; I am sure the com-

pany will follow me." His orders were executed. For two or three minutes he was alone in the enemy's position. But he had rightly judged the effect of his hardihood: the men followed, and the place was taken.

Pelissier died in 1864, at the age of seventy.

Passing round the south side of the Place de l'Etoile we enter the

Avenue Victor Hugo.—So named in honour of the famous occupant of No. 124, which bears a tablet inscribed: "Victor Hugo died in this hotel, May 22nd, 1885." A writer in "Scribner's Magazine" (1886) says that Hugo removed hither because at the Rue de Clichy (see p. 78) he could not protect himself from the public, who, armed with guide-books and letters of introduction, were continually intruding on his privacy. The same writer thus describes his visit to the house in the Avenue Eylau, then so called: "A double two-storey edifice, quite unpretentious in its appearance, but surrounded by a very pretty garden. Over the front door there was a glass canopy presenting the shape of a hollow or obtuse pyramid. . . . . An elderly man opened the door and showed me into the reception room. A genial wood fire was burning in the fire-place, and under the ceiling and along the walls about fifty candles were burning in Venetian glass of artistic design. The room



124, AVENUE VICTOR HUGO.

was not large, and was divided by a heavy silk curtain of a dark Pompeian red, with here and there a dash of tawny yellow. The window curtains and the tapestries of the walls were of the same stuff and colour. A number of costly ornaments in bronze were scattered about the room. . . . . Large mirrors with bronze frames of elaborate design ornamented the walls, and the magnificent Japanese screens challenged attention by the gorgeousness of their colours, and their exquisite embroidery."

It is recorded of Hugo that at his receptions he saluted each lady, old or young, rich or poor, by stooping and pressing a light kiss on her hand. He bore few indications of his advanced age, beyond his close-cropped white hair, and a few inexpressive wrinkles. A conversation has been preserved, in which a harangue of the great writer formed a prominent part; two points in which were that he believed the colonization of Africa would result in the negro becoming white, and that he had never heard of Emerson. Dr. Engel says: "Victor Hugo left a princely income, for although known to stand as a poet and novelist high up the ladder, yet he stood equally high as a maker of bargains with publishers. One of his greatest achievements before his death was to write a very small *brochure* anent the 2nd December, and to demand £1,000 for it. The publisher refused. He printed it himself, put the price of one franc on it, and sold 300,000 copies" ("From Mozart to Mario"). Victor Hugo was eighty-three at the time of his death. (See also pp. 78, 129, 154, 255.)

From the Avenue Victor Hugo, we turn into the

Rue de la Pompe.—No. 11[bis] is the châlet built for JULES JANIN in 1856. Here he resided until his death. His study occupied the entire length of the building. The

rooms abounded in works of art, and his library was one of the most extensive and complete in Paris. He died in 1874, at the age of seventy. (See also p. 212.)

We now pass by the Rue Faustin Hélie to the

Rue Vital.—No. 38 has a tablet inscribed: "The historian, HENRI MARTIN, born at St. Quentin 20th February, 1810, died in this house 14th December, 1883." His "Histoire de la France" appeared in 1836-53 the sequel in 1878-79. "The Athenæum" (1883) calls him "the best of the great historians bred in the school of Thierry," and remarks that "he was always ready to inaugurate any good work, and his kindly nature had its reward in troops of friends." His features are described as rugged and somewhat stern in expression; his hair and beard were white and ill-kept; his movements easy; his speech was eager and to the point. He died at the age of seventy-three.

We return along the Rue Vital to the

Rue de Passy.—At No. 82 (formerly 64, Grande Rue à Passy), HEINRICH HEINE lived for a few months in 1848, after leaving the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, and before removing to the Rue d'Amsterdam. (See also pp. 16, 78, 131, 137, 139.)

The Rue d'Annonciation leads into the

Rue Reynouard.—At No. 25 the *comédienne* of the Théâtre Français, LOUISE CONTAT, resided, numbering among her visitors here all the most famous performers of the first years of the century. She left the stage in 1810, and died of cancer three years afterwards, at the age of fifty-three.

No. 33, formerly 19, Rue Basse, was the home of

Honoré de Balzac, after he quitted the Jardies. That curious suburban residence, of which Balzac was his own architect, and *forgot the staircase* (which had to be built outside, and, as he himself described it, much resembled a ladder; the outside of the house being partly painted in red and white stripes "like ticking"), may still be seen by the visitor to St. Cloud in the vicinity of the railway station. His first letter from the Rue Reynouard is dated February, 1844, and the last October, 1846. His sister, Madame Surville, writes: "In his hours of relaxation he was like a schoolboy in the holidays. . . . He would walk across the Bois de Boulogne to Suresnes, where we were staying, and take a hand at Boston, showing himself more of a child than any of his nieces. When at home he always wore an ample cashmere white dressing-gown lined with white silk, cut like the frock of a monk, and tied by a girdle of white silk cord. His head was covered with a black velvet skull cap, which he first adopted in his garret [see p. 161], and retained ever afterwards. His mother always made these caps for him." The white dressing-gown was, doubtless, the one referred to by Georges Sand, who narrates that after dining with Balzac on "a strange dinner of boiled beef, a melon, and champagne, he went to put on a fine new dressing-gown on purpose to show it to his guests, with all the pride of a young girl."

Money troubles beset Balzac here as elsewhere: he was in effect, in hiding. In June, 1844, he wrote to the Abbé Eglé, "Address your answer to me in the name of M. de Briquot, Rue Basse, 19, Passy, granting me the additional favour of forgetting that I dwell there; for the secret of my retreat is important to my peace of mind" ("Correspondence").

In Léon Gozlan's "Balzac chez lui" an amusing account

is given by M. Solar, then editor of the journal "L'Epoque," of a visit he made to Balzac by appointment concerning the contribution of a story to the journal. He had been supplied with a password: he was to ask for Madame Bri . . . . After undergoing the inspection of the porter he was directed upstairs. Here, on a landing, he found the porter's wife standing sentinel at a door. A second request for 'Madame Bri . . . .' caused him to be directed down another staircase (which the door guarded) into the court. Here the porter's little daughter had to be interviewed before he was allowed to pass, but on the mystic 'Madame Bri . . . .' being pronounced, she mysteriously pointed to an old conventual building at the end of the court. A summons here brought a plump German female domestic to the door. This at last proved to be 'Madame Bri . . . .,' and the editor found himself in the author's study.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

From here Balzac finally removed in 1844 to a house in the Avenue Fortunée (now the Avenue Balzac), which has been demolished. There he was visited by Victor Hugo when dying. It was a small but magnificently furnished house, and stocked with the finest works of art. He died in 1850 at the age of fifty-one. (See also pp. 128, 177, 209.)

Continuing along the Rue Reynouard we reach the eastern end of the

Rue de Passy.—No. 18 (formerly No. 10, Grand Rue) is memorable as the residence for three years before his death of PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON, son of a brewer's cooper of Besançon, who studied Hebrew as a compositor for the press: "following the caprice of circumstances, was a journalist, a representative of the people, originator of a new kind of bank, was accused, condemned, a prisoner, proscribed; he had married, and had, poor as he was, the responsibilities of a family. He was the willing adviser of all who came to him for guidance. He lived a solitary thinker, writing page after page for very scanty pay, dishonoured by some, abhorred by others, aimed at without ceasing by the sentinels of the reigning law. He had not departed a single day from sobriety and activity. He lived, a peasant of the Franche-Comté, even in the midst of the whirl of Parisian life" ("Fraser's Magazine," 1872).

Proudhon first came to Paris in 1838, and lived in a small garret in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecin, where Mirecourt visited him. "His clothes were, as regarded cut and fit, such as a country tailor's apprentice might have made; his trousers did not reach to the ankle, and his shoes were borrowed from M. Dupin; a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat completed his attire. When at St. Pelagie he assumed the blouse and wooden shoes of the peasant." He finally settled in Paris in 1848, and became editor of the "Répresentant du Peuple." Victor Hugo visited him at his office, and found him "a man of about forty-five, fair, with little hair and much whiskers, in a black suit, having a coarse voice and a hoarse delivery, but talking little" ("Things Seen").

In August, 1848, Proudhon's paper was suspended, and he was condemned to pay a fine of £960. He married while in prison at St. Pelagie, 1852-1858. Even in the later years of his life he is described as having a powerful frame, an energetic mien, and "a voice clear and vibrant as that of a bell." Of his simple habits it is told that, being invited one evening to the house of a rich man where he might expect to meet a number of the gilded youth of Paris, he declined, on the plea that he had the invariable rule of going to bed at nine o'clock. He died in 1865 at the age of fifty-six.

Our next point of interest is three-quarters of a mile distant, by the Rue Franklin, past the front of the Trocadero, to the

Avenue du Trocadero.—At No. 135 ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE died in 1869, at the age of seventy-nine, the house having a short time before been presented to him by the Paris Town Council. (See p. 28.) To the last he retained his interest in politics and everything connected with public life, and his countless devotees would pass long hours listening to the outpourings of his eloquence. A writer in "Temple Bar" says of him: "He was the soul of honour, the bravest of the brave, the most generous of men. The emoluments he derived as a member of the Provisional Government he distributed freely and unasked among the poor authors of Paris. Sunday, his only holiday, was devoted to charity: his doors were open to all who suffered or were in need. Though for years before his death he was overwhelmed with debts and reduced to comparative indigence, the divine impulse of charity remained as active as ever"—an "impulse" against which his creditors might not unreasonably have protested. It is recorded that he was

saving up enough to buy himself a pony-chaise at the time of his death, a consummation postponed until it was needless, by his having given the first £40 to relieve a poor woman from the claims of a clamorous creditor. (See also p. 27.)

Returning as far as the Place d'Iéna, and crossing it in a direct line, we enter the

Rue de Longchamps.—At No. 60 THEOPHILE GAUTIER lived at the close of his life. Blanche Roosevelt, the biographer of Doré, says that the artist dined every Thursday, when in Paris, at Gautier's house—evenings that were "curious blendings of seriousness and fun, reckless gaiety and simple recreation. Some of the after-dinner amusements were acting charades, private theatricals," etc. Gautier is described as of an "enormous stately figure, impassive, strongly-marked face, lit up by majestic eyes; the whole head crowned by a profusion of long curling locks. (See also pp. 70, 140, 164.)

An omnibus for the return journey leaves the Place du Trocadero.

THE END.

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